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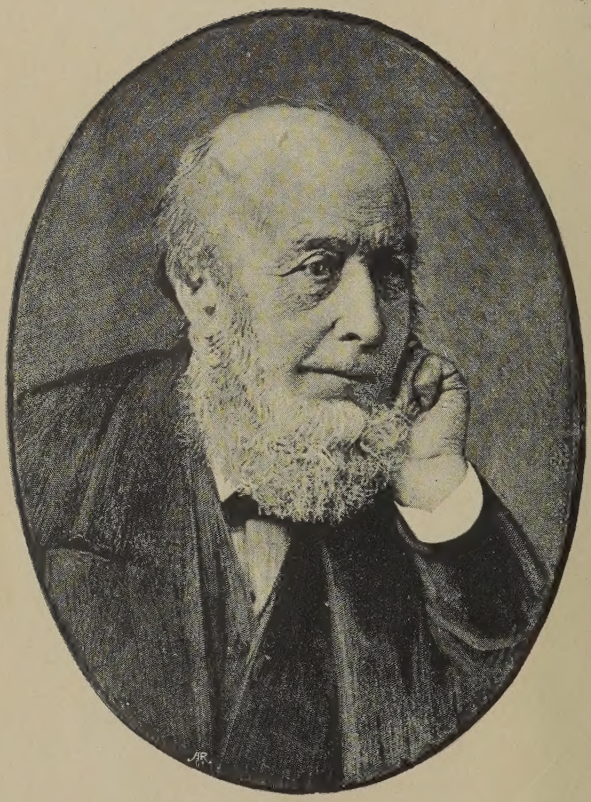

RICHARD REDGRAVE, C.B., R.A.

RICHARD REDGRAVE,

C.B., R.A.

A MEMOIR,

COMPILED FROM HIS DIARY.

BY

F. M. REDGRAVE.

WITH PORTRAIT AND THREE ILLUSTRATIONS.

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PREFACE.

In looking over my father's papers after his death, we found a journal, from which we have taken this short account of his life and works. The journal differed from an ordinary diary, in that for his earlier years it assumed the form of an autobiographical sketch. Moreover, when my father was busy he did not keep up the diary systematically, so that sometimes for many months there is no entry.

One or two of his letters have come in opportunely to fill up these gaps, and have therefore been inserted in their proper places. A great many details had necessarily to be omitted, as they record matters which, though interesting, are of a somewhat confidential character, and were therefore not suitable for publication.

Dr. Johnson observed that there was not a man you could meet in the street whose biography might not be made interesting, provided he could relate some of his actual experiences of life.

My father's career was not altogether an uneventful one; differing in certain respects from the lives of most of his brother-painters, in that after having by dint of great exertions attained to eminence in his profession, he turned aside from the pursuit of an art in which he

delighted, to devote his energies to the foundation of the South Kensington Museum, and to the creation of a national system of Art Education.

His life was essentially an active one, as will be evident to the reader of these pages; and yet in the midst of most absorbing public duties he found time to prepare a catalogue of all the Crown pictures, in thirty-two folio volumes, and to write, in conjunction with his brother, a History of the English School of Painting.

He yearned for more time to practise his beloved art, but the longed-for leisure never came to him till too late.

It is hoped that this account of a hard-working life may not prove unacceptable to the general reader.

F. R.

Kensington, March, 1891.

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RICHARD REDGRAVE.

CHAPTER I.

1804—1818.

Birth and Parentage—Condition of London at the beginning of the Century—Parks and Public Places—The Five Fields, now Belgravia—His Mother's Death—School Days—The Working Classes and the Elections—Practical Jokes—His Father's Business.

[RICHARD REDGRAVE, the second child of William and Mary Redgrave, was born on the 30th of April, 1804, at No. 2, Belgrave Terrace, Pimlico. His father was, at the time of his birth, a clerk in the firm of Bramah and Co. This engagement probably arose from the fact of Richard's grandmother being related to the elder Bramah. The Redgraves came originally from Northamptonshire, but this branch of the family came to an end in the male line in 1863, on the death of Richard Redgrave, of Boughton Lodge. His namesake and cousin, the Richard Redgrave of this memoir, in an autobiographical sketch prefixed to his diary, which forms the foundation of the present work, thus contrasts the London of the beginning of the century with the London of to-day.]

What a totally different world is the present one from that I first looked upon in the early years of the

present century. Consider only the alteration of London, for instance, and particularly the changes effected since those days in the quarter of it with which I am most familiar. St. James's Park had then a straight pond down the centre, and was fenced round with a heavy wooden railing, the space within which was kept for the pasturage of sheep and cattle. The Mall was lighted at distant intervals by little dim oil-lamps. Birdcage Walk remained much in the same condition as in Charles II.'s time. It was not level; it was without the present road running through it, and was devoted to the teaching of the goose-step to raw recruits. Hyde Park was everywhere enclosed by high brick walls. I well remember Burdett and Whitbread being chaired after their election at Brentford. They came up to town on this occasion in a tall triumphal car, and the whole length of the park wall next Kensington Gore and Knightsbridge was lined with the "rabble," as they were called, who had climbed up to this post of vantage, and into the trees behind it, out of the way of the High Constable and his motley followers. No policemen were there then to keep them in order. Some parish constables, a few specials, and one or two red-waistcoated Bow Street patrol-men were all that the public peace rested on—at least, until the Riot Act had been read and its hour of grace had expired.

Within the high wall of the Park was another high dead-wall surrounding Kensington Gardens, to keep out the above-named rabble, and to help in

excluding "dogs and livery-servants;" still worse serving to preclude the entrance of fresh air, and combining, with the tangled and unpruned bushes, and the many stagnant pools, to make the place a source of unhealthiness rather than a pleasure-giving resort. The keepers in those days rigorously stopped all fustian jackets, soldiers, or "Belcher-handkerchief'd" people from entering the gardens: it was not a time when much was done for the multitude, who, left to their own brutal habits, stripped and fought in the streets and fields of the outskirts of the city, in defiance of the constable and the public he was meant to protect.

What nests and alleys of crime, what fever-haunts have been removed since that time! All the space between the Strand and Chandos Street, the vile neighbourhood of old Swallow Street, the abominations cleared away from Victoria Street and many other places, such as St. Giles's—then all but impassable in certain directions—now having broad ways driven through it both by New Oxford Street and Shaftesbury Avenue. These places were, in those days, mostly dens of thieves and prostitutes, who quarrelled and fought and revelled without fear of the parish constable, who was far too wise to venture professionally within their boundaries. Then, also, turnpikes stopped every egress from London, and the ends of Piccadilly and Oxford Street were obstructed by bars.

Between Sloane Street, Knightsbridge, and Belgrave Place—where now is the famous Belgravia—there was, at that time, a succession of fields and market gardens,

twelve feet at least below the present surface level; and, wending sinuously through them, enclosed by high banks of mud, was the "King's private road," which had been kept, by numerous bars, as a royal drive since the time of Charles II. This road was considered dangerous at night owing to the thieves and footpads, although highway robbery by mounted men had been almost put down by the horse-patrol; a member of this force was quartered at a lonely house on the road in which I subsequently passed many years of my early life, during which I underwent many nights of wakefulness and terror from my fears of robbers. The space between Belgrave Terrace (where I was born) and the Thames—now covered with large squares and fine houses—was then a succession of osier-swamps, continually overflowed by the Thames, when the flood-water was kept back by the obstruction caused by Old London Bridge with its cumbrous water-works. Vauxhall Road did not then exist, nor was the bridge built; but a narrow causeway ran through the district to what was then truly Tothill *fields*, with here and there a few straggling cottages, such as "The Pest Houses." In these fields old Dame Warner kept her geese and sucking-pigs, and here we children used to go with our nurse on our high-days and holidays. On this ground bull-, and even bear-, baitings, and the performances of mountebanks were frequent, while prize fights were then very common, and, at Easter, Tothill Fields Fair, which used to go by the name of Gooseberry Fair, was held here. I well remember an old friend of my father's

of a very scientific turn going to one of these bear-baitings, and the talk there was of his having run eagerly forward to feel the tendons of the bear's fore-paws, when Bruin had seized one of his canine tormentors and was hugging out his life.

From Belgrave Terrace, when I was about ten years old, we removed to the solitary house I have just spoken of in the King's Road. There were then no houses nearer to it than those at the bottom of Grosvenor Place on the one side, and of Sloane Square on the other, and, as far as I can judge, it was situated near the junction of Eccleston Street and Eaton Place. It certainly was very lonely there, for the surrounding fields were the haunts of gipsies and beggars of all kinds. From the windows of the house, and too often—nay, mostly, I regret to say—on a Sunday morning, I have looked upon many a bloodily contested prize fight. These generally came off about five o'clock in the morning, and there I have seen young Dutch Sam, Alec Reed, Dick Defoe, and other pugilists, backed, it might be, by Crib and Oliver, beat each other by the hour, to the entire satisfaction of an immense ring of the "swinish multitude" of that day. Even women fought in these set bruising matches, and I have more than once seen two Amazons, stripped to the waist, their long hair tied tightly under a handkerchief, beat one another into a disgusting state, seconded by two of their own mild sex, and hounded on by *friends* and acquaintances. Of course these performances were sometimes stopped, and oftener interrupted by the efforts of the parish constable to stop them. The

constant substitute for that official in those days was a little tailor named Clark, and there was something ludicrous in his appearance among such mobs, showing his small, crown-tipped, brass staff, and commanding them to disperse in the King's name; nor was he less ridiculous when he ordered, in the same legal style, all his Majesty's subjects to aid and assist.

Our house, standing thus apart, and being, in fact, only a one-storied building, rambling over a great space of ground, was easily accessible from various points. I suffered much as a child from terrors of thieves, for after my mother died my father was frequently from home, and the tales of the servants, together with the real disorders of that time, the distress from the long wars, the changed political circumstances, the riots, the machine burnings, used so to work upon my imagination that every rattle on the shutters, every howl of our great yard-dog, used to wake me in a fright, even if I had been fortunate enough to drop asleep before I heard the sound of my father's return. Like a true child, when he came back I thought all was safe, and for the rest of the night I slept more soundly.

The state of society as regards the lower classes has changed much more perhaps during these last fifty years than in any corresponding space of time; the common people are much less openly brutal, the streets are much more quiet, and the suburbs and open spaces are now filled on Sundays and holidays with a far more orderly race. How could the people be other than brutal in those days? Prize fights were of daily

occurrence, attended often by the higher classes as well as by the lower, while hangings, whippings, pillories, mobs, and public punishments were far, very far, more frequent than at present.

I well remember, when about sixteen years of age, going to Margate by one of the old hoys, and seeing, hanging in chains by the river side at Greenwich, the bodies of three or four men, who had thus expiated some piracy on the high seas. A little farther on, two more bodies swung to and fro in the morning breeze, while still nearer Woolwich another pirate, almost decomposed, tainted the physical and moral atmosphere with his unsightly remains. This was the time when it was not uncommon to hear of four or six persons being ordered for simultaneous execution at the Old Bailey, and when whippings at the cart tail in the public streets, and standing in the pillory to be pelted nearly to death, were not unusual occurrences.

As children, we were early risers, and under the care of my grandmother we used to walk out from Belgrave Terrace to feed the swans in the Serpentine, and then return to breakfast. I can remember that one morning, as three of us little ones were on our way back with the old lady, and had reached the top of Grosvenor Place, on the wall side, we were in danger of being trampled to death by a vast mob, driven back by a charge of the Horse Guards, who were aiding the civil power in taking Sir Francis Burdett to the Tower. I rather think that it was on this occasion that one or two persons were killed, and the regiment obtained, and long maintained, the name

of the "Piccadilly Butchers," from being that portion of the Household troops usually employed in conflicts with the mob. A large field near our second home, one of those called at that time "The Five Fields," was used by the Horse Guards as an exercising ground, and it was here that most of the doings of the rabble took place.

It was an enclosed space of many acres, on which Chester Square and Eaton Square now stand, margined by deep, dry ditches, and high mud banks, on whose untrodden slopes grew the wild flowers, through which I made my first acquaintance with Nature. These banks were covered with the sweet-smelling lesser bindweed, and I never smell its fragrance now without feeling a child again, and going back to the bright days when I first gathered it, and when I thought the rough ryegrass, the mallow, and the white clover that grew with it, the rarest treasures on earth.

[The diary contains many other recollections of Richard Redgrave's childhood, though the narrative is at times interrupted.]

My father left Messrs. Bramah when I was quite a child, and entering into partnership with a Mr. Pilton, began the manufacture of those strained-wire fences, called "invisible fences," now so commonly used by the sides of railways and in parks. The invention was then new, and a factory having been built in the midst of the Five Fields, the business was carried on there for several years. About 1814 Pilton, who was a single man with indifferent health, realised a sufficient sum to retire

upon, and he gave up the business to my father, charged with a large debt for capital left in it, which was gradually to be paid off at heavy interest. This was the beginning of troubles. We had removed from Belgrave Terrace into the house in the fields; times were hard, and my father's family was increasing, while the high prices and the taxes resulting from the long war, not only hindered the landowners from spending their money, but pressed very heavily upon the middle classes.

Very shortly after our removal my dear mother died, leaving seven little children under twelve years of age. Her illness was consumption, and I cannot but think that the treatment of her complaint well illustrates the medical practice of that time. Dr. Mason, Dr. Bree, and various other doctors from time to time visited her, and took their guineas for trying all sorts of empirical remedies, from which of course no improvement resulted. One of the remedies prescribed, I well recollect, was snail broth, because I went with a servant to Covent Garden to purchase the materials. It may be that there is really nothing to render snails more unpleasant as food than sea molluscs, of which we partake with pleasure; but to force a sick and failing appetite to partake of such garbage would not seem to be the way "to keep up" the patient.

When this treatment had signally failed, Dr. Mason (I think it was) recommended that my mother should try woman's milk. This was as useless as the former remedies, and after one or two more equally foolish prescriptions had been tried, they sent the poor sufferer to

sea. Conducted by a kind friend, a lady at that time married to an officer in a Highland regiment, but who afterwards, curiously enough, supplied her place, my mother made a journey to Scotland by sea, and was away for some weeks.

When she returned I saw her alighting from the hackney coach, and being supported down the long garden walk, and I exclaimed with joy, "Dear mamma is quite well now," for her fair complexion and bright auburn hair were set off by a glow which I, child-like, thought was the hue of health. Alas! it was but the fierce hectic flush of her destroying disease, and my spirits fell as I saw my poor father shake his head, and heard the deep, though suppressed, sigh which escaped him.

After my dear mother returned, she soon knew that she must leave her seven little ones, who crept in from time to time to gaze at her as she lay on the sofa—too weak now to move unless carried. One evening the servant brought in the candles as I sat on a little stool by the invalid's side, and, hastily lighting them, left the room. The wicks were only just tipped with the slightest spark of flame, and I was about to move to try to make them burn, when my mother stopped me, saying, "Let them be, Dicky; if they light I shall get better." How intently we both watched them! They had been cut too low, and first one and then the other, choked with grease, died out into darkness. I can well understand this feeling of my poor mother's, for in spite of the knowledge of the folly of such superstitions, nay, I may say, notwithstanding a feeling of wickedness in

trying such *sortes*, in many of the most important moments of my life I have found myself, in the nervous anxiety of the hour, trying my fate by some equally futile experiment. How little does reason guide us! Just before my mother died she called the elder children, one by one, to her bedside and kissed and blessed them, giving them some simple parting injunction; she told her little "dirty Dick" always to keep his hands clean, and never to forget to say his prayers. She was indeed a tender mother, and bitterly we felt her loss!

After our dear mother's death my father engaged a housekeeper to take charge of us. She was one who at least took care of herself, enjoyed ease and good living, and rated us boys soundly, which we, on our part, were only too prompt to return by paying her off with boyish tricks. She had a daughter who was rather pretty, and who had managed to entangle the heart of an ancient general, the brother of Lord ——, who used to come with the young lady on Sunday afternoons, and sit in our bright garden. The old lady was never tired of talking of "my son-in-law, the general, and his brother, Lord ——," to our great disgust. She was remarkably smart in her dress, and a great church-goer, and as we wanted at times to skulk, and to take advantage of the showery days to keep away, she called us "fair-weather Christians;" and we, boylike, used in return to revenge ourselves by splashing her as we walked behind her on the road to church, thereby causing her much surprise, for she was very neat, and would wonder how she came to splash herself so sadly.

My elder brother Samuel and I went in those days to a day-school, Clarence House, near Ranelagh Green; it is now pulled down. Schools then began at seven in the morning, and in the winter it was necessary to rise by six, as the school was more than a mile from our house. The breakfast hour was between eight and nine, dinner between one and three, and, from three to five, school again, so that we had six times a day to go and return over this distance. Bitter it was in wintry weather, with the snow in our faces, carrying under one arm our portfolio, drawing board, and box of colours, and over the other shoulder our satchel and books. Our fingers often ached till we cried from the re-action when we got into the crowded schoolroom. We took our drawing lessons twice a week, from eight to nine in the morning, rather an unpropitious hour for improvement, but work was harder in those days. I cannot say that they taught us much, and as we both left school when we were about twelve years old, I suppose most of what we do know was learned afterwards. Our way to school was along the King's Road, which, though lonely, was much frequented by beggars and vagabonds. One of them, a very short, lame brute, was known by the name of Peter, and became the terror of the neighbouring boys. He carried a stout blackthorn stick, and although he could not run, he used to fling this heavy weapon with such dexterity that one or two broken limbs were said to have been the result. He had been often in prison, but as often returned to his old haunts. He had a large head, a visage fearfully scarred by the small-pox,

a tangled beard, and a matted pigtail behind. Of course, the boys, depending upon their superior swiftness of foot, tormented the vicious dwarf, and often suffered for it from the tremendous blows of his flying messenger. Sometimes they would capture the stick, and then fearful was the volley of curses he lavished upon them, and terrible was his impotent rage; woe betide any boy who that day came across Peter! We knew too well these moods by the way he limped about, muttering and foaming, for hours together. On such occasions we climbed the mud banks and took to the fields; but here we braved another danger, for the keepers of these suburban prairies were always on the look out to preserve their game, and we ran the chance of a horsewhipping if caught trespassing.

The master of our school was either a severe disciplinarian, or the boys were an uncommonly rough set; perhaps the latter. Simpson (Old Simpson, as we called him, as a matter of course) had been a sailing master at sea, and possessed much of the rough-and-ready character of a sailor. His school was frequented by midshipmen to learn navigation, and as these youths had frequently been a voyage or two, they brought their gun-room manners and tricks with them, and were only to be kept down by a strong hand. Many a birching did I get from Simpson; some for real offences, some for those in which I had no hand, and these punishments were so severe that the blood flowed, and the patient sat uneasily for some days afterwards. The old boy had been known to flog nineteen boys before

breakfast, including his own only son, who was as great a scapegrace as any of us. All the punishments were inflicted by himself, for the ushers were not allowed to cane or to birch the boys, and there was generally a row of two or three culprits standing on the forms awaiting the master's arrival, to open school with what he termed "a little wholesome discipline."

In the intervals of school, and in the holidays, my brother and I spent much time with my father's workmen, a far more brutal set than at present, though I believe, in their way, they were really attched to us. Under an old Act of Queen Elizabeth, then unrepealed, the master *could* not take an apprentice in the various trades included in my father's manufactory; and the workmen *would* not take them for fear of overstocking the labour market and lowering the wages. This caused frequent quarrels and strikes, for if the master introduced into the shops any man, however skilled, who had not passed a proper apprenticeship, the man was tormented in every way, and the tormentors forthwith chose the most inconvenient time possible to strike and leave their work. Many men in the manufactory could easily earn between three and four guineas a week by their labour, yet, with their drunken St. Mondays, and often Tuesdays, their frequent strikes, and their heavy potations when beer was sixpence per quart, they were always poor and in debt; in fact, they were only ruled by their debts.

Another too frequent source of their drunkenness and brutality was the manner in which elections were then

conducted. These lasted eleven days, and as many of our workmen were freemen of the city, and often of some country borough besides, in the one case by birth, in the other by apprenticeship, they made the most of their privileges. Four times in each year there was a feast for these electors. Those who also had votes for country boroughs used to go down at certain seasons for a week, carrying with them their wives and families, and would make the visit a continual revel. As the end of the Parliament approached, additional pains were taken to secure their support, and men of birth and influence truckled to the dirty, unwashed fellows who drank at their expense, and bullied those who feasted them.

Then the long election time itself caused most disgraceful scenes. Often each candidate hired a set of men with bludgeons to fight and rave before the hustings, the public-houses were opened free, and there were no police to restrain the riot. How we got through such times is a wonder, and it certainly is some credit to the people that, with all these aids and stimulants, and with so few checks, matters were not far worse. I remember one particular occasion when a seaman, Sir Murray Maxwell, opposed Burdett and Hobhouse for Westminster. He was (as a Tory) assailed with abuse of every kind, as also with the more substantial missiles—dead dogs, cats, garbage from the markets, etc. As the election proceeded, he had a ship's long-boat mounted on one of the largest timber carriages, drawn by strong dray-horses, and filled with a stout gang of sailors, who paraded the streets, bearing banners and Union Jacks, as well as the insignia

of "Maxwell for Ever," "True Blue," etc. They drew up, as the day waned, in front of the polling booth to cheer the captain during his evening harangue. This, however, was not to be tolerated by the roughs of Westminster, and a desperate battle took place; the tars were overpowered by numbers, the vessel was dismounted and broken up, and then the timber carriage shared the same fate; even the wheels were knocked to pieces by the united efforts of the mob, who, of course, gave and took many broken heads in the course of the fray.

Among this rude set much of my play-time was passed, and the only advantage I gained (to counterbalance a host of disadvantages) was a genuine acquaintance with the feelings and modes of thinking of the working classes, with a power of talking to them in harmony with their own prejudices, and a real knowledge of several trades practised in the manufactory. Thus I became in time a pretty good carpenter, smith, wire-worker, painter, etc., all these trades being represented in the manufactory, and it was one of my greatest pleasures to work at them as time and opportunity offered.

And here I must revert to an injury that happened to me before my dear mother's death (the exact period I do not know), which much influenced my youth, and of which I still bear the effects. One day my mother was attempting to put on my upper coat for me as I was setting off to school in the early winter morning, when she found that my right arm was much swollen, and

very stiff. I could give little or no account of how this arose, may be gradually after a blow or a fall in one of those numerous fights that boys in England then, and perhaps still, have to go through before they find out who is master; but as it looked serious, I was sent to the surgeon, and soon had desperate remedies applied, blisterings and rubbings of so severe a character that I could not bear them.

I injured the same arm a second time when an academy student, and in the severe winter of 1861 I slipped down and again fell upon my elbow. This last fall made me anxious, as the joint swelled and began to suppurate, so I consulted John Marshall, our lecturer at the R.A., and the celebrated surgeon. His first observation was, "Why, this bone (the radius) is out of joint, and has been so for many, many years; it has formed itself a new socket." Either as a child I fell into very bad hands, or surgery must have made great advances since that date. I am sure that none of those who doctored me in my youth ever spoke of the joint being out; if they had considered it to be so, they would hardly, I should think, before putting it in again, have tormented me as they did. Every morning for months I had to carry a heavy tin filled with stones round our garden. How well I remember the pain to this day—with a joint forming a new socket, or trying to form it, the misery may be appreciated!

At a later period, I injured the other arm, when I must have been about fourteen. I had gone with several other boys to stay at a friend's house in the

country, and in one of our rambles, in climbing a split-oak paling, I fell on my elbow. I turned very sick and fainted, and when I came to myself, finding my arm all wrong, my companions, boys like myself, began to pull it straight. Their rough surgery was more successful than that of the orthodox practitioners. I said nothing about the injury for fear of being sent home, but it was still very black and blue when I returned, and our family doctor, perhaps to frighten me, said that in another day or two I might have lost my arm from inattention, that the bone had been dislocated, but was then in its place. After this, for about six weeks, till my left arm recovered, I was crippled in both arms. The remedies applied to my right arm did little good, if they did not do harm; the swelling passed up to the shoulder joint. I could not lift my hand to my mouth, and I gradually became perfectly left-handed. Not that I drew or wrote with my left hand; this, however painful, they forced me to do with my right; but all my games, my carpentering, and my stone-throwing, I have always accomplished with my left. I recollect that on this account it was a trouble to me to shake hands, and I was only cured by a fellow-student at the R.A. called Scott, who declared he would not shake hands with me (after a quarrel) unless I gave him the "right hand of fellowship," a determination that after our reconciliation he adhered to, by always refusing the proffered left hand.

After I left school I entered my father's counting house, partly to keep the books (the time-books of the

workmen), and partly to be under the drawing clerk, and to help in making working and other linear drawings. In my school pranks I had always had my brother for a companion, but now he too had begun the labour of life, entering, when little more than thirteen years of age, the Home Office to work at the Criminal Register. It may be supposed that one who was always in scrapes at school, and always getting into some mess or difficulty, and being well flogged or caned out of it, would fall into scrapes again when thrown into a sort of companionship with workmen; and so it truly was, for in my way I was ever in mischief. At one time, having made myself a bow and arrows, I must needs exercise it by drawing it at one of our forgemen, and I well remember the horror I felt when the nail, with which the arrow was tipped, entered into his cheek below the eye; it did not penetrate far, but the osier arrow hung by it downwards. I rushed forward in alarm, and was saluted by the smarting sufferer with a shovel-full of the burning dust from the forge, which made me dance in return, and frightened him also, lest I should have been more seriously burnt than was really the case. I wonder I was not maimed or hurt in some of my pranks, and also that the depravity and coarseness of the workmen did not tell more upon me than they have done. There was, however, a sort of rude grace and kindness in the workmen towards the "young master," and their depravity was the result of gross ignorance, and certainly was not displayed to corrupt me, although much of it could not escape my notice.

We had among the workmen two or three who were characters in their way. One such was a painter named Huntley—a tall, sallow, puritanical fellow, with a pipe everlastingly in his mouth when he was not talking, of which he was almost as fond as he was of smoking. He was, on Sunday, the clerk at a small Methodist chapel, and in his odd times a teacher of psalmody. He always carried in his pocket a psalm-book, which he would pull out at all convenient chances, and stand before it smoking, rubbing his hands, and murmuring past the stem of his pipe the tunes it contained. One day when he had come into the smiths' factory, and was keeping many men idle while they listened to his long-winded stories, he happened to lay down his pipe for a moment, and I seized the opportunity to extinguish it and to half fill it with gunpowder, placing the tobacco at the top. I could not resist stopping to see the fun of the explosion, although it nearly cost me dear. The first puff exploded the powder and singed his eyebrows. He was a choleric man, subject to fits of passion, and as I committed myself by bursting into a laugh, he seized a smith's hammer, weighing about three pounds, and hurled it at my head. I well recollect his ashy paleness and the look of terror the next moment. The hammer passed over my right shoulder and grazed my ear; it, luckily, did me no harm, but the force with which it was hurled broke through the match-boarded partition of the shop, and the swerving of an inch would have dashed out my brains. It was some time before I played any more tricks on Huntley.

Another odd character was our old gardener Blake; Old Blake, as we used to call him. He was a Somersetshire man, who had lost an eye and showed a face fearfully disfigured by being caught in the machinery of the Chelsea Waterworks, where he was once employed. He was a great humorist, and a constant butt for our practical jokes. One day as he was weeding the broad gravel path up to the front door, a fit of mischief tempted me to duck him with the contents of one of our hand-worked watering engines. The old man wore no braces to support his knee-breeches, and as he stooped at his work there was a large field of shirt well exposed to view. At this I aimed and poured a full stream well in, at the junction between waistcoat and breeches. The old boy rose in great wrath and made towards me, and I felt at once that the only thing to stop him in his career was to keep the stream full in his face; so I pumped lustily with one hand, and with the other kept the hose directed right at him. His rage, however, resisted the effects of the cooling stream; he continued to advance upon me, and at last I dropped the pipe and made a bolt, to get in at the glass door of the house. He was so close upon my heels, and my fright was so great, I could not turn the handles quickly enough. My knee went through a large pane of glass as I pressed the door, and, as I looked up, there stood my father, whom I fancied was from home, or I should not have ventured upon such a piece of mischief. The sight arrested old Blake as well as myself, and I expected a thrashing from my father instead of from the gardener.

CHAPTER II.

1818—1830.

His Father's Second Marriage—Difficulties at Home—First Art Studies—Admitted as a Student of the Royal Academy—Frolics of the Students——The Party—Accident—Cope's Kindness—George Smith—Efforts to get Teaching.

I OUGHT to have said that the housekeeper my father engaged to be our poor mother's substitute did not rule us long. Six little children (one little girl, Mary, who had been tenderly attached to her mother, survived her only a few months), of whom the eldest was but thirteen or so, required a mother, and my father very soon married again. His second wife was a Scotch woman, from Banffshire, the widow of a Captain Ogilvie, who was also her cousin. She had been a friend of my dear mother's, and, as I have already mentioned, had accompanied her to Scotland for the change of air. My father could not have done better; and when I reflect upon what she undertook in six children, and in two more which she added to the number, and in the growing difficulties of the household, I quite forgive all that we thought harsh in our step-mother, as I trust she lived to forget any trouble we gave her. Nevertheless, to us children, home seemed altogether changed under the new management. We were put under a stricter discipline, and Scotch economy was, no doubt,

necessarily enough introduced into our daily life. I say necessarily, for those who remember the years shortly after the peace of 1816 will recollect what years of distress and trouble they were, with people out of employment and starving, and with food of all kinds costly far beyond our present experience. I well remember the quartern loaf costing 1s. 10d. and 2s. Tea was 7s. or 8s. a pound; sugar 10d. and 1s.; and salt, highly taxed, was 2s. 6d. or 3s. I speak only from memory; but I have too painful a recollection of those times to be far wrong.

With an increasingly expensive family, and trade falling off, no doubt my father was sorely tried to make his receipts meet his expenses; nor was the state of affairs improved when the landlord of the property at Pimlico began to lay it out for improvement, and gave my father notice that our house would have to be pulled down. This caused a great outlay in building new premises in the neighbourhood, to do which more capital had to be raised, and fresh incumbrances and difficulties were the result. Our charming house and large premises were given up for others necessarily smaller, since capital was scarce; and from this time life began to be a series of difficulties for my poor father, accumulating more and more as an expensive family—expensive from its numbers only—grew up around him.

He gradually exhausted all my grandfather's means, and, having borrowed money to build, besides the drain of paying interest at a high rate on the capital lent by

his late partner, he became more and more involved; while the business (many competitors having started) began gradually to melt away.

This was the most painful period of my life, as I had to take upon myself the duty of collecting the debts, and was often sent to borrow money to meet the large demands of Saturday night. It will be understood how hateful these duties became to one who has a sensitive nature. I resolved if possible to rid myself of them, and began to study drawing at night diligently, and at all spare hours—a course to which my father also urged and encouraged me. I began with chalk drawing, without knowing even the proper materials to use. When I had somewhat mastered it, I took to oil-painting, with only the knowledge obtained from the house-painters in the manufactory. It is true I had learnt drawing at school for a year or two, and water-colour painting, such as it was at that early day, and as taught by one who was originally an engraver. But this instruction threw little light upon the technical part of oil-painting; and when I say that I painted my first landscape in oil with long Japanese brushes, such as house-painters make lines with, it may be supposed that my ignorance was great, and that I had everything to learn. Some time after this I had six lessons in oil from a miniature painter—a man whom I soon found to be as ignorant as myself. But I had a trusted companion and coadjutor in a schoolfellow, named George Smith. He was brought up by my mother's brother, and thus we were

much thrown together; and as he had entered a business he hated, and was determined to change it for Art, our desires and studies were alike. Many were the failures in our progress; but progress we did make. He was admitted to study from the marbles in the British Museum; and, when I was about twenty years of age, I followed his example, and began to devote two days a week to the diligent study of the antique.

The art-students in those days were a wild lot—more given to pranks and games in the garden than to the cultivation of their art; but my prospects obliged me to industry, even if my inclinations did not, and I only occasionally joined my comrades. J. H. Smith, the *protégé* and biographer of Nollekens, was the keeper, and he seemed to me rather to encourage than to repress the turbulence of the students, which once or twice led to actual fights among the Elgin marbles. As these occurred on the closed days, the state of things did not get abroad; but it was very annoying to those who were really studious.

In 1826, when I was about twenty-two years of age, I was admitted into the Royal Academy as a student, my friend George Smith having preceded me there by six months. From this time my means of study were all that I could wish, and observation of those around me was alone sufficient instruction. Although studying my art, I was obliged to continue to help my father, and I remained with him some three or four years longer, keeping his books and helping in the

drawing-office, but I devoted all my spare time and all my savings to the study of art.

As already stated, soon after my own mother's death, my sister Mary, who had been tenderly attached to her mother, died from spinal weakness, and in 1829 I lost a charming and beautiful sister Jane; she pined over the duties of a governess away from home, caught typhoid fever, and was brought back only to die amongst us. Dear sister! she was loved and esteemed by some one. Her death took place quite at the end of October, in her twentieth year. An early winter had set in, but as we gathered round the narrow chasm into which her coffin was to be lowered, we perceived that it was not merely strewn with the rarest and choicest flowers, but that the floor of the grave was a perfect bed of blossoms. All we could learn was that a gentleman had driven to the churchyard early in the morning, and had carefully placed them in the grave. Within a few months my younger brother William, who had not left school, also died and was buried. He was a pretty boy, not much over sixteen.

About this time I determined to leave home, and to trust wholly to art. I had hitherto lived at home as one of the family, and without a salary, so when I settled to go, I had to think of the means of living. I had to work hard, and for a time my life was a struggle, but I always managed to save a little, and to help others. It is true, I was for many years a real slave to teaching, being employed many hours of every day, and devoting the evenings, after my two hours in the Academy schools, to

preparing examples and other labours incident to teaching. I never, however, gave way, and I was gradually able to devote first one whole day and then two days in each week to painting.

The trial to my health, however, was very great; I often left home at nine in the morning, walking always to my work, for, be it remembered, my teaching time was long before the town was threaded by omnibuses, or the suburbs and villages reached by railways; and consequently, in addition to my lessons, I sometimes walked fifteen miles a day to give them. Soon after I became a student at the Academy and commenced teaching for my livelihood, I began to make myself acquainted with the villages and commons round London, and in my summer holidays I practised sketching in water-colours. Year by year I worked in that medium, until on my marriage trip I took to sketching in oil, and then, after a year or two, to landscape painting in oil, which practice stood me in good stead when other commissions were scarce or ill-paid.

Our student days at the Royal Academy were pleasant enough in their way. After the schools were over, we used to assemble at each other's rooms to drink ale-grog or egg-flip, and to discuss our art and its difficulties. Sometimes we sat to one another as models for our pictures; sometimes we sketched; and sometimes, but rarely, we had a game of cards. We most frequently talked and joked, and many a merry meeting we had, numbering some among us who were afterwards eminent, and some who died without their fame.

Practical jokes were not objected to, nor at times the most severe and searching criticism of one another's works. To these criticisms I must own to owing much; they startled me into seeing the old conventionalities in which we were indulging, and they led me to look more to Nature and less to pictures. Art at this period was just beginning to struggle against the "brown tree school," the invariable dark foreground, the unimitative draperies, which were to give way to the admission of errors of quite an opposite character. At any rate, at that period among our rising painters, "rule-mongering" as it was called, was beginning to be scouted.

I recollect distinctly an amusing frolic about this time. One of our companions was Fearnley, a Norwegian landscape painter. He had, however, lived so long away from his country that he had forgotten his own language, and learnt no other properly, speaking broken German, broken English, broken French, and broken Italian. He was short, stout, and thick-necked, strong as a lion, and as good-tempered as a lamb. He was up to all sorts of boyish tricks in his manhood, and knew all kinds of feats of strength, and practised them at odd times and in odd places. He asked a number of fellow-students to an evening meeting for fun and gaiety, and he made it a request that we should all come in disguise. This we promised to do, but we were at the same time to be quite unacquainted with each other's dresses. I never thought about mine till I came home from my teaching, late in the afternoon of the very day of the party, and as I had no dresses or costumes to resort to,

I could only attempt a good make-up. Getting out my box of water-colours, some cotton wool, and some hog-bristles from old painting brushes, I seated myself before my shaving-glass to decorate. Rolling up pellets of cotton wool into various shapes and sizes, some round, some long and pendulous, some transfixed with hog-bristles, I tinted them with red chalk and a little carmine to a rude flesh colour, with crimson enhancements, and then, with some gum water, stuck them on to various parts of my face. One or two long warty-looking pieces were attached to the corner of my eye, a large one well bristled enriched the side of my nose, two or three were fastened to the forehead, and one or two to the chin. I carefully tinted my face to match, made the nose a glowing hue, and altered the drawing of my eyebrows. I combed my hair quite smooth and well backwards, and putting down my shirt collar, I tied a voluminous roll of soft white handkerchief round my neck. I managed to pin my trousers so as to make the loose legs into tights. and putting a pair of spectacles without glasses on my nose, and buttoning up my coat right over the chest, I looked as completely transmogrified as can well be imagined. Thus prepared, I sallied forth on foot from my lodgings in Charles Street, Middlesex Hospital, for Southampton Row, where our friend lived, in a set of rooms over a confectioner's shop. I was in a great stew on the way lest I should be insulted or jeered at, but I suppose on the whole my ugliness was so natural that no one took heed of it till I arrived at the place of meeting. I had, on arriving, to

pass through the shop, and loud were the titterings when I asked for my friend's apartments. The young ladies told me to walk up, leaving me to find my way to the second floor, as I had often done before. I found the rooms open and lighted, but no one was there, and I hesitated to go down to inquire, and encounter a fresh ordeal of laughter. As I had passed upstairs I saw that the first floor rooms were opened and lighted, and thinking, which was indeed the case, that, being empty, Fearnley had borrowed them for the evening, I descended to reconnoitre. I knocked on the open door, but was not answered, although I heard voices in the inner room; so I knocked louder, and soon heard a loud "Come in." I walked through the first and second rooms in the greatest dread of finding strangers, and being taken for some disguised impostor, but in the third I found my friend, whom I only knew by his broken English, so completely was he disguised.

He was seated with an uncommonly tall woman and a young man in a court suit. I was immediately welcomed, and my name demanded: this I had never thought of, but I answered promptly, Dr. Sangrado, and Dr. Sangrado was my title for the evening and my *rôle*.

My friend was dressed in knee-breeches and white stockings, and had become exceedingly corpulent. He wore a flowered waistcoat and a long chintz dressing-gown. His bristly hair was filled in with cotton wool, and some of the same was skilfully inserted into his

whiskers, so that he looked more than thirty years older than he was, and might have passed for between sixty and seventy. He introduced the LADY as his wife, and a pretty contrast they were! His lady, as I afterwards found out, was also a Norwegian, a young fellow nearly six feet three in height, and broad in proportion. He was handsome, and looked the masculine female well, as his beard was carefully hidden by the lace lappets of his cap. Where in the world he got his petticoats from puzzled me, although it is true they disclosed an uncommon crop of legs. The other personage introduced as "my Lord" I thought at first was Cope, so well was he disguised. It would tire me to tell of the many who came to that party; many, too, are now dead, and others are grave and eminent men, but suffice it to say they all were well disguised, and admirably kept up the characters they assumed. Cope and Stonhouse (who was afterwards a clergyman, but then an art student) arrived together. Cope was dressed as a lady, with a velvet hat and feathers and bare arms. The laces and jewels were most carefully disposed so as to show off what seemed to be a fine woman, a little *passée*. Stonhouse personated her brother. Full of fun and merriment was that evening; not the least amusing part of it being that, when the shop was shut, the landlady and her pretty daughters, two of them being the shopwomen who had tittered so loudly at my entrance, were invited up to sup with us, and the whole party was introduced to them one by one—our wondering guests being especially consigned to the care of the two

mock ladies, the one playing the perfectly familiar with her own sex, the other putting on the lofty air of patronage such as might become the lady with the velvet hat and feathers. Cope certainly was wonderfully made-up and disguised, and he quite looked the character. This was partly due to his landlady, who had superintended his dressing up. I repented the party the next day, for the heat, the gum, and perhaps the paint, aided by the pastry supper, made real blotches of all the fictitious warts!

I may here tell how I became acquainted with Cope; for, although fellow-students, we had not been friends till one evening when I was at the Royal Academy pursuing my studies, painting from the living model a fine, tall fellow more than six feet in height, who was standing erect with his hands raised above his head, supported by two looped cords. The sitting was just over, and the model had retired, when I most foolishly thought I would see if the position was a trying one. I put a cubical box on the stage to raise me to the proper height, and placed my two hands well through the loop, when, as ill-fate would have it, the box slipped from under my feet. In my alarm I snatched the left hand out of the noose, but being, as I have said, lame in the right arm, and having a stiff joint, I could not remove that in time; and as the box toppled over, I remained suspended in the air, and began spinning round, dangling by my lame arm. The next moment the arm drew through the loop, and I fell to the ground and fainted, with the pain of the jerk to the maimed joint. I was quickly picked up and

brought to by my brother students; the arm was placed in a sling and securely bound up; and Cope kindly volunteered to take me home. This was the beginning of our life-long friendship; but our adventures that evening were not yet over. We got into a cab—one of the old gig-shaped sort on two wheels, now never seen; I was then living in Ward's Row, looking on to old Buckingham Palace. Just as the cab reached Charing Cross, the horse's girths broke; up went the shafts into the air, and Cope, the driver, and I, with my wounded arm bound tight to my side, were all three in a moment thrown on to our backs with our heels in the air. We were soon dragged out of our unpleasant situation by the crowd, and another cab carried us home, when a surgeon was sent for, who ordered the swelling to be reduced by leeches. Eventually no evil resulted, but well do I recollect the perfect misery of that time, for I feared I might be a permanent cripple.

At the date of this accident George Smith was in Italy, where he was sent as the travelling student of the Royal Academy. His departure had been of this service to me—he had left me some of his pupils, and it was by teaching that I was obliged to live for some time to come. We started our teaching in a curious fashion; it was an unpleasant shift that we had to have recourse to, though now it is amusing to look back upon, and I cannot feel ashamed of it, even in our changed condition of art.

Smith left home (scarcely a home to him) at the same time that I did, and we both had at once to set to

work to support ourselves. We had a circular printed describing our intention to engage in teaching, and our qualifications for the same (of course, we thought highly of ourselves as students at the Academy), and stating our terms. Then came the question how to distribute these circulars, for we thought it impossible to deliver them ourselves in person, and yet we were particularly anxious to get them into the hands of schoolmasters. So we agreed to go down the Brentford Road, a neighbourhood which at that time abounded in schools for both sexes, and, taking pen and ink with us, we directed our prospectuses on the spot. The first school fell to Smith, so I knocked at the door and delivered the paper; the second fell to me, and then it was his turn to deliver; and so we went on alternating, until I think by the time we arrived at Hounslow, we had distributed nearly ninety of our circulars. From thence we went to Richmond, and came back after a most tiring day, so thoroughly fagged out that I remember poor Smith fainted away, and was very unwell, partly from fatigue, and partly from indigestion, arising from a hungry and injudicious attack on bread and cheese on our return. Of course, our card-leaving produced nothing whatever; but soon afterwards Smith got a good school through an advertisement. This, on going to Italy, he left to me, and I held the appointment as drawing-master almost up to the time I became an Associate.

I and my fellow-students (many have since proved themselves men of talent) then had little hope of selling

our pictures, and those who had no independent means had to submit to many privations in the study of their profession. They eked out their incomes by designing for silversmiths, by painting an occasional portrait, or by drawings for woodcuts. They put up with hard fare with a light heart, and were a thoughtless, jovial crew. How well I remember George Smith's *ménage!* He had a front room on the first floor of a house in Titchfield Street, with a small closet at the head of the stairs which held his bed. In this he slept with the door open, to obtain air and light. The back room was occupied by another tenant (Butler, a sculptor); indeed, the whole house was let out room by room and floor by floor. The landlord, who was a shoemaker named Hall, kept his wife and his trade together in the front parlour. In the back, commanding the small yard, was the washerwoman of the establishment, with her husband, a semi-paralytic pauper, whom she gradually dried to death with her ironing-stove, and who eked out his living during the process by sitting as a cheap model.

Mrs. Hall *did for* Smith, and as he was the "first-floor" of the establishment, he had an indisputable right to the double knocks, and was very jealous of his privilege. Mrs. Hall removed the breakfast or tea-things, summoned thereto by thumps on the floor, and she washed them—occasionally. It was her duty to dust and clean the room, an operation to which she had as great an objection as had the artist himself. Dinner was a chop-house matter when he could afford it; at other times he had cold ham or beef with his tea.

After Academy study, four or five of us used to meet in these rooms for a chat. Poor Smith, he was a witty and a clever fellow. In these miserable lodgings he was seized with inflammation of the lungs, which, being neglected for two days, had taken fearful hold before the doctor was summoned. Blistering and bleeding were instantly resorted to, and repeated the next night, as I well remember; for I fainted while holding the basin, and recollect being brought to, amidst roars of laughter from John East (the midshipman painter), who had thrown a large jug of cold water over me. My brother Samuel, East, and I, took it in turns to sit up with Smith, which we did for many nights, leaving him as soon as Mrs. Hall stirred, after providing him with a stick to knock on the floor for her assistance.

Poor fellow, he got over this bout, won the travelling studentship, and went to Italy for three years; but came back to hardships and privations which brought on the old complaint, ending in a rapid consumption, which carried him off in the flower of his age.

A curious incident happened to me on one of the nights when I sat up with George Smith. I had begun my watch some little time, when a sudden necessity arose for some medicine. I went out for it, taking his latch-key to enable me to get in again. The doors of Titchfield Street were all alike, and all the houses were crammed with lodgers. On my return, I opened, as I thought, the door of 37, the key causing no difficulty. I groped along the passage, stumbled up the thoroughly dark staircase, and opened the first-floor door. To my

surprise, it was quite dark, though it seemed the same room I had left, but void and empty. Then I perceived the shutters of the windows were closed, instead of half shut, as in a painter's room. I had made a mistake. In no small trepidation, I crept downstairs again, fully expecting an outcry of "Thieves." I shut the front door as softly as possible, and found it was numbered 38! I almost trembled to enter 37, lest some one should be watching my movements. What a relief it was when I reached the close chamber, even to hear the groans of my poor friend!

Once again in my life, in company with Cope, I made a mistake of a somewhat similar kind. It was at Mortham Tower in Yorkshire, where we were lodging in order to sketch. We had returned home from a cross-country visit to a friend, and taking the key of the front door from under the pan of the scraper, where our hostess, a widow, always left it for us, we proceeded to search for food after our long walk. By mistake we both entered the parlour of our hostess, but we beat a hasty retreat on hearing a loud snoring in a corner from a chest bedstead, whose appearance by day had not revealed its use by night. We were much amused the next morning, before we were up, by hearing the widow say to her servant girl, "How strange it was I should go to bed and leave the door wide open!"

I committed the same stupid mistake one evening, when dining with my wife at our friends', the Sullivans. On leaving, I went out to hail a cab to take her home; returned with it; jumped out and knocked loudly at the

door of the last house in Rutland Gate, instead of the last but one. I paid no heed to the man-servant, ran rapidly up the stairs, entered an exactly similar room to the one I had left, but found an old lady and her daughters, evidently much alarmed at the sudden intrusion, at that time of night, of a strange man. John bounced into the room after me, but I had perceived my error; I made a humble apology, and hastily retired.

CHAPTER III.

1830—1846.

Close of his Account of his Early Years—His Painting—His Sketching Tours—Goes to Paris—Elected an Associate of the Royal Academy—His Pictures—Letter from a Model—Settles in Kensington—Attracted by the Preaching of Edward Irving—Marriage—Children—Death of his Father.

[HERE a sudden stop occurs in my father's autobiography, which, unfortunately, was never resumed, though, in later life, he kept a tolerably voluminous diary. This diary, however, is intermittent until about the period of his election to the full honours of the Royal Academy; and his biography breaks off before he was made an Associate, and long before he began his work in connection with the Department of Practical Art, or his labours in organising that system of Art Education, which now prevails all over Great Britain and Ireland, and may, therefore, be called national.

With regard, first of all, to his painting, he was gradually able to devote more time to that part of his work, and less to teaching. He had been hampered as a student with the latter necessity, and placed at a disadvantage, when competing for rewards, from the numberless interruptions to his painting, which the need of supporting himself by giving drawing lessons brought upon him. As early as 1831, however, a picture of his was well placed in the Academy Exhibition, the subject being

"The Massacre of the Innocents." A wag of the time remarked that all the pictures deserving notice depicted scenes inspired by their painters' names, and amongst other examples he cites "A Ship putting out of Harbour," by Seaforth, and "The Massacre of the Innocents," by Redgrave. In the following year he did not exhibit, but in the succeeding springs he was represented each year on the Academy walls, and his pictures gradually attracted favourable notice.

In 1836 Redgrave went for his summer holiday to Wales, and he gives an amusing account, in his letters home, of the miseries he suffered from the perpetual rain.

In a letter he wrote to one of his sisters, he says :— "I think, although I did but few, that my sketches this year are better than former ones, although I was truly disgusted with them in Wales. I am tolerably busy. I have just finished a water-colour of one of the railway bridges for Mr. Brunel ; it is about 4ft. 6in. long and 2ft. 6in. wide—one of the largest water-colours I have ever painted, and, having done it, I am anxious to get to work at some subject for the Exhibition."

In 1837 he seems to have gone to Paris, where he made a few sketches of the city, which are now curious relics of a forgotten past. He evidently travelled by Amiens, where he was much struck with the Cathedral, and he returned by Brussels. He and his companions arrived in this city on Ste. Gudule's fête-day, and saw grand processions round the great church. In a letter to his brother he tells him that he shall return on a

certain Saturday, by which time, he writes, "I shall neither have a sou nor a centime in my pocket."

He goes on to say:—"You would have split your sides if you could have seen our Irish friend—a Dublin lawyer, whose acquaintance we have made *en route*—trying to make the damsels in the kitchen comprehend that he wanted a wooden fork and spoon, which he had given to the landlord to keep for him, on his return from purchasing them the day before. He was hunting about to find some symbolical article by which to explain his wants. The landlady at last came to me. Just as I arrived on the scene, he had darted into a cupboard and brought out a broken fork; but, alas! they immediately handed him two proper ones—but not his own. I soon explained to the landlady what it was he wanted, and most heartily she laughed. After some search, the parcel was found; they had never opened it, and of course did not know the contents. How you will laugh at my being an *interpreter!*"

In 1839, when painting the "Reduced Gentleman's Daughter," he begs his sister Margaret to come and sit for the principal figure. He tells her that, if she will only come, she shall inhabit a bedroom in his house, papered and painted by one who will at least strive to be one of the first painters of his time. He was always very handy in such humble labours in his own home. In after-years he varnished the front door of his Abinger Cottage, superintended in his work by his children. A dear old lady, his neighbour, who came to call while the great work was proceeding, used afterwards to say

to her friends, when passing the cottage, "I will now show you one of Mr. Redgrave's best paintings."

Wilkie, who was a "hanger" at the Academy in 1838, was so pleased with "Ellen Orford" that he took down one of his own works to give the picture a good place. In 1839 my father finished for the Exhibition "Quentin Matsys," depicting that incident in the painter's early life, where he is showing his picture of the "Misers" to the father of his lady-love, in order to induce the stern parent to reward him with his daughter's hand, which he had refused to Matsys while he was only a blacksmith.

In 1840 Mr. Redgrave was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy. Henry Howard, R.A., was then secretary, and wrote the following announcement:—

Royal Academy,
3rd November, 1840.

Dear Sir,—I have the pleasure to acquaint you that you were yesterday evening, in a general assembly of the Academicians, elected an Associate of the Royal Academy of Arts.

You will shortly be requested to attend a meeting of the President and Council to sign the Instrument of Institution and receive your diploma.—I remain, Dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,
Henry Howard, R.A., Secretary.

In these days it is customary for the models, who wait outside and get the news from the Academy porters, to rush off to announce to the new Associate his elevation to Academy honours, so that he hears of his good fortune on the evening of his election. It

is a more expeditious, though a more expensive, way of learning it than through the post. Moreover, Howard is said to have altogether forgotten to write the announcement to one, at least, of the Associates.

In the same year my father exhibited "The Wonderful Cure of Paracelsus," bought by Mr. Wells, of Redleaf, and "The Reduced Gentleman's Daughter," which, with some other pictures by him, found a home in Mr. Hippesley's collection. The latter subject is taken from a passage in the *Rambler*, where a poor lady seeks for a situation, and is cruelly received by her would-be employer. This kind of subject was a favourite one with the painter, who longed to fight for the oppressed and to help the weak, and could do it only with his brush. "The Poor Teacher" was another picture of the same class, and it had a great success. He repeated it four times with alterations. For instance, in the one he painted for Mr. Sheepshanks, he added the children in the background, as the purchaser objected to the terrible loneliness of the forlorn governess in the empty schoolroom. Other pictures of this class were "The Sempstress" (1844), and "Fashion's Slaves" (1847). "The Poor Teacher" had the singular good fortune to be placed on the line in the great room in the Academy Exhibition—a privilege which at that time was rarely accorded to the pictures of Associates. It was engraved, as were several of his works of this period, for it was a subject which found many sympathisers. All could feel touched by the representation of a young and pretty girl, just at the time when she would naturally rejoice

in gaiety and merriment, immured in a vacant school-room to take her solitary tea, and left, when worn out with her day's work, to muse over and long for home-love and happiness.

Writing to his sister Margaret, he says :—"Samuel's illness has put me sadly in arrears with my painting. However, he is now going on so well that, by the end of the month, he will, I trust, be back in his 'Paradise,' Whitehall. As to my pictures, they were behindhand when he was taken ill, and I lost nearly a fortnight in nursing him. I shall finish 'Cinderella' and leave the others if I have not time—'Ophelia' and 'Bad News from the Sea.'"

Nevertheless, the "Ophelia," which has been considered to be one of his best figure-pictures, and of which we give a reproduction, was exhibited that same year, and was bought by Mr. Sheepshanks.

In 1842 Sass's art school in Bloomsbury, then almost the only school which directly trained students for the Royal Academy, was taken by my father's friend, Francis Cary, Sass himself having unfortunately become insane. Cary asked my father to assist him with the teaching for a certain time, thinking that the aid of an Associate of the Royal Academy, and of a man well known as a drawing master, would be a help to him on starting.

In 1844 the artist was at work upon "The Sempstress." He says in his diary :—"I painted it on an entirely new principle, and one which I think is pleasant in the working, and likely to be very lasting.

OPHELIA.

The ground, which I laid myself thinly on *brown holland*, is :—First coat, 1 oz. liquid parchment size to 4 sovereigns' weight of flake white; second coat, 2 sovereigns' weight of flake white to 6 drachms of parchment size; third coat, ditto, with a little yellow ochre added. Perhaps it would have been better to size the holland first. The picture was painted with colours mixed with two parts of yolk of egg to one part of vinegar. The whole work was completed in this manner ready for glazing, and was then glazed with megylph, dark drying oil, and mastic in equal parts. . . ."

A brother painter, P. F. Poole, R.A., at that time still an Associate, sent him the following note about "The Sempstress," after seeing the work in the Exhibition :—

1, *St. John's Place, Lisson Grove, 1st June*, 1844.

Dear Sir,—Will you allow me, although unknown to you, to offer you my small tribute of praise for the picture of "The Sempstress"? Believe me, *I* think it is the most powerful for truth and touching from its pathos of any picture I have ever seen. Who can help exclaiming, "Poor soul! God help her"? If any circumstance could make me wage war against the present social arrangements, and make us go down shirtless to our graves, it is the contemplation of this truthful and wonderful picture. Knowing you will receive this honest attestation of the effect your work has caused on my mind, in the spirit with which it is offered, and in admiration of your *heart* as well as talent, I remain, Dear Sir, your well-wisher, P. F. Poole.

Directly after this picture was sent in to the Exhibition, my father began a work in fresco for the Commissioners of Fine Arts in the Westminster Hall

competition. He chose the subject of Catherine Douglas placing her arm in the door in an endeavour to save the life of James I. of Scotland. He also sent in a cartoon of "Henry V., when Prince, before Judge Gascoigne," which was purchased by the Commission. He was one of the six artists selected to compete for given subjects to decorate the House of Lords; his cartoon, however, was unsuccessful.

He painted in 1846 "Sunday Morning—coming from Church." One of the models who sat to him for this picture wrote the artist the following characteristic letter of suggestions for the subject:—

Accomplished Sir,—The impression of your kindness his so strong on my mind, sir, I thought I may venture to Write my—Thought—that struck me after leaving your Study.—Sir, I think to agree with they two boys at the Gate—a female leading home a Man tipsey; also Sir if you will allow me they dresses of the man and Woman something to agree with they two boys has to appear one family.—I am, etc.

Never having seen the work, we cannot of course say whether the advice was good: it hardly seems to accord with the title of the picture.

Soon after this time my father began to exhibit landscapes. "A Place where the Jack lie," "The Ferry," "Happy Sheep," "Bolton Abbey," and others are of this period. "The Woodland Mirror," a landscape completed in 1852, was perhaps one of his best works. The Queen, when she visited the Academy, requested that the painter might be brought forward to congratulate him on the picture. A brother artist, the

late J. Tell Topham, wrote a charming sonnet on the "Woodland Mirror," which he forwarded to its painter.

My father, in his later years, partly from his great love of Nature, and partly because his other duties allowed him leisure only in the summer for working at his easel, became wholly a landscape painter; but at the time he was elected into the Academy, he was solely known as a painter of *genre*. His landscapes belonged to a school which, to use an expression taken from everyday life, has now gone quite "out of fashion." They were all most carefully and delicately drawn, for he had confirmed manual skill; they were painted mostly on the spot, and were true to Nature in the smallest details. As such, they were almost the only contemporary landscapes which the rising school of the "P.R.B.'s" were ever known to speak well of. It is not intended here to enumerate his works year by year, but only to give a short account of his advance in art. He was not elected a full member of the Academy until 1850, in which year he exhibited "The Flight into Egypt," bought by Lord Northwick.

Long before this period, he had built himself a house in Hyde Park Gate, in which he passed the remainder of his life. His friend Cope was settled next door to him; in fact, they had built their houses conjointly, Redgrave making the working drawings for both. Hyde Park Gate was at that time almost a rural neighbourhood. Pleasant hay-fields and shady lanes stretched between it and Brompton, where now the great houses of Queen's Gate overshadow all the

smaller dwellings which they have not supplanted. In going to town from Kensington it was often necessary to take your place in the coach the day before. The "old Court suburb" was very exclusive, and looked down upon less favoured spots which could not claim the honour of having had a reigning sovereign born in their midst. Kensington was, in those days, picturesque indeed, and the High Street did not aim at being a small Regent Street. The ugly old church, the irregular line of shops, and the red brick gateway leading to William III.'s palace, made it resemble an old Dutch town. The turnpike and the barracks, where a squadron of cavalry was always on duty, guarded the entrance to Kensington from London, while the grand old trees, both of Kensington Gardens and of the gardens of the houses on the other side of the way, gave it the look of being embowered in greenery. At holiday times the Londoners frequented Kensington for the sake of the gardens, and as the shades of evening closed in, the high road would be thronged with weary pedestrians making their way back to the city. "This here *country* places," one fat dame was heard remarking as she plodded along the High Street, "is all very well in the daytime, but 'ta'nt so pleasurefull at night." Kensington was then, as now, a favourite place with the artists, and my father found many companions living around them.

Among his fellow-students at the Royal Academy was a young Scotchman named Scott, of very deep religious principles. He knew Edward Irving, the great

preacher, who at that time was creating a sensation by his discourses, and he would descant upon him to my father, who listened with that half-attention one usually pays to other people's hobbies, and would beg him to come and hear the great divine. My father, though not indisposed to church-going, felt no particular wish to hear Irving. Finally, one evening Scott said to him, "This is the last time I shall speak to you on the subject, for it is the *third* time I have solemnly warned you to come and listen to the word of life as preached by this great man, but as you are deaf to my entreaties, I feel it is useless any longer to try to persuade you." On this, he went, fell under the thraldom of Irving's eloquence, attended his chapel, wrote down his sermons, and even consulted the preacher as to whether he should become a member of the Scotch Church. From this step Irving dissuaded him, telling him that he considered the Church of England a true branch of the Christian Church, and that this being the case, he, Redgrave, having been born in it, should remain true to it.

My father only left off following Irving when the manifestation of tongues began in the Irvingite Church. To this he could not reconcile his mind, but he retained through life the greatest veneration and respect for Irving, both as a man and a preacher. He used to say that something of the fervency of Irving's attitude, and a general likeness of the divine, had been caught by Wilkie, who studied him for his picture of "John Knox Preaching."

When the Redgrave brothers first settled in

Kensington Square, the then Vicar of Kensington was Archdeacon Pott, a great contrast to the fiery Irving. He was an old man, and very indistinct, and my father declared he could *read* the Archdeacon's sermons from his seat in the gallery of the church, but could not *hear* them delivered.

Our painter's life of hard work was diversified between 1840-50 by short visits to the patrons who bought his pictures, and by sketching excursions with brother painters. One of his patrons, Mr. Wells, of Redleaf, was a very lively old gentleman, and a great lover of art and artists. It was at his house that Landseer produced one of his extraordinarily rapid feats of painting. One Sunday morning, as Mr. Wells was starting for Penshurst church, the butler brought in a fresh canvas, and placed it on the easel for Landseer. In about three hours Mr. Wells returned, and found the artist had painted, and completely finished, the head and shoulders of a fallow-deer, the size of life.

My father writes, in a letter to his wife, that his host, being delighted with some question that was decided in his favour at the dinner table, pulled off his wig and hurrahed lustily, waving it in his hand, and dancing about the room in his triumph. Jacob Bell, who was also a guest in Mr. Wells' house, and intent on collecting pictures, remarked, at the same dinner, that he had laid hold of a Constable. "Much better than a constable's laying hold of you," retorted his mirthful old entertainer.

Another buyer of Redgrave's pictures, the late Lord

Northwick, used to take his painter-guests out for long country drives in Worcestershire.

It was during a tour in Wales, that my father and Cope first made acquaintance with Samuel Palmer, the water-colour painter. They were sitting, miserably enough, round their inn fire, one sadly rainy day, when they saw a figure approaching the inn door, very wet, and very strangely clothed. They first took him for a pedlar, but the pedlar turned out to be a painter; his wares, pack, etc., were arrangements devised by himself for storing his whole painting apparatus, clothes, and necessaries of travel upon his own person.

Steady downpours of rain seem to have been the principal trials of these sketching tours, for, as they did not take many changes of raiment, the artists were at times reduced to somewhat laughable straits. One day, for instance, beheld them attired in their landlady's petticoats, waiting till their own corresponding male garments were sufficiently dried to put on. Another day, having walked over to lunch with a mutual friend, his wife mildly remonstrated on seeing the large pools of water under their chairs at table, which had trickled off the wet-through pedestrians.

In 1842 my father spent many weeks at Porlock. He says, in a letter written from there, "I have been working in a brook, well shaded with boughs. It is very singular that, beautiful and wild as this scenery is, it does not stir the poetic feeling into action. For this I think it is requisite that all this beauty of natural scenery should become a memory, and be mixed in the

mind with thoughts and feelings that are hardly to be expected when in the presence of Nature. Landscape Art requires a perfect acquaintance with natural objects and a mastery over them, and then that they should be made subordinate and subservient to those feelings and passions which stir the mind of the artist in connection with an effect of Nature."

Soon after my father and Cope had settled in their own houses, the marriage of the latter took place to a Yorkshire lady, and his friend travelled down for the ceremony with the bridegroom, and met with various adventures in pursuing Cope's portmanteau, which had gone astray on its journey down, and which, containing, as it did, the blue coat with brass buttons, and other apparel for the eventful day, was eagerly sought for, to avoid the scandal of having to appear without the wedding garments. Shortly after, in a letter beginning "Dear Groomsman," Cope heartily suggests that his friend should "follow suit," and enjoy the happiness of married life.

In 1843 my father acted upon this good advice; his wife being a friend of the Copes', and the courtship having taken place while she was staying under their roof. Rose Margaret Bacon was the youngest daughter of Mr. R. M. Bacon, of Norwich, and was born in a small village near that city in 1811. The wedding took place at Costessey, in Norfolk, at the end of a very cold May.

The following year he records the birth of a son, in these words:—"May 12. On this day, being Sunday, at

four in the afternoon, it pleased God to bless me and my wife with a son, and on Friday, June 7, he was made a member of the Christian Church at Kensington, Cope, my wife, and I standing sponsors for him. We have named him Gilbert Richard, and may he have grace of heart that, as he is now entered into the Church, he may hereafter enter into the Kingdom of God. And may I remember how much under God depends upon my guidance and teaching." In the autumn of the next year he enters the birth of a daughter in somewhat similar words; and, some years later, he records the birth of a second girl and his youngest child, saying, "I have now another little daughter to labour for and to love."

The artist chronicles the year 1845 as one of many sorrows. In its course, his brother, who lived next door to him, and who, then and always, was his life's companion, lost his wife. His father, too, died, after a painful illness, at Greenwich, whither he had gone for change of air. Not long before his death his painter son was sitting by his bed-side, having gone down to visit him, and when talking with him of the past, made the remark, "Father, I think you might say as the patriarch Jacob did to Pharaoh, 'Few and evil have been the days of the years of my pilgrimage.'" The old man was silent for a few moments, and then he replied, "No, I cannot say that; my children have been such a happiness to me."]

CHAPTER IV.

1847—1853.

Conversation with C. R. Leslie, R.A.—Anecdotes of J. Constable, R.A., and T. Webster, R.A.—His first connection with the Schools of Design—J. R. Herbert, R.A.—Elected a Royal Academician—Rents a Cottage at Abinger—Goes to Paris to attend the Fêtes in honour of the 1851 Exhibition—Writes a Report on Design—J. M. W. Turner, R.A., his funeral.

February, 1847.—[My father records in his diary, under this date, a conversation with his friend Leslie, from which a short extract is taken.]

Speaking of art education, he told me his son Robert was now drawing at Cary's School, and he said that he thought young artists remained too long drawing before they began painting. "I would have them," said Leslie, "begin to paint early, to accustom their eyes to truth of colour. Colour is a rare and difficult thing to attain excellence in, and the study cannot be too soon begun; those masters who have drawn too long from the antique have ever been deficient colourists, such as Guido, Raphael, and Poussin." I asked if he did not think that the Florentine masters were designedly conventional in form, colour, and treatment of landscape background in their pictures of Holy families, saints, etc., considering a certain sacred treatment authorised by the Church and by ancient example, because Raphael's manner in other works, where there was no leading authority, was much less conventional. "No,"

he said, "I think it was imperfect knowledge, and the difficulty of getting out of the trammels of his predecessors and masters. Raphael found it hard to divest himself of the manner of Perugino, but when he had done so he painted according to his time; had he lived now he would have painted as at the time present." On some reference being made to Francia's pictures, he spoke lightly of these, and said he had looked upon them in company with Ruskin, and had asked him to explain what he so much admired in them. Ruskin replied that there was nothing sensual in them. This, said Leslie, was only negative praise. He then admired the sky, and those little lumps of wool which represent clouds. I asked him why he thought so much of them. He said they were so thoroughly *serene;* there was not a dream of a storm in them. "I told him," said Leslie, "that this was quite possible, since they were totally unlike clouds; but there," pointing to a Claude, "is a sky equally serene and beautifully true, and yet you do not like the works of that painter. Francia might have put such a sky to his figures." Rose [his wife] says she quite envied me my long chat. She is a great admirer of Leslie. She tells me that, one evening, she arrived at Leslie's house just at the moment that he drove up in a cab, crowded with pictures—these turned out to be by Constable. Leslie had borrowed them from the Miss Constables, who were going to the sea-side, and, in his wonted admiration of his friend's works, he had called to rescue them from the temporary neglect of an empty house, as he returned home from painting at the Palace.

On our entering the garden, said Rose, Mrs. Leslie met us with a melancholy and exhausted air, saying, "There is always some discomfort, Charles, if you are away." The key was fast in the gate, and she had been a mile to the locksmith's to tell him to come and get it out. "And how came it fast?" asked Leslie of the fresh-looking, pretty servant (they were noted for pretty servants). "The butcher did it," rejoined the girl, on which Leslie, with his usual quiet humour, replied, "Ay, Mary, but how came the butcher *inside* the gate, eh?" Mary, who was a buxom Devonshire damsel, and who had found herself exalted, once or twice, to a place in her master's pictures, gave a toss of her head, and retreated on that suggestion.

Leslie has just completed his life of Constable, and the world will know Constable only through Leslie's agreeable life of him. There he appears all amiability and goodness, and one cannot recognise the bland, yet intense, sarcasm of his nature: soft and amiable in speech, he yet uttered sarcasms which cut you to the bone. Elected into the Academy as a landscape painter, it was some time before he obtained his wish to be chosen a visitor in the life-school. I think it was only two or three years before his death that he was placed upon the list, and he was exceedingly anxious to prove that he ought to have been chosen long ago for that office. The first figure which he set was in the attitude of the well-known Eve of Raphael; to make the figure more what he thought it ought to be, he slashed away at his laurels at Hampstead, cutting down large

branches to send them to town to make a bowery background for the model who was to pose as Eve to the students. Unfortunately it was near Christmastide, and the police, then new in office, and consequently extra energetic, arrested the man who was taking the laurels to Somerset House, believing him to be some garden robber gathering, where he could, for kitchen window or church pillar decoration. Constable was obliged to go to the police court to release him, and so was rather late with his preparations.

The figure, when at last posed, delighted Etty, who quite luxuriated in the brilliant green against the flesh, and the oranges tied on to represent the fruit on the Tree of Knowledge. His succeeding attempts were in better taste, since taking some of the finest figures of Michael Angelo as positions for the model, clothed in simple russet drapery, he enabled the students to perceive what that great master has added to the mere imitation of nature. This method of posing the model had been tried before by Turner in dealing with the antique. Turner placed a living model, the nearest in quality of form that he could find, alongside the masterpieces of antiquity—a beautiful young girl beside the Venus, a youth beside the Discobolus of Myron, another by the Lizard Killer—this was an admirable mode of directing the studies of the pupils.

It is rather singular that Constable was the *last* visitor at Somerset House, and he died a day or two after the end of the session. I well remember that Etty and I remained a long time after the schools were over

on the last evening there, all the rest having gradually gone home, while Etty continued moaning and painting, as was his wont, until, as he gathered up his tools to end his work, he sighed out, "Ah, Redgrave, we shall never see a life like this life!" Of course, he meant the school of the life; but his heart was so much in his work that I almost felt Hereafter would be no pleasure to him if it did not permit of painting. I partook of his sadness on that occasion; for many very happy hours, and many joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, had had their source in that place. Etty and I had painted side by side for many a night—he, oppressed with the heat of the confined atmosphere, and I, a martyr to indigestion, arising from meals hurriedly snatched, in the greatest haste, after weary hours of teaching, in order to be at my place.

Poor Constable! He left Somerset House that night only to die. Yet on that occasion he was, as usual, full of jokes and gibes, and he indulged in the vein of satire he was ever so fond of.

10th April, 1849.—How different this day from the 10th of April last year! Then we were all sworn in as special constables. The whole population of London seemed about to encounter each other face to face, and a mortal struggle appeared inevitable between moral and physical force. All day long did we watch anxiously for the coming of the rabble.

To-day, having sent in our pictures to the Exhibition, eight of us (for once happy painters) have had a delightful ramble by the Thames, and then—boys again

for the nonce!—a game of rounders in the field behind the "Orkney Arms" at Maidenhead Bridge. Our day ended with a cheerful dinner, a pleasant evening, and a quiet drive home. Webster, Horsley, Cope, Thorburn, and Creswick were of the number: Webster, as usual, buoyant and full of glee—telling stories round the fire, after dinner, of his younger days—how he went once with his brother to Dorney, when the old stocks stood before the village inn there, and sat down upon the vagrant's seat, and his brother raising the upper bar, Webster put his feet fairly in the stocks. His brother then let go the bar, when they found that the whole fastened with a spring, and behold our future painter securely fastened into the stocks! All efforts to relieve him were vain without the key, and, leaving him in his ignominious position, his brother posted off to find the constable. He, alas! was gone on a mission of duty elsewhere—perhaps to bring some true culprit to the justice of the stocks. An hour and a half did Webster wait and no release came, till at last the village blacksmith managed to pick the lock and let the victim of curiosity go free. All the time that he was in the stocks, a crowd of village boys gathered round him, joking and jeering at the painter who was hereafter to win the name of "Do-the-boys" from his skill in catching the very soul of boys' nature. Right heartily did Webster laugh when he told us the story, and how many a trait of boys' humour may he not have treasured up as the urchins stood chattering around him?

He has sent in to the present Academy "The Boys

at the Slide," a picture which will greatly add to his reputation. During the frost this Christmas he was laid up with gout, brought on by standing in thin shoes on the brink of a pond to sketch the effect of reflections on the ice. Just as he was getting a little better, another frost came on, and, as the season had been mild, it was likely to be the last. How to obtain one or two more studies was the question. At last he hit upon the expedient of being wrapped in blankets, tucked up in a Bath-chair, and wheeled to the side of the round pond in Kensington Gardens, where, from the little window of his narrow vehicle, he made some most useful memoranda which enabled him to complete his picture.

[Here is another entry about Webster in 1851.]

"Went to see my good friend Webster, whom I found ill in his bedroom from that plague the gout. He has just returned from Hastings, where he went for a week's rest, having rather knocked himself up by trying to finish his long picture of 'The Playground,' for Lord Overstone. Webster is obliged to put aside his work, and will have no picture for the Exhibition, season of wonders though it is to be.' Poor fellow! he seems to have been worse off this year than in the Bath-chair. Taken ill at Hastings, the sound of the sea under his window during the long night hours wearied him and fidgeted him to death. There was not even a clock in the house or in the neighbourhood to enliven him by striking the hours. So he determined

to come home, in spite of the gout in both his feet and in one knee. They made him up a bed in the railway carriage, and so far he did very well; but only a gouty man can imagine his torture in a cab—a cab from London Bridge, over London stones, to Kensington. He was snug in his bed when we called, and had rallied into a little of his usual fun, when he described the difficulty experienced by his whole household, aided by Horsley, Denby, and a workman, in getting him up the narrow staircase to his bedroom.

"I went into his studio to see two small pictures painted by him in 1827. One of them—a capital subject for him—'The Dog in the Manger'—a sick child with a jam-pot, and his hearty companions eyeing him. These two pictures, it seems, were painted for some early patron of his, when art fetched but small sums in this country. For the first painting he received twenty guineas; but for the second—this very 'Dog in the Manger'—as he thought it inferior to the other, he only charged fifteen. His friend—in those days a brewer at Bow—was now in indifferent circumstances, and hearing that these pictures were likely to be worth £500, felt that it would relieve him from many difficulties to obtain such a sum for them, and had sent to ask Webster's permission (the feeling was a nice one) to part with them. He said he had painted many portraits, also, of members of the family."

In giving a short account of my father's connection with the Schools of Design, which later on were merged

into the Department of Practical Art, it may be as well to sketch briefly the origin and purpose of these schools.

The School of Design was founded by Government for the promotion of instruction in art for the improvement of manufactures. It was under the management of a committee, scarcely one of whom was an artist, and was located in Somerset House. It had about twenty provincial and local branches, which also received Government aid. The teaching staff of the school in London consisted of a director, with three masters under him. These masters were frequently changed. Eminent men were engaged, but were forced to resign, partly from the difficulties of the position, partly because it intrenched too much upon their time. Dyce, Horsley, Herbert, Townsend, and Redgrave were in turn masters; but the Schools of Design were not fitted to attain the object for which they were founded—that is, the improvement of art in manufactures. The teaching was too elementary, and was badly classified. No lectures were given, nor were there a sufficient number of examples of fine ornament for the use of the students. The masters, though from their art knowledge and position the most competent persons to judge as to what was best to teach their students, were hampered by the authority possessed over them by a lay committee, with crude notions as to the course of instruction which was desirable. For instance, there was great opposition to the teaching of anatomy, many of the committee considering *figure* drawing out of the province of a school of *design*. When we consider how great a part the figure will always play in fine

ornament, we see how difficult a matter it was to combine the diverse and conflicting views of the authorities to the real advantage of the students.

Owing to a strong petition from some of the masters that certain lectures should be given, my father's first appointment to the School of Design was as botanical lecturer, and he was to co-operate with Horsley in the class of colour. It was during these lectures that he inaugurated his system of the ornamental analysis of plants and flowers, of arranging them symmetrically within geometric forms, and of making varied use of the distinctly ornamental elements which both plants and flowers possess, for reproduction in different manufactures. This method of teaching is now practised in many Continental art schools.

He notes in his diary that when Horsley and Dyce retired in 1849, he was appointed head master in the class of colour; and again, in 1852, after having expressed a wish to retire, in consequence of the many troubles in the School of Design, he was, instead, made art superintendent, while Mr. Cole became lay superintendent. As early as the year 1846 my father, in a letter to Lord John Russell, drew attention to the failure of the schools of design to attain the objects for which they were founded, and suggested various improvements in the methods of teaching. The letter is given in full in the Appendix, so it is enough to state here that it recommended three stages of instruction in design:—Firstly, the acquisition of technical skill; secondly, the inculcation of a pure taste; and,

thirdly, acquaintance with the processes of manufactures, and the appointment of masters conversant with such processes, as the object of the schools was not to educate artists, but to train ornamental designers.

It also suggested that triennial exhibitions of drawings should be established, and, further, that prizes should be given for original designs. From this letter a totally new departure gradually sprang up; a Commission was named, under the superintendence of the Board of Trade, to inquire into the whole subject; and after many and various suggestions and arrangements, the "Department of Practical Art" was formed in 1852, when, as already stated, Mr. Cole, afterwards Sir Henry Cole, K.C.B., was appointed general superintendent, and my father became art superintendent.

When the President of the Board of Trade sent for Mr. Redgrave to offer him the appointment, he asked him if he thought he could work with Cole, as he had the reputation of not being an easy man to get on with, and a joint authority might lead to many difficulties. My father, however, replied that he knew Cole well, and was confident of being able to work with him. This confidence was realised; they were colleagues for twenty-three years, and though they naturally had many points on which they were not in entire agreement, they never quarrelled. Mr. Cole's entire attention was to be devoted to the lay superintendence, but my father was only to give a portion of his time to his official work. However, as years went on, the duties of the art superintendent increased, instead of decreasing, and gradually

almost his whole time became absorbed by various labours, which involved the arrangement of the teaching course, the conduct of examinations throughout the country, the foundation of new schools, the system of teaching drawing for elementary schools, and the joint responsibility in the selection of art objects for the formation of the South Kensington Museum. That collection was begun as early as 1851, when a sum of £5,000 was voted by Government for the purchase of specimens from the Great Exhibition for the use of the schools. These objects were placed in Marlborough House, at first merely for the sake of storage, but this led to their public exhibition in that palace; the schools also were transferred thither, and Marlborough House became the home of the Department till the South Kensington Museum was founded.

Marlborough House also contained "The Chamber of Horrors," a number of specimens of objects in which false principles of design were displayed, manufactured to suit the taste of the British public. To counteract this false taste, Mr. Cole had conceived, and with the aid of some eminent artists of that time he produced, a collection of articles designed by them, and executed by Minton and other manufacturers, to show that good taste and pure art might be introduced into the commonest articles of everyday use. These specimens were called the Felix Summerly art manufactures, "Felix Summerly" being Mr. Cole's *nom de guerre*. Among other things, my father designed for this series a glass jug, water-bottles, and glasses, decorated with

a growth of water-lilies. This glass has now become obsolete, though many people have wished to procure it. These articles, and others, are arranged in a case in the temporary buildings of the South Kensington Museum. An extract from the diary about Herbert is here inserted, as it seems to belong to this period.]

I become more and more thrown into Herbert's society at the School of Design. Who can doubt his great merit as a painter? and yet what a strange, undecided creature he is! When I lived in Charles Street, Middlesex Hospital, an incident happened which illustrates his unsettled mood at a time when he was first rising into fame. I was surprised one evening at eleven o'clock by a double knock at my door, just when (being alone) I was thinking of turning in for the night, and almost immediately Herbert was announced. Hurrying through his how-d'ye-do's, he said, "My dear fellow, can you tell me of a lodging that will do for a painter?" I began to think over all the houses in Berners Street and Newman Street where there were rooms to let, when it occurred to me to ask, "When do you want to enter? because Hart leaves his rooms next quarter." "Oh," he replied, "I want them to-night; my wife and family are at the door in a hackney coach; I have quarrelled with my landlord, and left my lodgings, and I certainly shall not return there." In this dilemma, I could afford no help, and they all drove off; how he succeeded, I do not know. I heard afterwards that he had been in five lodgings in as many months, and that Charles Landseer,

on being asked Herbert's address, said, "Oh, he lives in Crocker's furniture van"—Crocker being universally employed at that time to "move" the painters and their pictures. Although he lived some fourteen or fifteen years in Brompton, he was always unsettled in his mind, ever going to remove, though he did not actually do so.

Herbert and I have always been good friends. He is of a warm and affectionate nature, and full of happy fancies. I like him much, and could love him but for one or two faults, and for our difference in religion, which is against complete intimacy. The very earnestness of his attachment to the Romish faith makes him very eager that I should think with him. It is only natural on his part; indeed, it is but friendly and proper; though I can only see in his miracles (God forgive me, if wrong!) lying wonders, and I perceive how his imagination is acted upon rather than his reason. I travelled in France with him and his eldest son last year; he did not know a word of the language, and he was taken ill, or fancied himself ill, and I had to take charge of him, and to administer such simple remedies as I knew of, in a time of great cholera sickness in Paris, which caused us to leave that city, and to come home by Rouen and Dieppe. Then my turn to be nursed began. A fresh wind in crossing the Channel set him up and cast me down, as it mostly does, and he was as kind and attentive to me as ever I could have been to him.

He is very simple-hearted in his pleasures. I went to see him a week or two ago at Hampstead, and as he placed a large musical-box on the table, the happy and

delighted look beaming over his face, as the passages he liked best came on, was something pleasant to behold. He sat listening to it for an hour.

Last time I saw him he was, on the contrary, full of miseries. A floor in his house was six inches out of the level, and it worried him almost mad; a Puseyite parson close by had a bell rung for service from morning till night; there was a piano on both sides of him, and young ladies practised on them in relays; "that potman, too," he said, "is always calling for pots;" the children made a playground of his street; nothing was right, and he was very desponding about his art, in which, he says, he has done nothing for two years.

[My father's statement that Herbert could not speak French is curious, when we remember that in later years he always spoke broken English. There is another anecdote of him in the diary in 1859.]

Cope told us a characteristic story of Herbert as he had heard it from a model. "She was a simple sort of girl," said Cope, "dark and swarthy in complexion, and rather new to her work when she came to me." She said she had been sitting to a funny little *old* man with a long beard, who was dressed in a long, dirty dressing-gown, and she then related the following conversation:— Herbert to model: "You come from the East?" "Sir?" "You come from the East, from Jerusalem?" "No, sir; I come from Suffolk." "Ah, no, you come from Jerusalem—I am sure you come from the East. Now, you

are going to sit to me for the holy Magdalene, she who was at the foot of the cross on the day of the Crucifixion. You must be very holy while you sit; you must think you are at the foot of the cross; you must put on a holy look and have holy thoughts." "And then," she said, "the funny little old gentleman knelt down, and looked up with his eyes to heaven, and crossed his arms upon his heart, and after a little time the large tears rolled down his beard on to the old dressing-gown, and it seemed so ludicrous somehow that I burst out laughing." "He is a strange contradiction," I said; "a strange mixture of affectation and feeling." But Elmore and Maclise, who were also listening to Cope, said, "He is a consummate actor."

[In a letter written from the Hôtel Bedford, Paris, July 1, 1849, my father mentions going with Herbert to the Exhibition there—"certainly a wonderful bazaar of manufactures, like a vast temporary town." He says, "In every cross-street is a tree of liberty, a wretched dead poplar, with a few tattered rags of bunting flying at the miserable masthead. All of them are dead but one, which is in the Place Louis XIII., or de la Concorde, where the guillotine doubtless has made a rich soil."

In August he went with his family to a village near Dorking. A letter from Webster throws some light on his doings there.

Mall, Kensington, August 15, 1849.

Thanks, my dear fellow, for an account of your proceedings, and also for an invitation to visit you at Westcott. I am afraid there is no chance of my availing myself of your kindness, as I

am now proposing to leave for Chorley Wood on Saturday, and before doing so, am desirous of recovering myself out of a mess I have got into with my trumpery "Cherry-woman." I thought a small work would be a recreation after "The Slide," but, confound it, I find that there is nothing easy in art. The little beast of a picture is giving me as much trouble as I ever experienced in a large one, and when done, what is it? I pull my hair with vexation to think on it.

Knowing your untiring energy for work, I could wish you nearer your painting-ground, as it would be so much time saved, as well as much fatigue. Do not overdo it, my dear Reddy. That hour's walk, to me would be appalling. However, I congratulate you, under your difficulties, in having painted a large study of a wood. I have no doubt it is something capital, and I not only hope, but believe, you may find a path through that same wood that will lead the public to a new view of landscape painting. Truth always succeeds in the end over what is meretricious and false, however supported by fashion and ignorance; therefore go on painting that same, and kill and starve the old black masters.

Have heard from Horsley—he is painting from nature. Mother and child doing well. Creswick is still at home, Mrs. C. being unwell. He has just made the discovery that he is losing time; the idle dog has done nothing since April! I should be angry at his taking it so easy, and at the same time being successful, did I not feel assured that his lost time does not pass happily; I would rather be in the agony of a mess with my old woman than walk about doing nothing: in one there is excitement, in the other. . . . I am glad to find Sam is enjoying himself in Wales.—Yours very sincerely,

THOS. WEBSTER.

Till 1850, my father went each succeeding summer to some new place—Streatley, or Hurley, or Bolton Abbey, or to some village in Surrey. In these visits he not only painted pictures, but he made many more or

less finished sketches, which he sold as "pot-boilers," besides others that he retained for the use of his pupils; for up to the time of his marriage, and even afterwards, he continued to give lessons in drawing.

In the summer of 1850, he and his wife took lodgings at a farm in a small village on the Quantocks, Holford, near Kilve. Here they were joined by their friends, Mr. and Mrs. Hook (J. C. Hook, R.A.), and the four used to paint together in a romantic and shady glen, once frequented by Coleridge and his brother poets.

In 1851 my father first went to Abinger, a charming Surrey village on the slopes of Leith Hill, and the remaining summers of his life were spent in that lovely spot. At first he rented a cottage from the squire, Mr. Evelyn of Wotton; but in 1856 he bought a cottage, and could never, but once, be prevailed upon to leave it for fresh scenery. Abinger was conveniently situated for making those journeys to town which his official life often rendered necessary, and yet it was "far from the madding crowd;" at least, it was so when he first went there, for at that time the butcher came but once a week, and other adjuncts of civilisation were unknown. How attached he became to Abinger, will be seen later on by extracts from his diary.

My father, as already mentioned, was elected a full member of the Royal Academy in February, 1851. (The Academy was then located in Trafalgar Square.) He gives the following account of the, to him, eventful day:—

I ought to have written down the particulars of my election to the full honours of the Academy last month. I was at the School of Design all day, and had seen my colleague, Herbert (who was one of my well-wishers), during the morning. He told me he would come out from the general assembly at a quarter to ten, to put me out of my misery as to the result of the election. There were four vacancies. I did not see him in the evening at Somerset House, although I heard that he was there, and had rushed away about half-past eight, with rather a desponding word or two to Deverell, saying that he should be too late, and that he was anxious to vote for Redgrave. Nine o'clock came, and it was our night for a council meeting at the school. I told my other colleague, Townsend, that Herbert would not be at our meeting, and consequently there need be no session.

I told him, also, that I was anxious about the election; but, with his minute conscientiousness, he kept going over the case of this student and the other, until I heard the quarter to ten strike in the square. I was on the tenter-hooks, and finally saying, "I neither can nor will hear a word more," I rushed down-stairs, ran at full speed along the Strand, knocking this passenger off the pavement, and thrusting another against a shop, receiving many opprobrious epithets for my hurry, until I found myself in Trafalgar Square. The place of meeting was to be under the Nelson Column, in the bay (formed by the bases for the lions) which looks towards the Royal Academy. The moon was at the full,

throwing a deep shadow, dark and obscure, behind the Column. Into this I rushed and paused. I looked round and saw only the solitary figure of a policeman in the bright light near the fountains. The next moment came Herbert, slithering along in the strange way he sometimes runs. I had certainly not been half a minute in the place, and had hardly got back my breath after my run, when he rushed at once into my arms. "All right, my dear fellow, all right! God give you health long to enjoy it!" I believe, in the hurried hug I gave him, I kissed his cheek. I know it was a moment of intense excitement to me. The policeman, who had drawn a little nearer, stared; perhaps he thought it a rendezvous of Socialists. No more was said between us. Herbert turned and rushed back to vote in the fourth election, and I, hastening from the shadow, called a passing cab, and, ere a minute had elapsed from the time of my coming into the Square, was on the road home to my dear wife. When, however, I was once seated in the cab—so hastily had the whole passed—I began to think it must be a dream. The fancy grew on me. I could not bear the repose of driving. I got out at Knightsbridge and started off at a run for home. Two hours afterwards, however, I had the whole matter assured to me by Cope, who began a long story, with a long face, about "bad news." I cut him short by telling him that I was already acquainted with my success. He would hardly believe it, as he had seen no one leave the room, and had come off at once from the meeting. Herbert's almost momentary

absence had not been perceived either by him or by others. I found from Cope that I was on the ballot with both the first-elected members, being distanced by Creswick by a vote or two, and coming in third against Grant, who was fourth against Calder Marshall.

[In August, 1851, my father thus describes how he visited Paris to attend a grand *fête*, lasting a week, given to the authorities of our own Exhibition in Hyde Park:—]

The Lord Mayor and the civic authorities went over with me. We were above four hundred on board. When we arrived at Boulogne, after a very rough passage, all the town was decked out with flags and garlands to receive us. Carriages and omnibuses were in waiting, and a deputation was there to see the unfortunate Mayor. My lord was brought up from the depth of his troubles to make a speech. Fancy a speech when a man is sea-sick! I was close to him, but I heard nothing; he got over it, however, and we were all trotted off to the *chemin de fer*. There a glorious banquet awaited us, and another at Amiens; but at this latter place, as we were divided into two trains, the soldiers had rushed in and demolished everything before those in the second train arrived. We did not get to Paris till eleven instead of at seven o'clock, so I went with John Bell to a lodging, and this morning drove to Count Delaborde's—a charming house, full of books and objects of art and pretty things of all kinds; but I felt so loth to be out of the way of all my colleagues,

that, when I heard the Count would not return till Tuesday or Wednesday, I determined to remain with Bell.

The banquet at the Hôtel de Ville was very grand. Most of our friends appeared in curious costumes, owing to their luggage having been all left behind at the Custom House. Cole was in a coat borrowed from his landlord, and a waistcoat of some other dignitary, and was stitched up in the lower clothing of a third. Versailles was a beautiful sight, the fountains quite a marvel. We go to the President's at St. Cloud to-day, and to-morrow to a ball at the Hôtel de Ville. The Parisians are making the noblest and most splendid efforts to please us.

[It was in the November of this year that my father's "Supplementary Report on Design" was issued. It is, of course, to a certain extent, a critique on the articles exhibited in the Great Exhibition of 1851; but it is more than this, as it lays down first principles on the subject. Attention is first drawn to the difference between design and ornament—the former having reference to the construction of the work, and therefore including the latter, which is merely the decoration of the thing constructed. The author gives a short account of the true object of ornament, and the part it has played in Gothic and Renaissance architecture. He divides ornamentists into two classes—the traditional ones, who cling to old forms, and the modern ones, who desire to strike out fresh paths for themselves.

He advocates retaining the principles and laws of the past, to guide the decorator of the present; and he condemns a merely naturalist treatment, without selection and arrangement. He complains of the small esteem in which the designer is held by the manufacturer, and the degrading effect which machine labour has had upon patterns and designs; and he advocates the teaching of art applied to design to workmen, through the art schools of the country, and finally recommends the designers themselves to study fitness and simplicity in their work. He proceeds to criticise the designs under their various specific industries, alluding to many works of merit in the Exhibition, but adhering strictly to the principles he has enunciated in the beginning of his report. These principles needed to be more carefully insisted upon forty years ago than they do now; for time has proved them to be so correct that what was then in advance of public taste is to-day but an echo of it. To the maxims which he lays down, forty years of progress in decoration have but added their approval.

The entry in the diary for the whole year 1851, a peculiarly busy one, is very short. In it my father was occupied at the Great Exhibition, which involved serving on the jury, and making purchases for the Schools of Design with the £5,000 granted for the purpose, besides the preparation of a report on design, teaching at Somerset House, and the prosecution of his own art.]

December 31*st*, 1851.—I have indeed to thank God for many blessings. A year ago the Board of Trade

appointed me to the miscellaneous duties of the Schools of Design. I have been elected a Royal Academician, and my pictures have sold well. We spent the summer at a dear old farm-house, Crossways, in Abinger. My holiday was much broken in upon by my duties at the Great Exhibition, and by my jury report, but I found time to paint two landscapes—"The Woodland Mirror" and "The Loitering Messenger." Cary and his wife were in the same neighbourhood, and we had altogether a pleasant time, although the sad illness of our little Frances pained us in the last part of our country sojourn.

January 4th, 1852.—On Wednesday last I made my first appearance in Council at the Royal Academy, on the occasion of the dinner, when the new Council dines with the one going out of office. How long I have looked forward to this time! What veneration, as a student, I ever felt for the members, that grave assembly which we gazed at on the medal night, when the hearts of all the candidates were in their mouths until the hoped-for names of the victorious candidates were fully pronounced. When it happened that among the candidates there were two Georges, or two Thomases, or Richards, what a fearful moment of interest to both when the President slowly and audibly pronounced the Christian name, until the following surname, that dashed down the one and elated the other, was added to it. I well recollect the ashy whiteness of poor George Smith, when his name was called, the moment's pause—the forward movement.

I, also, was a candidate for the same prize, yet I

enjoyed his success, which I was well assured of, for he richly deserved it. Poor fellow! he is gone, and I am now on the bench of judges. I often feel how proud my dear old father would have been to see this day; but he rests, I trust, in a better place, far removed from life's troubles.

January 10th, 1852.—Next April it will be twenty-five years since I was admitted a probationer to the schools, and to determine upon the admission of probationers was the duty of the first Council of the year. Just as I was admitted to the Academy Schools, I was painting my portrait, which I have since given to my sister, produced under the difficulties I then had to encounter in all my art studies. My painting-room was a little store, at the back of the counting-house, at the end of the long garden. This I had chosen partly because it was very retired, and partly because its little window looked north. The place, however, was so blocked up with bags of nails, bundles of wire, brass, etc., that there was hardly room for me and my easel in front of the little window with four panes. The looking glass from which I worked was, of course, between me and the light. How was I, therefore, to light my canvas? For some time I was fairly at a loss, until a bright idea seized me, and I was successful. I hung a sheet of polished tin round my neck like a breastplate, and its brilliant reflection thrown on my canvas enabled me to paint the head; and very happy was I, both in the invention and in my work, except when that bell, which rang from the front warehouse, called me away to settle about plans

for greenhouses, or quantities for wire fencings, when I had to doff my breastplate in a hurry, and, nervous and trembling, to rush off to talk of plans and measures, or of pounds, shillings, and pence.

[The next entry is an account of Turner's funeral.]

January 4th, 1852.—On Monday last, with most of my brother members, I attended the remains of our great Landscape Painter to their resting-place in St. Paul's Cathedral. Strange that one who had lived so penuriously, and made so little ostentatious display in his lifetime, should desire so splendid a memorial at his death! The ceremony was fine, and it was finely performed by Dean Milman, who read such parts of the service as are read; and the chanting was very impressive.

It will be long before the Academy again includes a landscape painter with the poetry and power of Turner; yet what a riddle he was both to members and students! Who ever understood his jokes? yet he chuckled over them himself until others joined him out of fellowship, not only in his laugh, but hob and nob over the "brown sherry" he so much loved—not at his own house, however, for none either ate or drank there, but at the luncheon table on the varnishing days at the Academy.

His advice was an enigma, too, worth much if you understood it, but so mysteriously given or expressed that it was hard to comprehend—conveyed, perhaps, in a word

—in a wave of the hand—a poke in the side, pointing, at the same time, to some part of one's picture or drawing, but saying nothing—a strange "Humph! Why did you do that?" perchance, being all you had from him. Yet the fault, the hint, the thing to be altered was there, if you could but find it; and if, after a deep puzzle, you arrived at his meaning, he would congratulate you when he again came round. If not, it was a great chance if he did not, with a brushful of his colour, or with his broad thumb, make a smear that was sensible enough in the faulty spot.

The first varnishing days I spent at the Academy. I was trying to spoil my "Castle Builder," when Howard came up and said, in his frigid way, that some of the members considered the dress indelicately low. Then Turner appeared and mumbled "What a doing?" I told him of my rebuke, and that I was endeavouring to paint the dress up higher. "Paint it lower," said he; "you want white," and wandered off. I immediately saw that the coloured dress came up rather harshly against the flesh, so I painted at once, over a portion of the dress, a band of white. Howard came round soon after and said, with a little more warmth, "Ah! you have covered it up; it is better now." It was no higher, however, but the sense of nakedness and display was gone. Turner again drew near, and gave a gratified grunt at my docility and apprehension, which he often rewarded afterwards by little hints.

And last Monday we buried him, as he wished, in St. Paul's Cathedral. How curious that he, who had

seemed all his life to despise appearances, whose dress and personal arrangements were of the most homely kind, should desire to leave the world and to be carried to his last rest with so much pomp! The whole affair, however, was strongly characteristic of the man.

We were invited by the undertaker, and were to arrive in Queen Anne Street at nine o'clock precisely, and this in mid-winter! I had to rise and shave, as doubtless many others did, by candle-light. Breakfast I had none, save a cup of coffee, and as no cab was to be had, I started across the park on foot. "Of course," thought I, "'funeral bake-meats' of some kind will be there;" so seemed to think my colleagues also, as one by one they arrived in the room.

We were, however, shown into the gallery, empty of everything but ourselves and the art of him we came to bury. The room was dingy and dirty in the extreme. The matting or carpeting—for which it was, who can tell?—gave out a dusty, fusty scent. The hangings, which had been once a gay amber moreen, showed a dirty yellow here and there, where the stains from the drippings of the cracked skylight had not washed out all the colour; the coved ceiling, with the plaster broken through in many places, had been patched over the dingy whitewash with old newspapers, which, in their turn, had rotted and burst, and had been again and again patched, doubtless by the hand of the poor desolate creature who used to keep the rooms and feed Turner's cats, if they ever were fed.

The pictures themselves, some of them wonders of

art, were dropping from their canvases. "The Bay of Baiæ" (one of the first of his pictures which I remember seeing on the Academy walls) was directly under the largest group of patchings. Ah! what a wreck it was, compared with the sunny paradise I remembered! The canvas was hanging over the frame at the bottom like a bag, and when Maclise and I pressed against it, we found that this was occasioned by the mortar from the ceiling which had fallen behind it, and was piled up between the stretcher and the canvas. The glaze was gone from the once rich foreground. In fact, the "Richmond Hill," "Crossing the Brook," "Hannibal," with many others, were fast going to decay—so fast, indeed, that the gold first and then the ground had perished from the very frames, and the bare fir-wood from beneath was visible in many of them.

In this musty apartment we gradually assembled, and much talk there was of the man and of his eccentricities, of the glorious pictures there going to decay, and of the institution his money was to found for artists whose fortunes were as decayed as the rooms we gathered in.

Nature's wants, however, will peep out; one by one each spoke of the hurry that had called them fasting from home; but it seemed as if Turner, who was never known to feast or feed any one in his own house when alive, was determined that no one should brag of having feasted there when he was gone.

At last we were summoned to see the coffin (it was in a little side room into which I had been shown when

I called on Turner on being made an Associate), covered with undertaker's finery, silver-nailed and silver-plated in the commonest "Brummagem" taste, with his age stated on the plate as seventy-nine. About ten o'clock all was ready, we were paired and coupled, and told off to our coaches, and at last we started. I was in the same carriage with Edwin Landseer, Cockerell, and MacDowell; and certainly if Turner had been with us, instead of somewhat ahead, we should have had plenty of that sparkle of the eye we all knew so well; for Turner dearly loved a joke, and Landseer told some of his best stories, and in our coach (as was the case, I am told, in some others) it was often necessary to sit well back, to hide a face not quite characteristic of a mourner. Cavendish Square, Regent Street, Trafalgar Square, the Strand—three hours did we pass in working our way through gapers, carts, and omnibuses. Then a long chanted service—fine and touching, as that noble service always is—then the drive back, and between two and three o'clock we were again in the dusky room, almost famished. Here we were disrobed and unsashed, and, hungry and fasting, expected to be ushered in to some funeral feast; but no, nothing came of it; until at last one of the undertaker's men entered with a black bottle of port, and another of sherry, which, with a dozen or two of glasses, he had procured from a neighbouring public-house, together with a sixpenny bag of mixed biscuits from a baker's, and this finished the ceremony. At about three o'clock we were turned out, all but fasting, to reach home as best we could.

By the way, they say that the poor creature who was so long the porteress of these faded halls, was helped into one of the coaches by the undertaker, followed in her master's train, and was supported into the mighty edifice, sobbing and weeping—perhaps the only true mourner in that long procession.

I came home to a sick-headache and a sad evening, and this was the last of him whose works will long enchant mankind.

[Later on in the diary, *November 12th*, 1853, my father notes that he had a chat with Leslie, and inspected the Royal Academy library with him:—]

After the library work was finished, we went into the National Gallery to see the new arrangement of the pictures. . . . Leslie seemed to like Turner's picture of "Carthage" less than the "Coast Scene." He said the "Carthage" was the picture that Turner always declared he would be wrapped in when he was buried—in reference to which determination, when the Dean of St. Paul's was asked if he would conduct the burial service, he said he could not if Turner's wish was carried out.

The story about the picture is that some one asked Turner the price of the work, and he replied, "Five hundred guineas." "Nay," said the inquirer, not very delicately, "I will give you four hundred guineas;" at which Turner walked off in great dudgeon. The next day the same person came and said, "Well, Turner, I

will give you five hundred guineas for the Carthage." (This is told with more likelihood of "Crossing the Brook.") "No," said Turner, "it is six hundred guineas now;" and he again left his patron. After a time the latter screwed up his courage to that price, but when he came to the painter on the subject, he was abruptly told it was seven hundred guineas now! After this Turner always said he would be wrapped in it when he was buried, and he even went so far as to ask Chantrey if, as his executor, he would fulfil his wishes on that point. "No doubt," answered the blunt sculptor, "I shall bury you rolled up in your picture, if it is one of the conditions of your will; and take you up the next day and unroll you."

CHAPTER V.

1853—1854.

An Elementary Manual of Colour Academy Speeches and Jokes—W. Mulready, R.A.—Goes to Ireland and Scotland—A Meeting at Worcester—Dines with the R.A. Council—The Wellington Car—Anecdote of the War—The Queen goes to Gore House—Opening of the Crystal Palace Camp at Boulogne—Dinner at Sir C. Eastlake's—Anecdote of Sir Edwin Landseer.

[It was in this year, 1853, that my father wrote a little handbook on colour for the use of the students of the schools of art. It was published by Chapman and Hall at the price of ninepence, and speedily came into much use. It was called "An Elementary Manual of Colour," with a catechism, to be used with a diagram illustrating the harmonious relations of colour. This diagram faced the title-page, and showed the relative surface-proportions in which the primary, secondary, and tertiary hues harmonise with each other. The centre of each lozenge contains a primary hue, namely, yellow as three, red as five, and blue as eight of surface measurement. Each primary is surrounded by its harmonising secondary. These secondaries are, again, contrasted with their harmonising tertiaries, in due proportion to surface. By this method the eye is assisted in its judgment as to the relative quantities of hues which should be present in any ornamental arrangement.

It is a tiny book containing but two chapters, and it is partly compiled from scientific treatises on colour and optics. It was written to help designers in their

work, and handled the subject quite simply from both an artistic and a scientific standpoint. It defined the laws of light and colour with regard to hues, shades, tints, contrast, mixture, and harmony, and gave a simple catechism at the end of each chapter. It served as a guide to art students, glass painters, and embroiderers.

But to return to the diary, which is here resumed.]

January 16th, 1853.—Last Saturday week there was a meeting of the Royal Academy on the subject of the admission of engravers to the body; a very strong muster of members attended, especially of the older ones, including Jones, who has kept away since Eastlake's election. Westmacott spoke first, as was proper, he having moved the adjournment in July last. He was against the proposal; Hart followed in favour of it; then Grant made a long, clever, and gentlemanly speech against admission, on which he is very warm.

The President then said, in the most pleasant manner, "The members will be gratified to hear Mr. Jones on the subject, as he has again come among us." And a most remarkable speech he made. Were it not that one knows his real interest in the Academy, it would have been difficult not to laugh at some parts of it, owing to his theatrical attitude, one leg advanced, and his left hand in the bosom of his buttoned-up coat, just below the red waistcoat, which he wears because he is so like the *Duke of Wellington*. At one time he was completely carried away; he extended the hand that rested in his bosom, and, clapping it

violently several times with the other, he said, "He might well boast his loyalty, since his obedience to that duty had deprived him of his lawful right." I can only suppose that he meant the presidency, which he inferred—how falsely!—that Eastlake owed to Court influence. Luckily, this was passed over in silence. At length, there having been long pauses between each speaker, and no one else rising, Eastlake got up, and in a speech worthy of all credit, set the whole matter in so clear a light, and answered all objections so cleverly, and carried the meeting so much with him, that I felt the motion would be gained, as eventually it was.

February 13*th*.—Associates being now, by a new rule, eligible to be elected to the Academicians' Club, I wished to propose Danby, but, knowing that he must go through the ballot, I first wrote to ask him to allow me to do so. He sent me the following curious letter:—

Exmouth, February 12*th*, 1853.

My dear Redgrave,—I have received your kind favour of the 9th instant with great pleasure. I am most happy to see that *Associates* are for the *future* to be *considered* in *reality worthy* to be associates of "academicians." This, I am delighted to say, is not the *only* proof of the rapidly increasing liberality and good feeling of our Academy, since being weeded latterly by the chastening hand of Time. Under the influence of such Improvements, I shall ever feel it to be my greatest Pride to associate with *all its members*, but I have held the doubtful honour of being at the head of the list of "Associates" for so many years (the result, either of prejudice, or illiberality, or want of merit on my part), that I should fear to subject my name to the *additional distinction of rejection* in the Academicians' Club. However I may desire the honour and pleasure of joining in

those convivial meetings of our brother artists (under these circumstances), nothing less than a decided *invitation* from THEM could induce me to obtrude myself into a more prominent Position than I hold with sufficient pride and *perfect content* at present.—I am, My dear Redgrave, Yours most faithfully,

FRANCIS DANBY.

Poor Danby's strictures would seem to imply a strange forgetfulness of the real cause of his position, which was due to a scandal that the Academicians could not condone.

April 10th.—On Tuesday last, the day the pictures were sent in, we had our usual ramble and dinner in the country. Seven of us set out on a morning of misty, drizzling rain to go to Maidenhead by rail. When we got to the end of our journey the rain had ceased, and we had a pleasant, warm, spring-like jaunt to Bray, and from thence to Ockwells. On our way we came upon a subject for Webster. The parish school for girls had just broken up, and a line of little maidens were swinging on a five-barred gate. We made a contribution for bulls'-eyes and peppermints, Webster being the largest subscriber, and the whole group scampered off to the village shop, and when we arrived we found that emporium beset within, while a large number outside flattened their noses against the panes. We found Ockwells, alas! stripped of all its ivy, and the furniture ticketed for sale. We could not get in, so we strolled back to the bridge-foot, and had a good dinner at our old house, the "Orkney Arms," where they quite seemed to expect us.

April 23rd.—The hanging of the Academy by

Creswick, Grant, and Ch. Landseer, just finished. Creswick, at the council dinner, was very tired, and groaned over the unending puns of Ch. Landseer and the Secretary, and the total inability of Grant and Calder Marshall to understand them. In the intervals of council business, a pun or two would still break out, and call forth more sighs from poor Creswick. During the dinner a discussion arose on the respective merits of Harrow and Eton as public schools: Grant's son being at Harrow, and the President upholding Eton and the great men it had produced. "And yet," said Grant, "Peel was educated at Harrow; and then consider the poets—Byron was a Harrow boy." "Yes," chimed in Landseer, "and Burns was a *plough*-boy"—a groan from Creswick. "There," said Eastlake, "You have *furrowed* Creswick's brow again," upon which Knight added, "Aye, but you have had your *share* in it." I do not wonder at Creswick being tired, for he has had all the work, and his colleagues have smoked and joked. I went up just before the completion of the miniature room, and found Grant and Landseer smoking, while Creswick was ordering the carpenters in their work, and I was saluted with the following well-worn riddle: "I say, Redgrave," was the first greeting, "do you know why that carpenter is uglier than Creswick? Give it up? Because he's a deal planer!" with a puff from a cigar in conclusion. And this sort of work and gibe, the business on one side, and the idleness on the other, runs through the day, and through the hanging month.

[An anecdote of Mulready follows, which may as well be given here.]

Called on Mulready to see his new picture, and the "Train up a Child" (which he spent many months in working on) after the injury it sustained in a fire at Mr. Thomas Baring's. I saw it after the accident, and it seemed in a fearful and hopeless state. It was striped like tarnished silver, in dark metallic-looking stripes, where the hot stream had run down it. I knew that Mulready liked it to be seen thus, under as bad an aspect as possible, and that it will greatly please him, after the expressions of wonder at the hopelessness of its condition, to bring it round again.

What singular contradictions we all display! Mulready showed me a small landscape, also fearfully damaged. Haden, the surgeon, who was in the room with us, said the whole sky was quite a surgical case—a case of pompholox, I think he called it. It was a mere sketch, painted upon a piece of millboard very many years ago. Mulready had not only begun to repair it, but he was also intently removing the millboard from the paint by cautious rubbings from behind, intending to repair it, in his present minute manner, after laying it down on a panel. . . . I afterwards heard from Webster that Mulready spent weeks over this little worthless picture, rubbing off the millboard and carefully removing portions with fine tweezers, until, "when he held it up," said Webster, "it was simply a film of fine net." This he himself laid down on a prepared panel with a white surface.

Such a fid-fad must have taken him a long time, and this, too, when every hour, every minute, had its market value, and a high one moreover, and when he must have known that he could paint a new and a far better work in infinitely less time. . . . "The Bathers," upon which Mulready is now at work, is a monument of the same love and labour. Who but he could model the form and make it so complete? It is part of the same mind that produced Mr. Sheepshanks' landscape, but I have my doubts if such art is worth its cost, and if it is not sometimes labour without perfecting.

May 30th.—The Queen, the Prince, and the Princess Royal came to see our annual Exhibition of students' works from all the art schools, now on view at Gore House. Mulready had lent us many of his studies from the undraped model, and they were all placed in a room by themselves. Mr. Cardwell, who went round the rooms with me, to have the best works pointed out to him, in order to show them to the Queen, was much shocked by the Mulreadys, and particularly told me not to take the Queen into that room on any account. However, the Queen did go (aided, I suspect, by Cole), was delighted with the drawings, and commissioned Eastlake, who was present, to find out if Mulready would sell one.

[My father, who had, at this time, a good deal of travelling to arrange the business of the schools of art in various places, was over in Ireland in the September of this year, and writes from—]

Morrison's Hotel, Dublin, September 21st, 1853.—The Dublin Exhibition has much of interest, but it is, of course, a poor affair after the one in Hyde Park. The picture gallery is, I think, the best part of the exhibition; it is not well arranged, but the lighting is excellent. There are three good Mulreadys, and a magnificent Turner, distancing by miles the foreign landscapes. There are one or two good Belgian landscapes; and, after the English, the Belgian are certainly the best pictures.

September 27th.—Dined at the Viceregal Lodge on Saturday, a party of about twenty; and, yesterday, with Sir R. Kane. Delighted with the scenery of the Wicklow Mountains.

Oxford, October 20th.—From hence to Stourbridge, by way of Warwick.

Derby, October 24th.—Cole and I arrived here on our way to the Potteries. Had a magnificent day at Chatsworth, everything *en grande tenue*, fountains playing all day long, "The Emperor," that imperial spout, pouring out his thousands of gallons. Paxton went with us, showing us all the sights, from the fountains down to the Twelve Apostles in the cellars, which are twelve casks given by William III. to an ancestor of the Duke's, and kept full of ale: the king's arms are carved on the head of each cask. Paxton gave us the heartiest welcome, and showered down on us pines, bananas, grapes as big as apples, and every sort of luxury.

[From Derby my father went on to Scotland, upon Department business, and, while there, he spent two or

three days with his chief, Mr. Cardwell (afterwards Lord Cardwell). He says :—]

I spent the next day with Mr. Cardwell, at Alva, near Stirling, and saw the last tints of autumn on the Ochiel hills. Mr. Cardwell and I walked up Ben Clough together, a tough job for me with a longer-legged and a younger man than myself, but the air was most exhilarating. Among the people staying in the house was a young Irish lawyer, a kind-hearted, pleasant fellow, who sported a kilt and a philibeg, together with a dirk in his gaiter. I believe he wore the Stuart tartan, and claimed a right to it, because his family was descended, in some way, from Oliver Cromwell—an Irish sort of reason. Mr. Cardwell was very satirical upon his everlasting kilt, morning and full dress.

One of the days, at dinner, the conversation turned upon the "want of drawing" in most faces. Mr. Cardwell said that he could not see faces out of drawing, or different on one side from the other, and challenged me to prove it. It was a delicate point, but, assured of the good nature of my Irish companion, I said that, if Mr. S—— would pardon me, I would convince them from my opposite neighbour, whose face was a happy illustration. "If you will look at Mr. S—— carefully, you will see how very much lower his right eye is than his left." I had no sooner said this than a shout of surprise was made by the party, and by three or four ladies especially: "So it is! So it is! Well, we never saw it before." Even Mr. Cardwell was convinced, and I was at once asked

to give another instance, but I was on far too delicate ground to proceed further, and what I had done was rude enough. I merely remarked, that it wanted but a trained eye to see that Mr. S—— was not singular in this respect.

November 21st.—At a meeting of the School of Art at Worcester, Cole and I dined with the secretary and other members of the Council. Bellairs, Inspector of Schools, was also there. One of the party, a Canon of the Cathedral, railed sadly at the education at present being given to the lower classes, and descanted upon the folly of training schoolmasters as they are now being trained. His stock argument seemed to be, "Why do you teach housemaids vulgar fractions? How," said he, "can you ever expect a young girl to scrub a floor who is acquainted with vulgar fractions? The whole affair is absurd." Bellairs asked him if he would like a law to be passed, limiting the amount of arithmetic that might be taught to the poor, but I doubt if he saw the irony.

We slept at the Star Hotel, after a meeting at which, of course, we were the most prominent personages. I could not but remember my first visit to this place long, long since, and to my coming to this very inn, hoping to get a bed: it must certainly be thirty years ago. I had mustered all the cash I could, and, aided by a gift from my dear sister Eliza, which made up my available money to eight or nine pounds, George Smith and I started for a tour in South Wales. It was almost my first journey, certainly the first in which I sketched. After a pleasant fortnight or three weeks, we set off on

our return, rather low in funds, as may well be supposed. When we got to Monmouth, Smith determined resolutely to go home by Gloucester, while I wished to follow the Wye to Ross, and then to go home by Worcester; so having both of us booked our luggage up to London by waggon, we each reserved only what we required for our necessities on the journey, which we proposed to make on foot. Our minds were made up to this parting on Friday, and we started on our separate ways on Saturday morning. I had a beautiful day on the banks of the Wye, and arrived, at night, at Ross, where I put up at a little inn, and, paying my bill before going to bed, determined to start betimes in the morning, so as to walk quietly on to Worcester, some thirty miles distant.

It was a sultry July day, and I passed the first and second roadside inns before the inhabitants were stirring. After these I found for miles no house where I could breakfast, that seemed to suit my pocket on the one side, or my nicety on the other. Thus it happened that I arrived at Ledbury (twelve miles) fasting, and there, partaking of bread-and-butter and cider, instead of my usual fare, was fain to walk on with a dull, heavy headache. I could eat nothing at Malvern, although I paid for my dinner; and, as I passed on through one village after another, I thought it strange that all could look so happy and cheerful, whilst I was weary and sick at heart; the truth being that a fortnight's long and fatiguing walks, ending in two long journeys, the last without proper food, had quite knocked me up; whilst

the villagers were rejoicing in a sweet, sunny summer evening, after a country Sabbath-day of rest.

I got into Worcester between eight and nine, and, marching into the "Star," requested to have a bed. They eyed me up and down, for foot-travellers were then less common than ten years later. I was dirty, travel-worn, and sick, with only a bundle, and that in a handkerchief, and I was of course told that the inn was full. I went next to the "Hop-pole": careful examination and the same result. I walked up and down one or two streets, and at last succeeded in getting a bed in a back street, and soon found myself in it, although it was many hours before I could close my eyes, being far too wearied to sleep.

The next morning I awoke with such aching bones, that to continue my journey on foot seemed hopeless, so I returned to the "Star," trusting to get the coach to London. I found it was full, and, looking at my empty purse, I was glad to get booked for the following day. When I had paid the fare, my funds ran so low that I had nothing to do but to shirk feeding at the inn, and to put up with a crust; so I started for a ramble in order to fill up the day. I followed the course of the Severn for some distance by the towing-path, and at last the brightness of the morning tempted me to bathe.

I undressed, and stuffing my clothes into my hat, lest the wind should blow them away, jumped down the steep, clayey bank into the bright stream. When I had had enough and was attempting to climb the bank

again, I slipped, and, catching instinctively at the top, I touched my hat, which, with its whole contents, rolled into the water. Here was a dilemma! I had some trouble to fish it out. All the contents were thoroughly wet. I had no change of clothes at the inn, nor store of money in my pocket, having, as I said before, purposely come abroad to dine with "Duke Humphrey." What was to be done? Luckily, the sun was hot and the day was windy. I wrung out my shirt, my trousers, and my waistcoat, and ran up and down the field awhile in a state of nature. Then I put on my coat, which was dry, and my trousers, which were not, and laid my linen on the grass; but, growing impatient at last, I dressed myself and started for a long walk, determined to dry my clothes on my back; and dry they were when I returned to tea at the inn.

I slept soundly, rose in the morning, managed to pay the bill, and to keep a coin or two for the coachman; and, by the help of a biscuit, arrived at Hyde Park Corner with something under a shilling in my pocket. Yet these are the days to which one now looks back with pleasure!

1853.—Last Saturday week, being the last day of the old year, I dined at the Academy, as is usual with the members of Council; the new ones being introduced, the old ones—among whom I am—taking their leave. Having many other duties weighing upon me, I have found this office a little trying; otherwise it has been pleasant, and some of the meetings have been most agreeable, their harmony being greatly enhanced

by the admirable chairmanship of Sir Charles Eastlake. He was most happy at Saturday's dinner in his memories and quotations. When not joking himself, he seemed thoroughly to enjoy the fun and the jokes of others. He has a keen sense of the ridiculous, and likened Creswick's face, writhing under the puns of Knight, to the contortions of the Laocoon.

Among other stories of Rogers the poet, he told us one of him when in Paris with a very old friend, a trifle vague in his mind. Rogers said to him, "I have been walking to-day in the Champs Elysées, and I was met by an old lady who stopped, and, looking fixedly at me, said, 'Sir, isn't your name Rogers?' Pausing a moment, he was interrupted by his friend, who said, '*Well, and was it?*'" This reminded Charles Landseer of a like incident. "A few nights ago," he said, "I was in the pit of the theatre, and the Duke and Duchess of Wellington came into a box. Some persons—evidently country sightseers in town for a few days only—were sitting next to me, so I said to them, 'That is the Duke of Wellington who has just entered the box.' 'Indeed, sir!' they simultaneously said—'the *present* duke?'"

In a few days we are to have a discussion over the travelling studentship. There seems much doubt whether *three* years abroad are really beneficial to young students. Poor Smith was not benefited by it, except in having three years of comparative ease and comfort, resting from his hard life, before he came home to die. Hook only stayed two years, and then felt homesick,

and so returned. A long time spent abroad is apt to make a man somewhat of an unsettled vagabond. He returns, feels restless and aimless, and, unless some new tie fixes him, he starts off again and again, following a rambling, wandering course of life, never settling into actual work.

At a meeting of the Etching Club on Monday last, the members were very abusive about the new Department of Practical Art. . . . They made, too, a general attack on the Wellington Car, and spoke contemptuously of it, not much mending matters by saying, "But what had you to do with it? It was Semper who designed it," etc. Now, though Semper carried it out, the full design was mine. The following are the facts of the case:—

Although the great Duke had been dead some time, and Banting had shown the Prince Consort several designs for the car, made by a Frenchman, it was only on Thursday, Oct. 22nd, that our Department was called upon for suggestions. I well recollect that, as Cole and I walked home together, we talked over the sort of carriage it should be (since a carriage was required), and we settled that the coffin should be upon a bier, and that this bier should be mounted on a suitable vehicle; no sham, such as the upholstery ones already alluded to, but a real substantial work; and we decided that it ought to be of bronze. I made two pen-and-ink sketches on half a sheet of letter-paper, and showed them to Cole in the morning. They were for a solid six-wheeled carriage, with a design for a pall, the whole thoroughly

simple, as was the character of the Duke, the only decorations being the pall, the armorial bearings of the deceased, his coronet and arms, and the names of his great battles. Cole thought the sketches satisfactory, and set Semper to make two more complete yet hasty designs from mine, during the day (Friday), as he proposed we should go to Windsor in the evening of Saturday, in order that no time might be lost. I was going out to our chess-meeting on Friday evening, but, in thinking over the changes which Semper had introduced into my idea during the day, I felt it was not improved, or, rather, that my idea of the matter was partially lost. As soon as I had dined, therefore, I gave up my party, and, setting to work, I made a larger sketch on tinted paper, which I still have, completing it by about eleven o'clock. During Saturday, Semper finished up his two sketches, and mounted them, and Cole and I took them with mine to Windsor, about 5.30 on Saturday afternoon.

Cole told the Prince that he thought the finest thing would have been, to have carried the Duke up from Walmer by soldiers, making several days' march of it; but he then showed first Semper's two sketches. The Prince looked at them, talked of those he had already seen (Banting's), and listened attentively to our idea of making the car a solid, substantial thing, rather than a piece of upholstery. I then unrolled my little sketch, and the Prince at once said, "This is the thing!"

He then talked over the canopy, and about making it removable, suggesting various modes of doing so, and

finally said my sketch was to be carried out. This was on Saturday evening, the 24th October. The funeral was to take place on the 19th November; thus we had little more than three weeks to model, cast, and complete a work of this magnitude, with all the added difficulties arising out of cross-interests and cross-jurisdictions. Lord Chamberlain, State upholsterers, Board of Works, Board of Trade, War Office—all with something to say. The Board of Trade treated the matter as the private affair of its officers.

This *mêlée* of interests makes the completion of the car in the time a perfect wonder. To render it at all possible it was necessary to prepare the work so that it might be placed in the hands of several metal founders at the same time. Bramah and Robinson, of Pimlico, had part; Tyler, of Warwick Lane, had the six wheels; Stuart and Smith, of Sheffield, the figures; Messenger, of Birmingham, the lions' heads. The carriage was made in Chandos Street, Covent Garden. Now it was that Semper's great talent came into action; he was incessantly employed, night and day, until the completion of the car, and he ought to have every credit for the details and the carrying out. Cole's energy was very great, and I may fairly say that for three weeks we had no rest. There was all the embroidery to prepare, designed by Hudson from my suggestions, and carried out, at least much of it, by the ladies of the School of Art. I proposed a mode of hiding our unsightly mourning-coaches which were to be used on the occasion, and it was adopted; but this greatly added to the work, as

there were eighteen or twenty carriages, each with four scutcheons, besides those for the twelve car horses, and the work for the pall.

At ten o'clock the night before, I saw to the last of the preparations, and rising at five, I started before six the next morning for Marlborough House. When I arrived there, I at once made for the tent in front of the Horse Guards, to which the car had been removed. They were still at work upon it, though several of the men were dead-beat; some of them had been at work seventy or eighty hours without rest. Their food had been brought to them, and they snatched an hour's sleep at the workshops. Several of them, when I arrived, were asleep under the car. It had been raining heavily, but as day broke the clouds lifted like a veil, and the sun gilded everything with his golden rays. We wanted to remove the canopy, as it was not needed, but Lord Hardinge would have nothing more done. I felt there was too much added frippery—real laurels, arms, and cuirasses, but it was too late to make any change. Some errors in the make of the carriage had obliged the workmen to cut and change the spandrels over the wheels just at the last, and the haste in which the whole had been done, caused the starting to be an anxious moment.

As eight o'clock struck, a gun was fired. The curtains of the immense ordnance tent that shrouded the car were removed, and the car, with the coffin of the Iron Duke upon the bier, was displayed to the crowds of soldiers drawn up on the parade. The word was given to move. Each groom stood at his horse's head—they

were twelve noble beasts (lent by Sir Felix Booth)—and like a ship launched from the slips, as they started with a burst, the car rolled majestically forth.

All went well until they crossed the road opposite the Duke of York's column. Here, some weeks before, the ground had been opened to lay down gas-pipes, and at this spot the massive wheels went in up to their naves. Here was a mishap! Had not the coffin been fixed on the bier with copper wire, it must have slipped off in the lurch it made. As it was, a foolish aide-de-camp galloped forward speeding the news of the misfortune; but a remedy had been prepared. The grooms whipped the gigantic brutes, which, with their feathers and trappings, reared and plunged fruitlessly, but a strong cable was quickly fastened to rings fixed along the timbers, sixty policemen ran out with one such cable on each side, the horses were again urged, and, rising steadily to its right position, the car proceeded safely on its way. I walked with it to Charing Cross, but was far too tired to proceed to St. Paul's. I returned home very happy to think that my labours were so far at an end. I had had little rest, and some anxiety, as I was specially told I was not to undertake the work officially, which made me the more anxious. I received, however, £50 as a fee from the Lord Chamberlain.

[Soon after this my father again notes in his diary—]

March 25th, 1854.—On a visit to Marlborough House yesterday to attend Marshall's lecture at four o'clock, I

learnt that the Queen intended to come the next day to see the Gherardini models. Cole was away in the Potteries, so I had to meet her, and, being a little nervous, I was thankful for the short notice.

The Royal Party came very punctually, and after looking over our Museum, the Queen said she should like to see the car. She examined it with much attention, and rather lamented the speedy fading of the trappings, etc., saying they would want renewing. I ventured to suggest that they were perhaps more in accordance with the whole sentiment of the fabric as they were. "Ah! perhaps so," was the Queen's reply; and at the same time turning to me, she said, "It is a grand and impressive object; I think it a very successful work." I hesitated, and bowed, as she seemed to wait for concurrence in her opinion, when suddenly she smiled, and said, "Ah, I recollect it was you who designed it, Mr. Redgrave." She asked its weight, and when I told her between six and seven tons, and how in the Park it had sunk up to the naves of its wheels, "Yes, indeed," she said, "that must have been an anxious moment for you. Well, it got out again successfully; it is a grand-looking object!" I reminded Her Majesty that the Prince would fully appreciate the difficulties connected with the car, as it would be in his recollection that three weeks and four days only before the funeral, I had submitted to him the first sketch of what it was to be. "Yes, truly," said she, "it was a great success to have completed a work of such magnitude in the time." The

Queen asked if it was much visited. I said that I feared to name the tens of thousands by whom it had been seen, and that, at any rate, it had thus given pleasure to a countless multitude. I felt much gratification to have pleased the Queen. It is a set-off to the sneers of some of my brother-artists.

In passing through the Vernon Gallery, the Queen admired Maclise's "Hamlet and Ophelia." She said she had heard that he had a large picture for the exhibition this year, and that he was extremely nervous about the criticisms on his pictures, and had not exhibited last year on that account—which I believe is true. "How strange," she said, "that he should care for such things; I'm surprised he should think anything of newspaper criticisms;" as if she felt they were necessary evils, and must be borne with, but could estimate them at their real worth. The Prince has lately been attacked savagely in a low-print, and it is satisfactory at least to find that the Royal Family estimate such unjust vituperation at its true value.

Last spring, Mr. Cardwell, the President of the Board of Trade, sent for me and offered me the post of Inspector for Art, in addition to my present appointment. I told him that, with many thanks for his kindness (he was always most friendly to my interests), I must decline it, as my acceptance would leave me no time for my own art. He seemed surprised, but at once acquiesced in my decision.

[My father afterwards undertook the work which Mr.

Cardwell offered him, and Mr. (now Sir Lyon) Playfair, who inspected on the Science side, insisted on sharing with him the emoluments of the office, saying that, as the appointments were the same, so should be the payments.]

March 4th, 1854.—To-day was the distribution of medals in our Department, Mr. Cardwell presiding. I had, for the second time this week, to speak before a large assembly. The first was at a public meeting on Monday, at the schools in Castle Street, Long Acre, when the Duke of Argyll presided, and opened the proceedings with a speech, the Vicar having previously offered up a long prayer for the success of the institution. This, I should think, was the first time that the prosperity of Schools of Design was the subject of a churchman's prayer. After the Duke's speech I was, rather unexpectedly, called upon to follow suit, and to explain the aims and intentions of such institutions. It is wonderful to me that I, who never felt the least power of speaking in public, and would have thought anybody mad who had foretold my engagement in such duties, should have gradually been led into them.

April 10th. On Monday last I was summoned to wait on the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Gladstone, on the subject of the purchase of the Gherardini models. Whilst waiting at the Board of Trade on my way, Playfair, who was also there, told us an anecdote of the war. He said the Government had long been trying to get hold of a military map of the Crimea,

published by the Russian Government, but so zealously guarded that every impression was stamped and registered, and its possessor known. A friend of mine, said Playfair (Major J——, of the Bombay Artillery), happened to mention that he possessed a copy of this much-coveted map. "Indeed!" said Playfair, "and you don't seem to know the value of the prize you have in your possession; that map is one earnestly sought for; allow me to write to the Prince, and to send it for his inspection." This was done, and the Prince, highly delighted, wrote to the Prime Minister about it. Major J—— was summoned with his map; it was the very one wanted: an Austrian officer of rank, for some service rendered to him by the Major's son, had given it to him. "We will send it at once to the Ordnance," said the authorities; but here the Major had a word to say. He reminded them that his services had been overlooked, that he was awaiting the fulfilment of expectations long held out to him on leaving the Bombay Artillery. He was asked what those expectations were. He answered, "A place in the Commissariat for my son in the Eastern expedition." A bell was rung, and the whole difficulty was arranged in a few minutes. But a new one presented itself; it would take a month to reproduce the map, and it was of immediate importance. Playfair suggested the anastatic process, and, in twenty-four hours, it was in the hands of every officer starting for the Crimea.

April 23rd.—Went to Paris with Cole to see the Exhibition building, and the space proposed to be

allotted to us. Had an interview with Lord Cowley, and accompanied him to see the Minister of the Interior, M. Fould, on the subject of the exhibition.

May 1st.—Cole tells me he has seen Mr. Cardwell, and it is settled that we are to undertake the French Exhibition. He, Playfair, and I are to be the Executive Committee. Here is the prospect of plenty of work until Christmas, 1856, if it please God to spare me to do it. As for my own art, it must be laid aside; it is my fate to get more and more entangled in other duties.

May 2nd.—To the Royal Academy with my dear wife, to see the pictures. Just at the top of the first flight of steps I encountered Herbert, who has been in France for some months, and with whom I have had no communication, though I had heard of his anger with me about the new arrangement of the Department, and his strange sayings and doings at the Athenæum. To our surprise, he rushed up to me, as if nothing had occurred to make us less friendly than of old. He shook me warmly by the hand, and I responded, for I really like him; and he shook my wife's hand till it ached. He has grown a peaked beard to his chin, and, I think, looks all the better for it. In the evening, there was a general assembly of the Royal Academy, to consider various subjects; among others, the invitation to Associates and non-members to give lectures: which was a motion of mine, referred to Council, and returned with their approval. All the various propositions, namely, making it imperative on members to exhibit at least once in five years, limiting the travelling studentship to two years, and

the above resolution as to lectures, were carried with but one dissentient voice, that of Uwins. Nevertheless, when the meeting broke up, Lee and A. Cooper attacked me for introducing the last measure; they said I wished to bring the Royal Academy under the *School of Design*, to introduce W—— to lecture, and much nonsense of the same kind. I said we had difficulty enough to get lecturers ourselves, and had no wish to supply the Royal Academy; but that I thought, when the same set of lectures were repeated for a quarter of a century (Sir R. Westmacott's), it was time to endeavour to obtain a change.

May 16th.—The Queen, the Prince, and the two eldest Princesses, came to Gore House to see the students' works, and seemed much interested. Mr. Cardwell was there, but he directed me to be the showman, and, once in for such duties, it is my failing to talk too much.

June 11th.—On Friday last I was presented at the Levée, an honour which I never intended to seek, but, as I am to carry out the French Exhibition, it was necessary, in order to place me on the same footing with my colleagues. I had, previously, asked for my official dress, not wishing to go in the usual footman-like costume, and, after much trouble, had obtained it. The whole affair appeared to me, on this first occasion, to be sadly confused. It might, I think, be done in a much more orderly and dignified manner. As it was, jostling and rudeness, and even quarrelsome language, were to be heard in the attendant crowd.

June 12th.—The opening of the Crystal Palace. Playfair, Owen, and I went together. We got within the barriers in front of the throne, and remained there during the ceremonial, going round afterwards with the Queen. The ceremonial was not so overpowering as that of 1851, but I had to make a strong effort to control my sobs. The orchestra consisted of fourteen to fifteen hundred performers, and as soon as the Queen, the Princes, and the King of Portugal were assembled under the baldaquin, the band began "God save the Queen." How she was able to stand it, I cannot tell. When Clara Novello, with her sweet, clear, full voice, sang the solo, it was almost unbearable; I felt quite hysterical. I was near enough to the Queen to see her colour deepen, and her lips seemed firmly fixed, but she bears these things nobly. The Hundredth Psalm was sung very finely, and then the magnificent "Hallelujah Chorus."

The fairy Palace, thronged, as no enchantment ever told of, with beauty the rarest in a land of beautiful women, all hushed as the splendid music reached its climax in the lofty ascription, "The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth," seemed truly sublime. I hope some of those assembled sent up fervent prayers to God on behalf of the Queen who rules us, and the land to which we belong.

I had General Morin and Arlès Dufour by my side; the latter is, I believe, a St. Simonian. He seemed to think that the ceremony was an initiation of the new worship, the beginning of a Socialistic Millennium. I

also hope that it may tend to peace and goodwill among men, but I fear that some dreadful epochs have yet to be passed through before "the meek shall inherit the earth, and rejoice in the abundance of peace."

In the evening I went to the Conversazione of the Royal Society, where were the Prince Consort and the King of Portugal.

September 6th, 1854.—Boulogne. We stayed here on our way to Paris, to see the camp, as Cole proposed. There are about seventy or eighty thousand men in the neighbourhood, and it is a curious sight—rather Robinson Crusoe-like. Their tents are pitched along the hills on the coast for miles. After they have rested from their fatiguing march, they begin to build themselves a regular town, each corporal and the eleven men under him set to work to build a cottage for themselves. Straw is provided for them by billets, and clay they dig from the earth. The men set themselves diligently to work, mostly without tools of any kind. They drive-in upright poles, and then lace into them horizontal ones, tying them with twisted boughs, as hurdles are tied together. They knead clay, straw, and water together, principally with their hands. One set of men do this, and then hand it to another set, who daub it in among the boughs. When the walls reach a certain height, sloping rafters are tied on, and the roof is thatched. A wisp of straw tied to a stick serves for a whitewash brush, and the whole is whitened; inside it is paved with pebbles from the sea-shore, a door is roughly hung on leathern straps, and a hole is left on each side for air.

The ties of the rafters serve for hanging up the arms of the men, and thus in one day a cottage is built, capable of holding the corporal and his eleven comrades. All along the hills, hundreds of such houses are built, and street after street springs up—Rue Victoria, Rue de l'Empereur, Route à la Russie, etc. They have also built a chapel, and decorated it handsomely. Cole and S—— went to hear High Mass there on Sunday. The officers and the generals are all similarly lodged, though perhaps the houses are larger. All around, cooking goes on, mostly in the open air, but numerous bakeries are being provided, built of stones from the shore. *Cafés* and restaurants have sprung up everywhere, also orchestra stands for the bands, and a place of arms for fencing bouts. All over the hills, the men are busy cutting and carrying turf to decorate the outer side of their barracks. Cottages have often pretty little plots of flowers, especially the huts of the officers, and the chapel was made quite tasty for Sunday. On the shore, great numbers of men were bathing, after practising at a mark; others were performing music; while a still larger number were carrying up stones to form the "Grande Rue."

Eight of our Life Guards were sent out to form an escort for Prince Albert, who is coming, and Fowke (the late Capt. Fowke, R.E.), who went out to see the camp in the evening, tells some good stories of their fraternising with the Chasseurs de Vincennes, the only French of the one party being "Vive l'Empereur," and the only English of the other, "God save the Queen";

while Bomarsund, Cronstadt, Sebastopol, understood by both parties alike, were the constant toasts.

Thursday, September 7th.—I understand that when the Prince came, there were many "*Vivas*," and exclamations of "*Ah! qu'il est beau!*"

December 31*st*, 1854.—Thank God for many blessings in the past year.

When I was a boy, I well recollect that, while living in Belgrave Terrace, my father and mother used of an evening often to play at the good old games of "Hunt the Slipper" and "Blind Man's Buff" with their friends and visitors. Our next-door neighbours, Mr. and Mrs. Fisher (Webster's brother afterwards married Miss Fisher), were often called in of an evening, by a thump with the poker on the back of the fireplace, to take a cup of tea, and then to play a hand of cribbage or Pope Joan, or to have a romping game, according to the number of the party who had come together by chance or summons. We children thought it hard on these evenings to say good-night. On reverting to those times, I have often thought that the world was more simple and lighter hearted then, than now.

However this may be, I seemed to look back into old days on Wednesday last, when I dined with our President (Sir C. L. Eastlake), several of our members being present, with a mixed company of other visitors. When assembled in the drawing-room after coffee, Sir Charles proposed to us to play at the "new game" of "Post," and seated us in a circle, ladies and men together. We each took the name of some town, and

Rome, Florence, Constantinople, and London, were soon put in urgent movement at the game of "*Post.*"

Our President, with his precise white tie, volunteered to be blindfolded, and blindfolded he was, and then the game began. He was placed standing in the centre, and Lady Eastlake called out the names of two towns, such as London to Sebastopol, and these had immediately to change places without going out of the ring, while the blindfolded member of the party was, if possible, to catch one or other in the transit. The fun soon grew fast and furious, from the variety of character displayed in the endeavour to escape.

There was Barry dodging Stanfield, stout and burly both, and contrasting with the spare and compact President, who was on the watch for them. As the other cities were called up to post, up started Herbert and Hart, the one timorous and rat-like, the other solemn and pompous; or the Signora Garengos and Ross, or Lady Eastlake and Forster of the *Examiner*, or Tremanheere, just returned from sterner fun at Balaklava. The party were so happy in their child's play, that I could hardly get away at midnight. Sir William Ross was particularly rich with his simple *gaucherie:* he was constantly being caught and blindfolded, and his actions, his mistakes, his simplicity, and his constantly unsuccessful attempts to catch others, were the cause of shouts of laughter, louder than is usual in the half-petrified society of the present day.

Yesterday I met Hollins, who turned to walk a little way with me to hear some news of the Paris Exhibition.

In telling him how matters stood, I said there were two or three painters who gave us infinite trouble by their procrastination. They would, and they would not; there was no getting an answer to letters, or a direct reply to our applications for co-operation, one way or another. "One of the worst," said I, "is Landseer." "To be sure," said Hollins, "and so it will be to the last. I will tell you what happened lately."

Landseer was going to Scotland to sketch, and his friend, Jacob Bell, had seen all his things put together, and by dint of great exertion, had got him, his servant, and all his traps to the station, in order that he might start by express to the North, by Glasgow and Perth. Jacob Bell, as a matter of course, was very fussy in his vocation, telling the station-master that it was the great animal painter, and bespeaking for him every sort of attention. The station-master was extremely polite, taking especial care to put in "Sir Edwin's luggage," to find a place for "Sir Edwin's servant," and a comfortable seat for Sir Edwin himself, and finally, after Landseer had walked up and down the platform several times with his friend, to assure Sir Edwin that the train was about to start and to beg him to take his seat. But no, they still lingered. Loud rings a bell. "Now, pray, sir, step in; the train will move on in a minute." No; Landseer put his glass in his eye. "Ah, some railway literature! I want a book." And away he strolled to the bookstall. Shriek goes the whistle, off goes the train. "It's gone, Sir Edwin!" says the station-master. "Eh? what? but

you will stop it, surely?" This, however, was impossible, even for the great animal painter, so he was left behind—his servant and luggage off to the North! The only remedy was to telegraph for his servant to stop for him at Carstairs. But, alas! like master, like man! The message came back that the luggage was found, but John was missing. It was afterwards proved that he, too, had liked railway literature, or railway feeding, and had got out at Rugby, had mistaken the bell, and left his master and his master's luggage to take care of themselves.

[In reviewing the year, my father says:—]

It was one of the clearest, sunniest summers I have known for many years. We had weeks of uninterrupted sunshine, and the country was thoroughly enjoyable. Hook (J. C. Hook, R.A.) and his wife were staying at Abinger, and we were often all together, sketching at the little springhead of the Tillingbourne, at the top of Friday Street, the two Roses, Hook and myself. I made four pictures from this very pool, one, however, being a duplicate. Sweet, sunny hours we had! How can life offer anything happier? From this I was called away to Paris on business, and much begrudged the fortnight of unnecessary sunshine I had while there. Hardly a cloud was to be seen during the whole time. On my return, we consulted about giving up Abinger, as rather worked out; but I could not make up my mind to leave a place we all love so much, and there-

fore it is probable we shall spend another summer there, if it please God to spare us. The pleasant hours passed in painting out of doors, with the wife reading a good novel in the intervals of her own sketching, a few minutes' chat with a passing farmer or labourer, the sweet scents of clover and beans as the evening closes in, a luncheon of hard-boiled eggs in the open air, home to take dinner, and then a stroll up to Leith Hill with the children, to see the sunset, make altogether a charming time to look back upon when hard at work in the weary writing and official world.

[One of the landscapes painted this year at Sutton, near where my father was staying, entitled "An Old English Homestead," we here reproduce. It is a good example of his minute treatment of woodland scenery, and is now in the South Kensington Museum. I must take this opportunity of expressing my thanks to their lordships for the photographs of my father's pictures at South Kensington which have been selected to illustrate this memoir. "Bolton Abbey," one of his earliest landscapes, and "Ophelia Twining her Garlands," one of his most successful figure pictures, both forming part of the Sheepshanks Collection, have been reproduced on pp. 44, 171.]

AN OLD ENGLISH HOMESTEAD.

CHAPTER VI.

1855.

Changes in the Ministry—The Horrors of the War—Lord Stanley and Stanfield—Maclise and Haydon—Charles Lewis—Paris—Courbet's Picture—M. Carrond, the Antiquary—Horace Vernet and Marshal St. Arnaud—French Art—French Opinions as to British Art—French Workmen—Sir W. Ross—The Queen's Arrival in Paris—Made a Knight of the Legion of Honour—Closing of the Exhibition—M. Sauvageot—The Chamber of Horrors—The History of a Statue—Dinner at Eastlake's—Landseer's Ghost Story.

January 6th, 1855.—We have begun this year with many minor troubles in our official duties. Cole tendered his resignation to the President of the Board of Trade, and, at his request, drew up a paper as to the mode in which official business ought to be conducted. This was sent in last Wednesday, and we waited the result. Meanwhile Owen (Capt. H. Cunliffe-Owen, R.E.), who has been rather at issue with us, has suddenly made up his mind to throw up his appointment as Inspector in the Science and Art Department, and that of Secretary of the Paris Exhibition Commission, and, resuming his military duties, to go out to the Crimea, where it is intimated intelligent officers are much needed. It is nobly resolved. I hope I should have done the same in his situation.

Thus we are all at sea, for Sir Joseph Paxton offers Cole his own terms if he will undertake the manage-

ment of the Crystal Palace, and I can see he inclines to accept it. I am heartsick, and desire to return to my painting, but not till the Paris Exhibition is finished and a success.

February 4th.—The storm has blown over. Owen is going, and Mr. Cardwell, after the issue of a minute, in effect reinstating Cole as general superintendent, has himself resigned with the rest of the Ministry, and the national ship is at sea without a pilot, and with a fearful storm at its height; our troops dying by hundreds, and no responsibility. It looks like the "perilous times" of the last days.

I was born during a great war, and can well remember the excitement of it in my boyish days. We are now in the midst of one of almost equal magnitude. Certainly the slaughter could not have been greater then, or the bravery displayed surpass that shown at present. What heart-stirring accounts we get of Alma, Inkermann, and that terrific charge at Balaklava! Certainly the spirits of men are wonderfully stirred to help and comfort those who are fighting for us. I do not recollect, in the last wars, such collections of food, of delicacies, of comforts, and clothing made by the people of all ranks for our brave and suffering troops. Roast beef and plum puddings, prepared and sent out, besides spirits, tea, tobacco, lint, bibles, tracts, and "amusing libraries." We do not fight as in times past, when we read, "Nothing more was to be done, and the troops were ordered into winter quarters." Now, poor fellows, they remain face to face with the

enemy ; and with cruel winter too, and the latter is the more to be dreaded.

It is said that Lord Derby is to form the new Ministry, and Monday is anxiously looked for, to know whether Lord Derby, Lord John Russell, or Lord Palmerston is to rule the land. We want a strong Government in these dark times.

Lord Derby (the late) is said to be very like Stanfield the painter; and Baily (E. H. Baily, R.A.) told a good story connected with this resemblance. He was at a railway station, and had just taken his seat, when he saw, as he supposed, Stanfield pass by. "Ho, ho! Stanny, my boy!" shouted Baily. And, responding to "Stanny, my boy!" Lord Derby turned round, and Baily at once saw his awkward mistake. On explaining, Lord Derby accepted the apology, graciously saying he had before been taken for Mr. Stanfield.

The coincidence of name—Stanley and "Stanny"—and of likeness is singular.

February 25th, 1855.—We are now in the thick of the Paris Exhibition. Three or four hundred of the rarest pictures of our British Schools are collected to send away to Paris, valued, as far as money can represent them, at above £100,000; and we now find that the huge timber and paper construction which has been built to contain them, is separated only by two feet from a sugar refinery!—that most dangerous of all manufactures; and the French do not even think it necessary to insure! Trouble upon trouble! It seems overwhelming, just as one is working fourteen hours a day, and serving

upon committees, sometimes until ten o'clock at night. [This difficulty about the sugar-refinery was got over by Cole's great determination and energy; for one thing, a high brick wall was at once erected between the sugar-refinery and the Exhibition.]

March 4th, 1855.—Dined with Creswick on Wednesday last to meet Maclise, Mulready, Elmore, Webster, Cole, and others. Mulready had taken that morning to Marlborough House the five Academy studies purchased of him for £300. They are wonderfully skilful studies, but, I think, overwrought. Mulready is becoming very prosy and minute—rather tediously agreeable in conversation, going over the same ground to make you comprehend what is as clear at first as it ever will be, notwithstanding all his finger demonstrations and "d'ye see's" and "you know's." What a different being is Maclise—full of child-like love of fun, and child-like interest in things amusing—most graphic in his word-painting and his grotesque mode of story-telling, as well as in his epithets. He is a charming companion at all times. The party was very agreeable. Hart's (S. A. Hart, R.A.) lectures were discussed, and the conversation led Maclise to describe a lecture of poor Haydon's at the Mechanics' Institute in Chancery Lane. It took place soon after Wilkie's death, to which Haydon had to allude. "I never saw such a piece of clever acting," said Maclise. He mentioned Wilkie as that great artist and his intimate and early friend; and then he stood upright and firm,

and covered his face with his hand. "You might almost fancy the tears flowing," said Maclise. "He stood a minute or two thus, all the time keeping his audience in suspense. Then they began a slight clapping of hands and scraping of feet. Still he did not move his hand away, but with the other hand made a deprecatory motion to them to be quiet, and yet he did not uncover his face. Another pause, and then the slight clapping was renewed. Once more the deprecating hand—it was the best bit of *pose plastique* that I ever saw—it might be genuine. It was nearly five minutes before the face was uncovered and the lecture resumed."

March 18*th*.—On Wednesday last I followed poor Hollins (J. Hollins, A.R.A.) to the grave. Sir C. Eastlake, C. Landseer, Creswick, and I were in the first coach, as pall-bearers. The funeral was a somewhat costly one, and a grand feast had been prepared for us to partake of before starting. How different from Turner's funeral, at least in this respect. Of course, even on such an occasion, Charles Landseer must pour forth his wit and his conundrums.

We had a long and tiresome drive to Kensal Green, all of us having other appointments awaiting our return. As we entered the grounds, Soyer's (the great cook) conspicuous monument to his wife was commented on, and the proposed inscription, "Soyez tranquille," she having been, it was said, the real head of the kitchen. "Yes," remarked Eastlake, "and when Douglas Jerrold had the dove which surmounts the monument pointed

out to him, he pithily said, 'Ah, yes! but it is mock turtle!'"

March 19th.—Called on Graves, the printseller, who told me an amusing story of Charles Lewis, the brother of John. He had agreed to engrave a picture of collie dogs, by Landseer, the property of Mr. Blackwell, M.P. for Dudley, and had been so long about it, that it was impossible to get either plate or picture out of his hands, although Mr. B. had only parted with the painting on the express stipulation that it should not be kept by Lewis above two years. Again and again it had been applied for. At last it was arranged that Mr. Blackwell himself should try to get possession. He had been on the Continent for some months, and had grown a beard to the waist; he wore a black surplice-like surtout and a bandit-looking hat. He took a cab, and in this very formidable costume requested to see Lewis, who, with his insinuating blandness, assured Mr. Blackwell that the plate was not finished, and he could not part with the picture. "But," said its owner, "I have come on purpose to take it away." "Impossible!" "Not so," was the reply, and, putting his hand beneath his vest, Mr. Blackwell pulled out two tremendous-looking pistols; "either let me have it or I shoot you through the head!" Poor Lewis! only those who know the nervous timidity of the man can fully realise the scene. Of course the picture was taken away.

[On *March 24th*, 1855, my father went to Paris to superintend the arrival and the hanging of the pictures

of the British Section. He says, "We had a good passage, and arrived in Paris about twelve o'clock, and found the Coles sitting up waiting for us, and a comfortable tea ready." He stayed at first at the offices in the Rue du Cirque. The weather was intensely cold and snowy, and the roads to the Exhibition were a mass of mud. On the 29th of March, Mr. Creswick, R.A., arrived to help to hang the pictures, all of which reached Paris safely without the least injury, though some of their cases got rather smashed. He writes, "Some of the pictures look exceedingly strong, and I hope we shall make a good exhibition. I think the French, with all their faults, beat us in the intellect shown in their paintings. Ours are imitative, naturalistic, and real; theirs unreal, but often very imaginative. They are stripping churches, hôtels de ville, palaces, galleries, and make a grand display. Horace Vernet's large work of the passage of the *Smala*, which is, I should think, at least sixty feet long, is removed from Versailles."]

Paris, April 6th, Good Friday.—I asked one of the employés in the Bureau of Fine Art if they would be at work to-day as usual; he replied, "Yes." I said, "Are your offices open all day on Sunday?" He answered, "Yes, as usual." "When do you rest?" "Oh, in the evening." "What, always at work, every day?" "Oui, toujours, toujours." They work, however, very easily, only going in from ten to four o'clock, and being away an hour for breakfast at twelve, so that I suppose our driving, reckless work for six days is far more than

equal to their seven. How completely, though, by sacrificing Sunday, has the Frenchman lost his rest-day! Next week the workmen will be paid their month's wages (in this they differ from us, our pay being made weekly), and, I am told, they will take several "Saint Mondays" in order to spend it. This would appear, therefore, not to answer so well as our method, and yet it approximates more closely to what is found to succeed in the case of clerks and others.

I have seen much of French workmen during this stay in Paris, and I cannot help feeling that, for continuity of really hard labour, two Englishmen are worth three Frenchmen. These latter rarely work with a will, as the Englishman does, and there is a sort of *laisser faire* about them which is sometimes very vexatious.

Some of the pictures here by Frenchmen of celebrity surprise me greatly. I have seen to-day, standing in one of the vast halls, a work by Courbet. He is a great man, and they hardly know how to deal with it. It has, I hear, been once rejected, but the discussion is renewed at the instance of his friends. I can hardly trust myself to say what I think of its coarseness of conception, of execution, and design. It represents an interior, I presume the painter's studio. He is sitting at his easel, on which is a large landscape, and he seems about to introduce into it a naked figure, perhaps as a bather. The studio is filled with male friends and pupils of the artist, but the principal figure in the foreground is a strong-minded woman, amidst a group of gentlemen.

I say "strong-minded," for immediately in front of her, and standing between her and the picture, is a female model, most common in form, who holds up some drapery before her in such a way as to make her nakedness more visible. At the feet of the strong-minded female is a small boy, about fourteen years of age, lying on the ground, with a sheet of paper, on which he is sketching the model. All this is bad enough, but at the foot of the easel is another sitter, a coarse, fat, greasy beggar woman, almost entirely without drapery, engaged in nursing a dirty little brat. All these figures are the size of life. A beggar-child in front of the easel, about eight years old, is looking at the naked bather before described. Nor is this sufficiently strong for French taste, or as a picture of "studio doings." Behind the easel, apparently posed for one of the pupils, is an undraped *male* model! The room, as I have said before, is full of friends, bearded and hoary, as well as the lady devoid of unnecessary delicacy. In the background is a young female model who has just, I presume, completed her toilette, upon which a pupil is complimenting her with a kiss. Dogs of various breeds complete the picture. The whole is wrought with the execution of a house-painter who has just taken up art. It is bad both in form and in colour. Truly this is a strange people! Side by side with this work, a picture of our Lord's Agony or of the Blessed Virgin will probably be hung!

One new rendering of the Annunciation I saw in close proximity to the Courbet, a really beautiful work

by Jalabert, refined in drawing, in feeling, and in taste.

The picture by Courbet, after many discussions, was taken down and returned, which so nettled him, that, although he had many other pictures hung, he opened a separate exhibition in the vicinity.

April 10*th*.—Went with Webb and Cole to see M. Carrond, an ingenious man, full of knowledge concerning antiquities, and versed in their skilful repair, and a possessor of various rare and costly objects, with which he will not part. He lives in a small, almost temporary building, in an *impasse* turning out of the Allée Montaigne, one of those hasty erections abounding in suburbs, which spring up just before the ground is more permanently occupied. He was in a dirty ground-story room, which had no floor, and was warmed only by a stove with a long iron pipe. Near this he was sitting, pipe in mouth, and unshorn, reading in some old Latin chronicle.

M. Carrond was a tall, thin, gentlemanly-looking man, with a perceptive air. At the only two windows were work-benches, fitted with files, chisels, vices, blow-pipes, etc. At one of these sat his son, cleaning up a clock of fine Renaissance work. M. Carrond took us up a dark, winding, narrow staircase, without light, into two or three low rooms, with small patched windows. On the floor lay heaps of pieces of armour, in all states of rust, dilapidation, and repair, and, in a strange *pêle-mêle*, some of the choicest ivories, arms, keys, and caskets in *cuir bouilli*, that I have ever seen. There was

a wonderfully beautiful *armoire*, with chiselled iron locks and hinges, inlaid knives, and fans of the time of Charles the Bold, etc. The place was the strangest tumble-down old curiosity shop conceivable. When we came out into the little front garden, the violets, primroses, and strawberries were blossoming amidst the weeds, as if they grew wild there—sweet and refreshing indeed, after the musty frowsiness of the interior.

April 12th.—Dined with Creswick at the Hôtel Windsor. I do not register all my dinners, or I should say this one was excellent. Creswick told a story he had just heard about Horace Vernet. He started for the Crimea to paint the battles. At Constantinople he stayed awhile to paint Marshal St. Arnaud. In the course of conversation, while at work upon the portrait, Vernet said, "You will never take Sebastopol." "Oh, yes," answered St. Arnaud, "we shall soon do that." "No, you won't." "Why, what do you know about the matter?" said the Marshal. "I have been all over Sebastopol," replied the painter, "and you have never seen it; it is all built of solid granite; the Emperor of Russia took me over it himself; and I again repeat that you will never take it." "Ah, you know nothing about the matter, you civilian, how should you?" "I have been in more battles than you have," said Vernet. "Ah, it is clear," ended the Marshal, waxing warm, "that you have been corrupted with Russian gold." The painter threw down his palette and brushes in a rage, and would at once have challenged the Marshal to a duel, had not a friend interfered, representing the

folly of it and St. Arnaud's broken health. As it was, Vernet was so wroth that he returned to France, and never went on to the Crimea.

In the morning I had been to see the collection of Prince Soltikoff, in a curious, dusty, tumble-down house in the Isle of St. Louis: such places are fast disappearing from Paris.

April 13th, 1855.—I think France and England may learn much more from each other in art. As two individuals look at the same subject from two different points of view, and differ in treatment, subject, and execution, so it is with two nations: they look at Nature from different sides, and both may be right. There is a marked difference between the French and English in their choice of subjects. French art shows a people familiarised with blood, and with the horrors of war. Subjects from their former Russian war, and their present one, abound everywhere. Even in their religious pictures, martyrdoms of the most dreadful character seem to please them more than tender and devout subjects.

One picture I saw the other day (I believe it was rejected) was a work to rave of in delirium, or to oppress one as in a nightmare. I presume it was a Martyrdom of St. John the Baptist. Two enormous Assyrian-looking figures have seized on the Baptist, who is kneeling, naked, in front of the picture. One of the executioners, with a large knife, is proceeding to cut off his head—not to strike it off, but deliberately to hack it off. The knife is half-way through, the death stare is

stamping itself on the face, and the blood is spurting in all directions. On one side kneels a young African woman, holding the charger into which the head is to fall, with her mouth wide open, her eyes fixed, and her upper lip drawn up over her faulty teeth. She is evidently uttering the sort of suppressed shriek that such a sight must induce even in the most cruel. The scene takes place by torchlight, the picture is dark and lurid; this, together with the ferocious look of deliberate butcher's work, makes it one of the most dreadful I have seen.

Some of their pictures look as if they had been studied in the Morgue. Géricault must have found there the inspiration for his "Shipwreck of the Medusa."

Now, on the English side, taking our pictures generally, there is nothing of this sort. Battles there are, and murders, but such subjects are rare; and wounds and deaths are far less prominent than in French subjects of the like nature. The pictures more generally speak of peace, of a placid life, of home. Our subjects are undoubtedly of a less elevated, and of a lower and more familiar character in England, but they are works which a man can live with, and love to look on, obtruding no terrors on his sleeping or waking fancies. In fact, they seem to be what they are—the productions of a different race.

Then, again, English art displays hardly a single religious subject, while in French art such works abound, since many have been painted for churches, and much of the employment of the French painter

comes from this source; but, as I have said before, such subjects are never without blood, which seems to be the *sauce piquante* of French art. There are few, if any, religious pictures in the English collection; our churches do not admit them, our purchasers do not buy them, and our religion is far less of an outside thing than it is here; it does not tend to display. Certainly Protestantism gets no impressions through art; not, I trust, because we are without religion, but because we are religious, if at all, without the aid of art.

April 15th, 1855.—We have only received half our oil pictures, and not a single piece of sculpture. How we are to be ready, I don't know, as it takes a week to open our cases when they do come. The routine here is worse than at Sebastopol; how glad I am I brought English workmen with me!

April 25th.—Last Tuesday the Empress came to the Exhibition. I was preparing to leave, as I do not now remain more than six hours a day in the building, and so was Cole, as we thought she would have no time to come into the English Court. The Emperor, however, joined her, and they came in. The place was crowded up with boxes and statues, but she walked through the curtains, with which we have had our part partitioned off, and M. Fould introduced me to her, and to the Emperor.

Luckily for me, they all three speak English quite well, so I marched up the gallery with them, and the Emperor and Empress looked cursorily round: she was very much fatigued.

They asked for the water-colours. I said they were up-stairs, and at the end of the court. They then turned into the French Court. However, they only walked round; and as I was again about to leave, I found them going up-stairs. I followed, and, when there, the Empress, who was very tired, called for chairs, and, sitting down, asked me to bring the English miniatures for her to see. These they admired much; and they are indeed noble works. "*Charmant*," "*joli*," etc., and other epithets, were showered upon them. I said it was a branch of art in which we might stand on an equality with the French. They both said, "You have some fine oil paintings in the English Court." As I brought the large miniatures, one by one, and placed them in front of the Empress—indeed, putting some of them on her lap—I had ample opportunities of seeing her closely, and of talking to her. She is certainly very pretty, if not quite so beautiful as the painters make her.

May 7th.—I have endeavoured to look at French art in a perfectly catholic spirit, to divest myself of all unfair and insular prejudices, even those arising from the study of the painters of bygone days, and from a perhaps peculiar study of Nature. But I am obliged to confess that it is a hard task, a thing easier to resolve than to carry out. To be impartial needs a large mind, and my powers are but limited. It is very difficult to find a standard by which art is to be universally judged. The art of any people appeals, no doubt, to the national mind of the people, more than to any

other, and even to the national mind only at given periods. Suppose, for instance, that the finest works of European art were exhibited in China, would they be considered as equal to their own? I do not speak of the subjects of the pictures, because here, of course, religion, patriotism, literature must be associated with the pictures to give pleasure; but of our best landscapes and cattle figures, or fruit and flower painting: I much doubt it.

The variations of the standard of beauty and excellence are, however, but variations from a central fact. We still admire the wonderful art of Greece, the early Flemish art of Memling and Van Eyck still charms us, and though we can but enter partially into the sensuous religion which inspired the one, or the superstitious religion which claimed the other, the art shrine which encloses those relics of the past still holds a high place in our reverence and love. Then, again, there are certain qualities in a picture, which it might be thought would never change in any country, which should appeal alike to the Roman, the Briton, the Frenchman, or the Chinaman. One of these qualities is what is technically called execution; the manner or mode of working, so as to produce the most beautiful results. Another, again, is imitation, the fullest representation of nature by art. Yet, in both these particulars, taste does undoubtedly vary, and opinion greatly changes. As to execution, it is in itself paradoxical, since the most perfect is that which is least to be noticed, that calls least attention to itself; while

imitation is one thing or another, according as we attempt the general first, descending to the details, or aim through the details to arrive at the general effect.

In France they seem to me to have little sense of execution, and what they have has been very much through the study of English pictures. If you go to the Louvre or to the Luxembourg, you see each student, whatever he may be copying, doing so by the same method, whether the picture be a Titian or a Rubens, a Raphael or a Teniers. One solid mode, an attempt at *oneness*, seems all their aim. Varieties of grounds, cool or pure glazes, or semi-transparent paintings, never enter into their mind. Even the great painters, Delacroix and Descamps, who attempt, the one colour by glazings, the other tone by deep brown shadows, have very little notion of the true uses of the means they employ.

Troyon and Rousseau, it seems to me, have built themselves upon Constable.

May 13th.—Yesterday morning, as I was starting for the Beaux-Arts, whom should I meet coming up-stairs but Horsley (J. C. Horsley, R.A.)! He went with me, and stayed all day, leaving about five o'clock. He was much pleased with the hanging, and with the look of the English art, which most Englishmen think comes out strong.

May 15th.—The grand ceremony is just over. The morning began with rain, and it continued to drizzle until the close, and then cleared up a little, so that we

were able to walk from the Palais de l'Industrie to the Beaux-Arts. The sight was anything but a fine one, although they had tricked out the building immensely. Many of our people were up all night for the last three days. I was in the building last night till 10.30, after which the staff had a supper at the Rue du Cirque, but I went to bed, as I wished to be in the building by six the next morning.

May 26th.—This has been a most trying time to me—two months spent in Paris in most unseasonable weather, for it has been a long, cold spring. "Winter lingering chills the lap of May." But I can congratulate myself on having got together a very fair average collection of British art, under many difficulties and discouragements. Some painters would not even trouble themselves to name the pictures they wished to be represented by; some would have certain works or none, some named only their unsuccessful works, those that remained in their own possession; while far too many deceived themselves as to what really were their best works. Landseer (Sir Edwin) was one of those who would send and would not, who named certain pictures, and then withdrew them, and finally wrote to say he did not intend to exhibit. George Cattermole (the water-colour painter) gave me also a world of trouble, causing me to write urgent letters for him, and after replies and rejoinders without end, writing to say that he "informed me officially" that he would not exhibit. I had compromised myself in both cases, and therefore, notwithstanding their determination, I made a good

show for them, and they both took high rewards in medals and honours; but neither they nor others ever thought it worth while to offer me a word of thanks.

I fear I must speak of the French as an outwardly polite, yet really a very selfish people. They made our alarm about the adjoining sugar refinery a reason for offering us one of the most inconvenient galleries in the Palace, and have appropriated to themselves the largest halls and choicest places. This we might well expect; but the effort all along has been to confine us to the least possible space, to make room for an unlimited display of their own works, and so to force us, by continued protestations on their part, to hang our small pictures up high. All the while they were giving Vernet and Ingres each a large hall, nearly equal to our whole space, and leaving them to hang as they liked, and were allowing other painters twenty, thirty, and even forty works each, some of them being of large size. However, a polite firmness, and a continual expression of our certainty that they, having invited us, wished to do every honour to our works, so far prevailed that we were enabled to hang our pictures all together, and all in a position to be well seen.

When the works of art were one by one removed from their cases, which could only be done in the presence of five of their officers, each having some especial registry of them to make as to size, subject, case, value of frame, etc., they were at first received with a sort of polite contempt, with a kind of patronising

appreciation from clerks and *douaniers*, that would have been amusing, had it not indicated the prevailing feeling about the art of our country. From time to time, some of the chief officers of the building would look at a picture, and ask, perhaps, after Landseer's works, without, however, much apparent interest, but merely as a piece of necessary politeness.

After long delays, about the end of the first week in April, the pictures began to arrive very rapidly, and I was most anxious to begin hanging them. At this the French authorities smiled, and declared that as they would hang and arrange all their works in a fortnight, mine need not take more than two or three days. I was determined we would take our own time, and that, at least, we would be ready for the 1st of May ; so after all sorts of obstacles and difficulties, and bribing their people to do their own work, we found means to begin hanging. Then the French took to laughing at our minute consideration, and wondered at the trials and changes we made in our arrangements. At length, when the Mulreadys and others were placed, they began to look, at first carelessly, and then curiously, then again with some little compliments. At length, one would bring another to see some particular picture. Members of the Jury of Admission strayed out of their own district into ours, and even lingered when the summons bell rang. It was evident that they found the English had some pictures, and might have a painter or two in their foggy land.

Their own works were mostly arranged by marking

out a space on the floor, and laying together as many works as would fit into it, without regard to symmetry, subject, or balance; and when the space had been so filled up, it was left to carpenters to hang the pictures, without any particular supervision. This method has probably arisen from the custom of periodical changes in French exhibitions. Little or no regard seemed to be paid to the general effect. I noticed, however, that our care in arrangement led to the partial adoption of our system by them, for after looking in at us, or hearing our remarks, large spaces in the French section were taken down and rearranged.

It was a great satisfaction to me to be quite ready by April 30th, so that, on our part, everything was prepared for the opening. Our pictures and statues formed the only completed part of the Great Exhibition of Art and Industry, and when the notice came (which it did on the evening of Friday, April 27th) that the opening was delayed, I started for London on the 1st of May, to be present at the Royal Academy dinner. Fate, however, was not propitious, as I had to return to Paris on the very day the dinner was to take place, to be presented to the Emperor.

I am struck with the French methods of working, and the tools they use; much might be learnt from one another by the two nations. In the annexe for machinery and raw produce, where of necessity much heavy material has to be moved along a building three-quarters of a mile long (they compelled everything to come in at one

door, although there were many in the length); I saw no such thing as a barrow. Mortar, stones, and brick were heaped into a clumsy cart, and hauled over all sorts of impediments by a number of men; or the mortar was placed in a large square wooden trough, and carried on the head. As the work is mostly a rude masonry for walling, the bricklayer's adze is generally used, and a large trowel with a square end, which seems to be used to spoon up the mortar, the workman's hand spreading it about, and making the surfaces a little even. On the other hand, their scaffoldings, and the stairs up to them, would offer our builders many hints.

June 9th.—To the opening of the Exhibition of Old Masters at the British Institution. Sir W. Ross and I were discussing an indifferent picture by Callcott. Ross said it reminded him of one Callcott painted of cows standing in a pool of water. Some one was depreciating the picture, saying it looked thin and weak. Landseer said it was what the painter intended it to be—a "milk-and-water picture."

In the evening I met Herbert at Sir R. Murchison's house. He declared against everything English to Knight and myself. He said, "I intend one day to take my name off the books of the Academy, and to leave England for ever." I hate such affectation, and I could not help replying, "I don't believe you." "No," said Knight, "it's more than you have the courage to do, even if you did intend it."

July 30th.—Came up from Abinger with my dear

boy to start him by the train to school at Chester; his first step in the world alone.

August 18th, Paris.—To Sallandrouze's, on the Boulevard Poissonnière, to see our Queen enter Paris. About two hundred people were there by invitation. The whole Boulevard was wonderfully decked out with flags, banners, arches, trophies, flowers, and draperies. The entire route, I believe as far as St. Cloud, was lined with soldiers, standing side by side. De la Rue (Warren De la Rue, F.R.S.), who was of the party, reckoned the crowd to be equal to 130 in each yard of length; including those standing behind the soldiers, and those seated on the balconies and roof-tops. They stood most patiently under a burning sun. We were on the shady side of the way; on the opposite, and sunny side, two soldiers fainted with the heat and fatigue; one of them was brought into Sallandrouze's. These men fronted the open space; what must have been the state of the sweltering crowd behind! Yet from four till half-past six, the appointed hour, seven to sunset, half-past seven, did they patiently and quietly wait; and when the Queen did come, it was too dark to see her. Want of water at Boulogne, and the *fêting* on the route, made the entry late, and somewhat of a failure. The French certainly behaved remarkably well, and the Government showed sound policy in forming the *ouvriers* into parties, trades, associations, clubs, etc., and marching them to fixed points with banners displayed. Thus they saw the sight, and, having something to do in it, were kept out of mischief.

We resolved to give the Queen three hearty English hurrahs as she passed. Philip Owen (Sir P. Cunliffe-Owen) was fugleman, and right heartily we gave tongue, so much so that we all cracked our voices, and are as hoarse as frogs to-day.

August 20th.—The Queen came to the Beaux-Arts, and we were there to receive her. She arrived with the Emperor, Prince Albert, the Princess Royal, and the Prince of Wales. The commissioners and jurors were present, and six thousand people were admitted by payment. The line of the *cortège* was broken through, and soon a whirl of confusion followed. Cole and I, being cut off entirely from the train, went into the British section, where we restored some order before the Queen came.

August 23rd.—Grand ball at the Hôtel de Ville. I suppose ten thousand people were present, and the decorations, the music, and the lighting must have been astonishing to those who have never seen such a spectacle. The French have a wonderful aptitude for such scenes. With a suite of rooms, salons, staircases, galleries, and apartments, more in number and larger than most palaces, the Hôtel de Ville lends itself wonderfully to such displays. The staircases were literally lined with flowers. In almost all the courts, and in many of the upper rooms, fountains were continually playing, not driblets, but regular cascades, surrounded by beds of bulrushes and reeds, apparently growing in a natural state around the river-gods who poured the water from their urns. In one place, two perfect

cascades fell over large ledges, with lights beneath the fall, making the water like liquid silver. It was received into beds of ferns and mosses, and the fragrance and the cool air were most delicious after the intense heat of the rooms. The whole scene was most brilliant; more than half the men were in uniform, and the others wore court dress, while the ladies were in all that Parisian milliners could do for them. The nations were very mixed: there were English, French, Italians, Greeks, Turks, and several splendid Arabs in full costume. Our Queen was a blaze of diamonds, the Emperor wore green velvet. The English equerries were gorgeous in red, and the mingling of the innumerable colours was something indescribable.

August 25th.—Trying day; got up early and went out to St. Cloud, where the Prince received all the jurors and commissioners at half-past nine. Came back and walked about the Exhibition till half-past five, then dressed and started for Versailles for the splendid court ball, where we lost our carriage, and did not get home till five in the morning. The fête was a most brilliant affair, and I doubt if I or our children will ever see such another. The garden courtyard of the Palace, in which are the fountains, was splendidly illuminated, and the reflection of the glittering lamps in the shimmering water seemed the realisation of a scene in the "Arabian Nights." The fireworks displayed when the Queen and the Empress arrived from St. Cloud, surpassed all that I have ever seen, and I have seen a good many displays. Dancing was delayed while the Queen made

the tour of the room, leaning on the Emperor's arm, both bowing graciously.

August 28*th.*—The Queen left yesterday, passing down the Champs Elysées to the Tuileries on her route; and the loud cheers, vivas, and hurrahs of the English again called forth very animated smiles.

Thursday, August 30*th.*—To Rouen, to examine the local museum.

Thursday, October 19*th.*—Arrived in Paris the day before yesterday, going round the Exhibition with Lord Stanley of Alderley, my official chief.

October 28*th.*—To Fontainebleau for two days to set Thurston Thompson to work photographing.

October 30*th.*—Hook (J. C. Hook, R.A.) arrived, and brought me some clothes.

November 1*st.*—Dined with Hook, and at six o'clock at night made for the Palace, and found the sappers and our men at work. I stopped till I hoped that any delay in the closing would be impossible. We are now all eager for it.

November 9*th.*—Our office is turned topsy-turvy, for our staff have determined to give a dance in the Rue du Cirque, and since four o'clock the whole place has been transmogrified: tables cleared out, floors polished, lights placed, and a piano brought in, on which one of our sappers is now playing so well that I really think he might have made the music for us. We expect the Coles, Thackerays, Dickens, etc.

November 10*th.*—Our dance passed off with great

spirit. The ladies say they have had many balls, but none so agreeable as ours.

November 14*th*.—This evening, being the eve of the closing of the Paris Exhibition, I got a summons to meet Prince Napoleon at the Palais Royal, in order to receive a message from the Emperor. We expected that honours would be distributed at the end, but we had received orders not to take them. We knew also that there had been a Government correspondence on the subject between the ambassador and Lord Clarendon, and we had been warned by our President, as well as by notices in the *Gazette*. Moreover, Cole had prepared a letter, respectfully declining for himself, Capt. Fowke, and myself, all participation in the honours, as being contrary to the will and command of our Queen.

But the Emperor was equally determined we should receive them. As to what the message was, we were uncertain, but we supposed it was to intimate something about to-morrow. We had hardly got into the room, being a little late, when notice was given to move into an inner room. There stood Prince Napoleon at a table. Lord Cowley stood beside him on the left, and the Secretary of the Commission on his right, and ranged in front of him were all the foreign commissioners. The Prince, on the part of the Emperor, briefly thanked the commissioners, and said that he was commanded to distribute certain honours as a token of the Emperor's satisfaction with their labours. M. Henri Cole was called first, shaken hands with by the Prince, and found

a cross in his own. I was called up next, and received another. Thus Cole became an Officer, and I a Knight of the Legion of Honour. It had before been determined by Lord Cowley that if the orders were put into our hands we could not decline them, and he said afterwards that we could not have done otherwise than take them. But what of the morrow? Are we to wear them, or to insult our hosts by appearing without them in the Emperor's presence? Lord Hertford, who was made Commander of the order, asked this question of Lord Cowley: "Am I to wear it to-morrow?" to which Lord Cowley did not venture an answer. "I see," said Lord Hertford; "you cannot say No, and you must not say Yes. I shall wear it, as it is not high treason, and I do not wish to insult the Emperor." And this we all thought it best to do. When Lord Cowley saw us with our orders on at the ceremony, he said, "There'll be the d——l to pay for this!" I went to the Prefect's the following Saturday, to a grand dinner given to the Prince and the Imperial Commission, but I did not wear my order, nor have I ever done so again. I contented myself with saying to my French friends who remarked upon it, that I had not yet obtained my Queen's permission.

The French may certainly be considered a singular people in their mode of doing business. Unpunctual at the opening of the Exhibition, they were worse at the end. Yesterday was the grand ceremony of closing. Thirty thousand people received the Emperor and Empress at the building with loud and long-continued

cheers. A threefold band, with three leaders, played airs, overtures, and anthems, which would have been fine if we could have heard them, but the performers were boxed up under low galleries, and the effect was totally smothered.

The Emperor, in a noble speech, distinctly heard, and strangely duplicated by one of the finest, clearest echoes I ever listened to, announced the closing. The day went off well, and I awoke on the next with a glad heart, to give directions to begin packing. At half-past six o'clock on a cold and frosty morning, I went to the Palais des Beaux-Arts, when lo! I was met by the information that, although formally closed, it was to remain open to the public till the 30th; and so it is dragging on a sort of dead-and-alive existence from day to day, large parts closed, others open. Exhibitors, specially summoned from England, Ireland, and Scotland to pack and remove their goods, bringing, in many instances, gangs of workmen with them, are kept kicking their heels here, and cursing not a little at the delay. After a day or two I could stand this state of things no longer, and began to remove and pack the statues, whether or no. I had no idea of leaving these works to cross the sea in winter winds and bad weather.

November 15th.—Visited the collection of M. Sauvageot. A remarkable assemblage of works in ivory, wood, and metal; much of what he has brought together is really rare and beautiful. Here, in three little rooms, two of them hardly more than six feet square, is

contained a collection that might be national; much of it is so good. Here, too, in these rooms, he lives. He received us on a Sunday, after church, in a dress much like that in some of Ostade's pictures—a tight velvet *surtout*, with white turned-down collar, and a white-lined velvet cap. The place was very picturesque, the light coming in dimly through stained-glass windows, and the objects were so crowded that I tucked in my sleeves from fear. He has five choice pieces of *Henri Deux* ware, and some remarkable pieces of Palissy. It is evident that he buys articles from real love of the beautiful, rather than as curiosities. He showed us an Indian guitar as one of his special loves, and certainly it did display a rare sense of ornament, which is so well understood by the Orientals. He said it was a thing of no value in the market, but he loved it for its real beauty.

His bed was in the largest of the three rooms, with his few books; his instruments for examining and cleaning the delicate art works wanting these cares, were close at hand; his hobby seemed to stand by his bedside, always saddled.

November 17th, 1855.—Mr. Laing, who was lately Chairman of the Crystal Palace Company, has shifted out of it in its difficulties, as have most of the other *first* projectors. In the place of Laing, a respectable old shipbroker has been thrust into the directorship, and made chairman. Being in Paris for the closing of the Exhibition, he wrote to Cole, asking him for some suggestions as to what would be attractive at the Crystal

Palace. Cole, whose thoughts are all in one direction at present, answered that he had no time to enter upon such matters, but that he thought a "Chamber of Horrors," such as we had at Marlborough House, would be a telling and most instructive thing at Sydenham, and that if Owen Jones, then in Paris, were authorised to lay out from four to five hundred pounds, he might make some appropriate collections for the purpose. Mr. A—— wrote back to say that he did not think a "Chamber of Horrors" would be at all suitable for Sydenham, nor consistent with the high moral and intellectual instruction such a place should afford; and, meeting Owen Jones at dinner, by chance, that same evening, he asked him if he did not consider that the worry and anxiety of the duties at Paris had told seriously upon Mr. Cole, and unsettled him "here," pointing to his forehead. Jones, who could not tell why the chairman thought so, was convulsed with laughter when he found that the collection of works in bad taste at Marlborough House had been confused by him with that chamber of hanged cut-throats, ruffians, and murderers at Madame Tussaud's!

November 18th. Sunday.—Dined with Seurmont and Fowke at the Café Gaillon, and after dinner to the Boulevards for coffee. On our way we observed the glow of a large fire, lurid and red over the west of Paris. Although it seemed very intense, we did not pay much attention to it, until we had taken our coffee, but on coming again into the air we saw that it glowed with great fierceness. The Captain and I started off to find

it. As we approached the Champs Elysées we became alarmed at the direction of the fire, which was evidently near the Palais des Beaux-Arts, and our alarm was not abated when we gained the Ronde Point, as the end of the Allée Montaigne appeared a mass of flame. "Is the fire at the Palace?" we demanded of a soldier who attempted to stop us. He said, "*Non, mais tout près.*" Breaking past him, we redoubled our pace, almost sick with anxiety, till I got the two tall chimneys of the sugar boilers, which adjoin the Exhibition Building, between us and the bank of smoke. Then, as I knew the wind was strong from the north, I felt that for the present the pictures were safe. What a relief!

We found an immense and glowing fire at the Manutention des Fourrages, where daily enough army bread is baked for 40,000 men, and where stores are kept for three months, of flour and grain. We crossed the water at the bridge, keeping out of the way of the chain of men, and had a good sight of the fire reflected in the Seine. Paris swarms with soldiers, and plenty were there to help, but the much vaunted *sapeurs-pompiers* did not, by all accounts, show to very great advantage, and their pumps seemed mere squirts when compared with our engines. They have a curious law here. The soldiers may seize any persons and put them into a chain to hand buckets to the engines, and once so placed it is not lawful for them to leave till the fire is over. Many a good chase was given, and some fair running displayed. Thompson was caught, and worked some time at the chain, where they stand face to face,

and pass the water from hand to hand. He then took to pumping, and had two hours' spell at that labour.

Perry, the Canadian, rushed to the Annexe to get out his engine. He thumped at the door until it was opened, and then, knowing his men, he started like a deer down the building to the further end, where it stood. The *gardien* thought it was some robber, and raised a hue and cry, when twenty watchmen gave chase, so that by the time Perry reached the engine he had them all ready to harness to it, and to start for the fire. They would have been an hour assembling by any other means. As it was, his engine was second on the spot, notwithstanding that there is a station close to the bakery, and, of course, one with a staff of men who *ought* always to be ready, at the Palais des Beaux-Arts. The French jurors had decried Perry's engine because it took twenty men to work it; but now he had a thousand feet of hose laid down, and a supply of water was obtained directly, while the French engines, with only a hundred feet, were utterly useless till the chains were formed, each of which took two hundred men to reach from the river to the engine. Thank God, the wind continued steady, and our buildings were spared. No thanks to the *sapeurs-pompiers*, for had the fire been at the Sugar Refinery, all would have been burnt before they got to work.

November 21*st.*—Dined at the Hôtel de l'Amirauté, with Fowke and Matchwick, and went afterwards to the Palais Royal, to see a Café Chantant.

[The next entry in the diary gives rather a curious history of a piece of sculpture.]

Lord Kilmorey lent the Commissioners a statue, by Campbell, of "Ulysses and his Hound." It was very heavy, being of marble, and in some respects was very fragile. However, it arrived safely, and was well placed. The work was insured by Government for £1,200, to which extent we were answerable for its safe return. About two months before the close of the Exhibition, I was surprised to receive several common-looking printed papers, stating that the statue was attached on account of a debt due by his lordship. I saw the lawyer and told him the statue was, to a certain extent, the property of the English Government, and it had been lent to the French Government, who were answerable for its safety; and I sent proper notices to the Secretary, Arlès Dufour, and to Le Play, that the Queen's rights might be guarded. French officials never send a written answer, it compromises them too much (this they told me themselves), but I had the most complete assurances that they would take care we suffered no damage; it would be a disgrace, they said, both to Prince Napoleon and the Emperor. Now, the cause of the debt was curious. Lord Kilmorey had employed an architect at Lausanne to construct him a boat-house on the lake, at a contract price. This was erected, but the bill remained three months unpaid. Interest, therefore, at five per cent. was demanded. This Lord Kilmorey contested, but, finally, judgment was given against him in the Swiss

Courts. Disgusted with the decision, he sold his villa at a loss of some ten thousand francs, rather than pay a bill of eight hundred, as he considered unjustly, and he left Switzerland never intending to return. In accordance with an international treaty, the debt was transferred to a French lawyer, who had been ten years watching for Lord Kilmorey on his annual visits to Paris, but who had never been fortunate enough to light on him. The debt was thus a very large one in francs, from the accumulation of interest and expenses.

As the time drew near for the closing of the Exhibition, further processes were gone through, and at length a *huissier* of the Court, in the person of an old soldier of the *Invalides*, was placed in possession to mount guard on this particular statue. I have elsewhere described how strangely the French acted as to the closing, so that it happened we were packing, while the rest of the building was still open, and, amongst other pieces, we packed the "Ulysses" under the zealous eyes of our veteran. One by one our statues were sent off by rail; and I constantly urged on the authorities the annoyance of this one statue being always watched. At last it was announced that it was to be *sold*. In my anxiety, I again and again appealed to the Exhibition authorities; and on the Saturday before the day of sale, which was fixed for Tuesday, I was told to have the workmen dismissed at four o'clock (the closing hour) as usual, when the *vieux soldat* was always turned out with the rest, and to cause them to re-assemble in an hour with a car, which was to wait at the Rue Marbœuf—the back door of the

Exhibition—when the officials would see that the statue was safely conveyed to the railway station. I was told that this course was to be pursued because the Emperor did not wish any question on the subject to arise in the Law Courts. I was also told that the Chief of the Customs would remain in the building to see the statue safe. Moreover, I was to send it by *grande vitesse* to Boulogne, and from thence direct to the Thames, and a false address was to be nailed on the case. I did not like this course of proceeding at all; but, as I was to employ an inferior agent, and not to appear in the business, and the French authorities were to see all safe, I had no alternative but to submit.

Mr. Atlee took the whole matter in hand, hired the car, and made arrangements with the railway. The *chef des douanes* took my receipt for the statue, to pass it out of the building, and the old soldier went contentedly away with the other men. On Sunday I had a note from Atlee to say all was right, and that he hourly expected a telegram of the shipment of the statue. On that day, strangely enough, Lord Kilmorey, to whom I had written, arrived and offered to pay the original debt of 818 francs, but no more; the original debt, however, had now more than doubled. On Monday morning I heard that, instead of being despatched, the statue had been seized at the railway and carried no one knew whither. A subordinate of the Customs had peached. I at once started for Meurice's, where Lord Kilmorey was staying, and I begged him to see the lawyer. This he would not do, but he sent out 818

francs and required me to regain possession of the statue. I then started off to see the French lawyer, M. de Y——. I had to chase him from court to court for some hours; then I got an English lawyer to help, and gave him authority to conclude the affair on the best terms he could.

The afternoon wore on, and neither I nor my lawyer had been able to see the opposing lawyer, or to hear a word about the statue. So we started off to find the *huissier* who had seized it. He was gone out, and when at last he came back, he could do nothing without M. de Y——, nor would he give up the statue to me, even if the whole debt and costs were paid (as it was of more value than the debt), unless the Commissioner of Police would certify that I was the Fine Arts Commissioner. We went to find M. Courtil at the other end of Paris, and, when we arrived, we found a large party assembling for a ball. However, as he knew me quite well, he kindly drew up a certificate, which I had to take to a lock-up prison to get stamped. Then we went off again to M. de Y——. He was dining at home with some friends, and would with difficulty see me. However, at last he did so, and he told me that he and a band of workmen had been all day at the auction-rooms in the Rue Drouot, breaking up the case in order to show the statue. "How fearfully strongly you English pack," said he; "it has taken us hours to force it open." I trembled for the statue, knowing that, properly handled, the case might be opened in a few minutes. He declined to take the money that night, but he appointed ten o'clock the

next morning for the payment. He said numbers of people had inspected the statue that day. The following morning, we were at De Y——'s betimes. He was out, but we found madame, who last night was a pyramid of silks and flounces, surmounted with a chaplet of flowers, but was now a post, clad in a dirty flannel wrapper, and surmounted with a stock of curls in paper, tied up with a handkerchief. (She gradually bloomed, however, through different phases, during the day, until the pyramidal honours of evening dress gave the final *capo d'opera* to her toilette.) We ultimately paid down the gold—nearly 2,000 francs—about noon, and then went off to see the wretched lump of marble that had given us so much trouble re-packed; and a sore job this was, for they had sadly mauled the case; but as they had broken nothing—although they much dreaded doing so—we had no cause for complaint.

Meanwhile, not a word or a movement on the part of the French Exhibition authorities! I now applied to them for reimbursement, stating that I had only acted within one hour of the sale, and that, had the work been sold, our Government would have suffered the loss of £1,200. I was referred to the Chief of the Customs, who told me "the whole transaction was extremely illegal," that I should have let the sale go on, and then have brought an action against the agent. He, in his turn, would have had an action against the *chef de chemin de fer*, and *he* against M. de Y——. A pretty batch of law to keep us all in Paris! To crown all—for mistakes

had not yet ended—when I returned to London and inquired for the statue, it was nowhere to be found; and, about a fortnight afterwards, I received a notice from Liverpool, stating that such a work was there, directed to a "Mr. Smith," who could not be identified, and that unless expenses were paid, it would be sold. It had gone by Boulogne instead of Dunkirk, and the new direction, nailed over the old sham one, had been torn off.

December 23rd.—Nine weeks have I been over in Paris preparing materials for my report, finishing the duties of the Exhibition, and sending home pictures and statues. Troubles many I have had, and sights many have I seen, and I can truly thank God that I am spared.

[In his report on the "Present State of Design as Applied to Manufactures," in connection with the Paris Exhibition, which is addressed to Lord Stanley of Alderley as President of the Board of Trade, my father begins by pointing out the valuable aid rendered to French decorators by the various French monarchs who encouraged decorative art, the royal manufactories almost unintentionally forming schools of art where the works were produced for their beauty alone, without thought of cost. He draws attention to the fact that the present Exhibition is an improvement upon the 1851 Exhibition, as it includes the Fine Arts, which that one did not, and thus on its walls the reciprocal influence of arts upon manufactures can be more carefully studied. He points out that a drawback of

International Exhibitions is, that manufacturers do not send to them their work in its normal state. He contrasts English and French taste as influenced by climate, manners, race, etc. French taste, he points out, depends largely upon national habits. The public buildings and museums, open to all, encourage a correct taste, while the open-air and unhomelike life rather fosters a desire for brilliancy at the expense of comfort, and leads to over-decoration in place of a simple and dignified style. He then inquires into the sources of style, proving that it depends upon unity, construction, utility, individuality, and uniformity; and that it must be influenced by modern scientific discoveries and by changing materials. True decoration should neither be too *pictorial* on the one hand, nor too *naturalistic* on the other; but should be guided by certain given principles. He reviews many of the objects exhibited, under these various heads, and treats, for instance, "On unity of style and decorative subordination"—where the cabinet, or metal-work, or whatever object is criticised, is praised or blamed, according to its conformity with the laws of which this heading is an axiom. He contrasts the effect which the teaching in the art-schools has had in both countries, speaks of the need of direct communication between designer and manufacturer, and, in conclusion, he observes that, since the 1851 Exhibition, there is evidence of a great general progress of English manufactures towards good taste; and that, if behind the French, the English are behind no other nation.

But to return once more to the diary:—]

December 29th.—On Friday last I dined with Sir C. Eastlake; the company was more mixed than usual. Sir E. Landseer, Baily, Roberts, Cousins, Witherington, and Herbert were the painters present; Forster, Merivale, and others, representing the literary world. Landseer took down Lady Eastlake, and I followed with Miss Duff-Gordon.

Landseer, as usual, told some good stories. The conversation turned upon ghosts, and he described a visit paid to the well-known Littlecote Hall, the scene of dark deeds of old. There was, he said, a large company assembled—among others, the Marquis and Marchioness of Abercorn; and tales of the haunted chamber were rife during the evening. Some laughed unbelievingly, others credulously. "There can be nothing in it," said the Marchioness; "nobody believes in ghosts now." "Of course not, Louisa," said the Marquis; "quite ridiculous!" till, at the end of the discussion, my lord and lady were, almost of necessity, inducted into the very chamber as their bedroom—the most comfortable one in the house, by the way. Here Eastlake, at the bottom of the table, and Herbert near him, got interested in the tale, and Forster began satirically to banter; but Landseer proceeded: "They were soon in bed—to make a long tale short," said he—"and the ample curtains drawn pretty closely round. The Marchioness related that her lord was soon fast asleep, but that she was very wakeful—nervous, in fact. She could not by any means get off to sleep; yet all was quiet, and the bedclothes were drawn well over her face—when suddenly she heard a

noise. "Now for the ghost!" said Forster; "was it in white? Did a real ghost appear? Do *you* believe in the story, Landseer?" "Nay," said Herbert, in intense excitement; "'tis a good account; be quiet! it's a real story." "Let us hear it," said Eastlake; "you prevent our hearing." Landseer, in his quiet way, said, "It was not I who saw this: it was the Marchioness who told the tale. 'I peeped through the curtains,' she said, 'and there I saw a little *old* woman in a white dress.'" "All in white," said Forster; "a true ghost, no doubt!" "In white," continued Landseer, "'and,' added the Marchioness, 'I immediately closed my eyes——'" "Of course!" interrupted Forster—"'and when I opened them again I saw nothing.' This was told the next evening," said Landseer. "In the morning the Marquis had come down to breakfast, and, on inquiry, said he had slept most comfortably, and left Lady Abercorn asleep. The day wore on, and it was not till nearly three o'clock that the maid was summoned to dress her mistress. She found her languid and megrimish—something was wrong. 'You look poorly, my lady; you have not slept well,' etc. What lady can resist confiding in her maid? As the toilette proceeded, the lady opened her mind and related how she had been startled, and what she felt sure she had seen beside her bed. 'Law, my lady,' replied the maid; 'I wish you had told me before. It was I who came into the room in the middle of the night. I heard your bell ring, and, feeling sure you wanted me, I came quietly into the room; but you were fast asleep, and I

went softly out again.' Here seemed a solution of the whole mystery. The lady was quite reassured, laughed, and went down-stairs to tell her tale, as we have already done." "And so it was no ghost at all?" "Not so! When the gentlemen had heard the story and joined in the laugh, a more discerning spirit than the rest raised a new mystery. *But who rang the bell?* Aye, who rang the bell? Burrows (the maid) was summoned. 'It rang distinctly *three* times before I got up and went to my lady's chamber,' was the lady's-maid's reply to the query."

CHAPTER VII.

1856—1857.

Lord Stanley of Alderley—Anecdotes—Mr. Sheepshanks's Gift to the Nation—Lord Palmerston's Visit to Rutland Gate—Anecdote of A. E. Chalon, R.A.—The Queen's Visit to South Kensington—Goes to Germany—Offered the Surveyorship of Crown Pictures on his Return, after the Death of T. Uwins, R.A.—Lord Granville's Anecdotes—W. Mulready's Power of Work—The Prince Consort and Mr. Sheepshanks—Landseer's Illness.

March 9th, 1856.—We are about to sever our connection with the Board of Trade, and consequently with Lord Stanley of Alderley, as our Department is to be placed under the Privy Council. I shall regret leaving Lord Stanley. He is prompt in business, never leaving a subject until he has talked it well out and finished it. Moreover, he is genial, and willing to hear adverse opinions; frank and decided—even when he is against you; and he has, I think, a real love of art for its own sake.

June 10th.—Delighted with the retirement of Abinger, and unable to come to any terms with Mr. Evelyn for a more permanent occupation of his cottage, I have bought the long lease (700 years) of a small adjoining property, containing two little cottages, where, if it pleases God, I hope to spend a few more summer hours in the evening of life. The country is of a nature that no railroad can come very near me, and as the soil is hardly worth cultivation, it may remain a few years longer unspoiled by modern agriculture.

Tuesday, July 29th.—On this day, between nine and ten, died my little innocent niece Alice.

July 30th.—One of my children told me to-day a touching story of one of our poor neighbours at Leith Hill. The Carters live in a cottage, a mile away from any house, and quite as far from any water. The mother had gone out to a distance, leaving three children at home, the youngest four, the eldest seven. The children of the poor ought indeed to be prematurely old. The youngest child caught fire. The two others managed—Heaven knows how!—to put it out; they were even able to strip the child and to get it to bed, although it was dreadfully burnt. They collected the little water there was in the house, and applied wet rags to the sufferer. While being carried up-stairs, the child said, "Sally, it won't matter if I die, for I shall rise again." When the mother arrived, it tried to comfort her, saying, "Mammy, I have been afire, but Sally has made me much better." She died, and her little words of faith are to be put on her grave at the churchyard gate.

October 25th.—*À propos* of something Macleod had been telling us, Playfair related to us an anecdote of one of the professors at Jermyn Street, who (at an annual dinner among themselves) was so overcome with the pleasures and amenities of the table that he fell asleep, and his companions, who were in a state of high jinks, blackened his face in a most ornamental manner. When he awoke, he set his face homewards, found the door, entered with his latch-key; but no light was burning in the hall. He dimly remembered some lucifer matches

on his mantel-shelf, and, making for the fireplace, began feeling for them. He was startled, and the house also, by loud screams from the bed in the room. "Murder! Thieves! Murder!" In rushed the servants pell-mell, to find a terrified old lady, and an equally terrified old man with a blackened face, in the wrong house!

[It was in the summer of this year that Mr. Sheepshanks first confided to my father his desire to give his pictures to the nation. His first proposal was that they should be kept in his own house at Rutland Gate, and that Mr. Redgrave should be the curator, and should live there in charge of them, having a certain salary attached to his office. My father at once argued against this arrangement with Mr. Sheepshanks, proving to him how undesirable it was in many ways, and Mr. Sheepshanks then proceeded to offer his pictures in the manner explained in the following letter, which, with a few alterations, is worded almost the same as the deed of gift which was ultimately drawn up:—

24, *Rutland Gate, Brompton, August 6th,* 1856.

My dear Sir,—Although the conversation we had together respecting the final disposition of the pictures fully explained my wishes, it may be more satisfactory to you if I put the substance of this conversation in writing.

1st. I offer the pictures and sketches in my possession, or such portion as may be selected for use and instruction, to the Schools of Art now existing at Marlborough House and Gore House, on condition that a building be first erected to receive them. This building to be permanently established on some portion of the ground purchased in the first place by the Royal

Commissioners of 1851, and increased by a Parliamentary grant. I should desire the public to be admitted at such times as will not interfere with the routine of the Schools, and although not a condition, it would be very agreeable to me if the rooms were open on Sunday after divine service, in the same manner as at Hampton Court and Kew Gardens.

2nd. That no part of the collection selected be sold at any time, but any portion may be transferred to any city or town in the United Kingdom where a school of art exists, or generally wherever there is a safe and permanent place to preserve them.

3rd. Instead of the usual board of trustees, similar to the National Gallery or the British Museum, which can never work well for the institution, or with the power of a single will, I wish the pictures placed under the sole and entire control of the authority for the time being who has charge of the administration of the Schools of Art. Should the minister require any adviser, some one member of the Royal Academy might be consulted with advantage. During the life of Mr. Mulready, he would be the very best, and, afterwards, none more proper than yourself.

You are fully authorised to make this offer at any favourable opportunity within twelve months from this date, and I should be very glad to consider favourably any objection which may be made. I wish my name to be kept in the background. The collection may be made a supplement to the Vernon Gallery, or Mr. Turner's bequest, if it should be desirable in either case.

The weather is very hot, and I am not well, so you must try to make out my meaning, although imperfectly expressed.—Always, my dear Sir, yours very truly, J. Sheepshanks.

Richard Redgrave, Esq., R.A.

My father lost no time in making known Mr. Sheepshanks's noble offer to his official chief, Lord Stanley of Alderley, and through General Grey to the Prince Consort.]

Wednesday, December 10th.—Mr. Wilson (Secretary to the Treasury) sent for me to the Treasury to tell me that Lord Palmerston (the Prime Minister), the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Sir G. Cornewall Lewis), and himself would visit Mr. Sheepshanks's collection of pictures, which that gentleman had empowered me to offer to the nation, on Friday next, and Mr. Wilson requested me to meet them there at the house in Rutland Gate.

Cole and I called on Mr. Sheepshanks in the afternoon to inform him of the intended visit. He had, he said, been unwell, and confined to the house, but he was in the most genial mood, and in good spirits. When at his ease, and free from the nervous irritability which seems at times sorely to oppress him, he is very entertaining. He said he was beset with letters since the notice which had got into the *Times*, and from his description of these letters, and one or two which he read, not one of them seemed to be intended to express admiration of his noble gift, but were all seeking for some personal benefit to the writer, such as admission to make the catalogue, to engrave, to view, etc.

He told us, among other stories, some of his adventures with collectors. He was, he said, asked by a friend to go with him to see a very choice collection (all collections are choice and rare) of prints, etchings, and drawings in the possession of Mr. ——. He expressed his willingness, and even desire, to go, if the gentleman who invited him would allow his name to be withheld, and permit him merely to be introduced as an amateur of etchings.

This was agreed to, and the visit was arranged. When it came off, each successive specimen was shown with great *empressement*, as "Very choice," "Extremely fine state of the plate," and a direct appeal made to the visitor for an opinion on it—perhaps in consequence of that opinion having as yet been charily given. "Now, I think you will say that *this* is a unique specimen." "Nay," said Mr. Sheepshanks, "it is only the fourth state of the plate, and I have the impressions of each of the three earlier states." The collector looked at his guest with mixed wonder and incredulity. At length, a light seemed to break upon him. "Impressions of the three earlier states!" said he. "May I ask if you are Mr. Sheepshanks?" And on a reply in the affirmative, the folio was at once closed with the remark, "Had I known that before, I would not have given you the trouble to look over them."

December 12th.—At ten minutes before eleven I was at Rutland Gate to meet Lord Palmerston and the Chancellor of the Exchequer. I expected from the former's well-known unpunctuality that I should have to wait some time, but he and Mr. Wilson both drove up as I reached the door, and we entered together. I heard the servant announce their arrival to her master, and his hurried inquiry; "Is Mr. Redgrave here?" We all went into the drawing-room, and there Mr. Sheepshanks joined us. He was at first extremely nervous, but soon regained his usual chatty manner. Lord Palmerston expressed his sense of the importance of the gift, and the donor began to explain the conditions

he had attached to it. Lord Palmerston wished to take the pictures in order, but saw no numbers. He was taken by Mr. Sheepshanks to the Mulreadys, and so gradually round the rooms till he came to the three Landseers, hanging all together: "The Old Shepherd's Chief Mourner," the "Tethered Rams," and "A Jack in Office," which last one was in the centre between the others. Mr. Sheepshanks reminded Lord Palmerston of its being turned into a political squib by "H. B.," in which the dog on the barrow became Lord John Russell; the lean hound, Lord Brougham, hungering for the Chancellor's wig; the brown dog on its hind legs, O'Connell; and the terrier behind, Lord Durham. "You know he was always a snappish little fellow," said Mr. Sheepshanks. Joey Hume was also introduced by "H. B." in the doorway, where there is no dog in the picture. Lord Palmerston's merry eye twinkled as he said he thought the caricature should be hung beside the picture. "Lord J. Russell brought his second wife here," said Sheepshanks, "just after they were married, and, as they stood before the picture, I saw her laugh and give him a nudge with her elbow." (I well remember what a trouble the title of this picture gave the Parisians in 1855. They could not translate it, nor understand our explanations—I presume, because all the officials are Jacks in Office.)

Sir G. Cornewall Lewis now arrived, and stayed behind to look at this roomful of pictures, after Mr. Sheepshanks and Lord Palmerston had left it. On coming to the "Jack in Office," he admired it much,

but on being reminded of the caricature, he seemed to take it very differently from the Premier, and looked as if he thought it improper to caricature a Cabinet Minister.

Mr. Sheepshanks told Lord Palmerston that Mulready's "Wolf and the Lamb" was a great favourite with George IV., and that when it came back to Mulready to be looked over, the whole bottom of the frame was a mass of wax, which had dropped from the candle when the King, from time to time, stood before it explaining the story. When the party entered the gallery, the sun was shining out brilliantly, and the whole looked very rich and gay. Lord Palmerston expressed surprise and delight—both with the pictures and the room. "It is indeed well lighted and well adapted for pictures," said Mr. Sheepshanks, "which few galleries I know are," instancing several. "True," said the Premier, "but that is because architects are always more desirous of exhibiting themselves than the pictures, and prefer a gaudy structure to a useful one." Much was said about the buildings we are erecting at Kensington. Mr. Wilson did not say anything about the letter from the Treasury that was awaiting my return to South Kensington, in which it was shown that the appropriation clause had been violated, and I do not know how many other official rules disregarded by our proceedings. Mr. Wilson visited the Soulages collection afterwards, and told Cole that he had been guilty of high crimes and misdemeanours, but that after he had been formally reprimanded, it was not intended to stop the progress of the building.

Lord Palmerston seemed really to enjoy the pictures, and Mr. Sheepshanks enjoyed showing them. He had often a pleasant and a happy thing to say, and perhaps oftener a severe bit of satire. He took Lord Palmerston up to Leslie's "Dinner at Page's House," and told him he would be interested in it, as Lady Fanny Cowper sat for the Anne Page. In Wilkie's "Duncan Grey" he said the Meg was Wilkie's sister; the mother and father, Mulready's parents; the Duncan, Mulready himself, partly helped from Wilkie's brother: so it would seem Davie knew how to make use of his friends.

Finally, Mr. Sheepshanks took his visitors into what he usually calls his "Suffolk Street"—the dining-room —to show the pictures it contained. They were all interested in Clint's works, particularly with "Miss Glover."

Mr. Sheepshanks told a story of George the Third, when partially insane, falling in love with Miss Glover; of a consultation of physicians on the subject; and that when Queen Charlotte offered herself as a substitute, dressed up as Miss Glover, the old King cried out, "'Tis Charlotte; take her away, take her away." Stopping before Danby's "Disappointed Love," Lord Palmerston, though he was evidently impressed by the deep gloom of the scene, said that it was a pity the girl was so ugly. "Yes," replied Mr. Sheepshanks; "one feels that the sooner she drowns herself the better." "She always reminds me," he continued, "of the reply made by a hard-hearted judge who, on the Northern

Circuit, had tried a girl for killing her child. Some lady who was deeply interested in the young woman's fate, met the judge at dinner, and ventured to say, imploringly, 'Did he mean to leave the poor girl to be hanged?' 'Hanged, madam!' said the irritated judge, hanged, madam! Certainly; what else is she fit for? She is so confoundedly ugly!'"

Lord Palmerston, turning to me, said that Mr. Sheepshanks had so many amusing anecdotes of the pictures that I ought to prepare a catalogue with his annotations. After some final compliments, he and Mr. Wilson left to visit the Soulages collection. I could not but contrast the two men, Premier and donor, as they stood together, both originals in their own way. Lord Palmerston had formerly earned the name of "Cupid" by his dandyism; now he was comfortably, but rather shabbily dressed, in a not very well-cut coat, as if he contemned dress, which Mr. Sheepshanks certainly does, for as far as attire goes no one would think his income a hundred a year. Yet here were two men of mark, the one a retired merchant giving away, almost carelessly, fifty or sixty thousand pounds, the other a Prime Minister, receiving the gift for the people. Both had a marked love of fun and satire; the one, however, was self-poised and full of self-esteem; the other of a most nervous and irritable temperament.

I regret to find that I am so identified with office work that it is almost forgotten that I am a painter. Mr. Sheepshanks pointed out my "Ophelia" and "Bolton Abbey" [see illustrations, pp. 44, 183] to the

visitors: they looked a little surprised, and some compliments escaped them. I was pleased, however, to find both the Ministers intent on the details of my "Gulliver," which afforded much amusement, and to receive a spontaneous compliment or two, where the painter was unknown.

April 24th.—Yesterday the Prince Consort came to South Kensington to look at what we are doing. He was much pleased in going over the building to see the progress made. He examined the model of the ground at Kensington, and, upon the whole, liked my suggestion as to a place for the National Gallery, but he said there were two fixed ideas in people's minds that could not be overcome, and were dangerous to trifle with. One was the impossibility of trenching in the least upon Rotten Row, without having the aristocracy in an uproar; the other not to touch Kensington Gardens or Hyde Park, unless you wished to have the press and the people upon you. He spoke of the outcry that was made about him on this subject, and seemed to think it was hopeless to avoid it, however undeserved.

May 1st.—Private view of Royal Academy. On the days still called varnishing days, I had thought the pictures looked terribly chalky and bad, but a brighter day, with the green cloth down, a good sprinkling of beauty and some appreciative visitors, seemed to make things look much better. I told Chalon (A. E. Chalon, R.A.) that I feared he would be sadly disgusted, for Grant had congratulated *me* on his "Sophy Western." "No, no," lisped Chalon, "I am always delighted to

find anything of mine taken for the work of a clever man." He was certainly in a better mood than when Hook met him the other evening. Hook had been teaching him to etch, and spent the evening with him to "bite in," and Hook, while he leant over the acid, praised the P.R. Brethren. Chalon walked round and round, snapping and snarling at every word. "At last Chalon said, 'John (J. J. Chalon, R.A.) and I always say that you are so like a friend of ours—like Stump. You knew Stump? Not know Stump? I thought everybody knew Stump. You ought to know who Stump was; he painted stags. We used to think him very like his own stags. He was very like you. He was an old friend of John's and mine. He was very ugly.' This last sally seemed to relieve him," said Hook. "As to myself, I was so amused I was nearly bursting with suppressed laughter. Soon after, he went downstairs, where my wife was. He soon began flirting with 'the missus,' and was in high good-humour." Chalon asked Hook another day to go in and see the arrangements he had made for brewing, and the utensils he had got for it. To Hook's astonishment he took him up into a bedroom. Well, thought Hook, this is odd. "Surely you are not going to brew here, Chalon?" "No, no; wait a bit," and he took him through into the bathroom. "Don't you think," pointing to the bath, "that would do famously for a cooler?" Hook hardly knew what to say; it was on the tip of his tongue to exclaim, "Heaven defend me from drinking the mixture!" However, he passed it off by remarking that he thought the

hot wort would bring off the paint, which would not be very good for the liquor.

June 19th.—The Prince Consort came yesterday to see our preparations at South Kensington. Cole and I had been to the Levée, the last of the season. Going to the Porter's Lodge, we stepped into our official dresses, and hurrying through the rooms as rapidly as possible, in ten minutes after passing before the Queen, we were out again and re-dressing at the lodge. The Prince could not have been much less active. There were six or seven hundred presentations, and the Levée could not have been over much before five, yet ta a quarter to six he was at the Department. In looking through the South Gallery, he noticed two pictures by Gauermann. He seemed to know him and his works. "He was," said the Prince, "Court painter of animals; and he also painted the late Emperor of Austria, and all his family, appending a notice to the picture, 'Painted by C. Gauermann, painter of the Imperial Court and all the imperial animals.'"

June 20th.—The Queen, the Prince, the Princess Royal, the Princes of Prussia and Austria, and all the suite, came to South Kensington this evening at half-past nine, and stayed till eleven, going through every part of the building, schools, museum, etc. The Queen went through the fatigue of visiting all corners of the place right pleasantly. God bless her! She is a right-minded woman, as well as a good Queen, taking interest in all that concerns her people! in and out, up and down narrow passages and crooked staircases,

and from these into the wider corridors, and thence into the iron building and picture gallery. So crowded were we at one time that I stamped on her dress, clumsy rascal that I am! I felt as if I could tread myself out with vexation. It was necessary to be near to answer her questions, and once or twice when I hung back, the Prince said, "Go forward and explain that to the Queen." When the Queen was on the staircase of Mr. Greenwood's house, much as it is altered, she said she recollected it well, and was there on more occasions than one. Once, more particularly, she remembered, when the Duke of York was present, and "Punch" was played to amuse her. I was pleased to find her asking continually about the painters. She spoke feelingly of Landseer's illness, of his want of confidence about painting, of Herbert's loss of his son Arthur, of Uwins, etc. She seemed really to like my picture of "Ophelia." I thought, as it was very late, that she would pass my pictures by, but Her Majesty has more good taste than to do so, even if they were worse than they are.

August 20th.—Set out with Samuel [his brother] for Germany, to take my boy to school there. We visited Cologne, Frankfort, Leipsic, Dresden (where I left Gilbert), Nuremberg, Munich, Zürich, and returned *viâ* Strasbourg and Paris.

Sept. 6th.—When I reached home, I found that poor Uwins (T. Uwins, R.A.) was dead, and a letter awaited me from Col. Phipps, saying that as I seemed the most eligible person to fill the post (that of Surveyor of Crown Pictures), Her Majesty wished me to have it, if

it was acceptable to me. I felt at once the graciousness of the offer, and the relationship between my two offices, which would not allow of my declining it. I deeply feel my unfitness for it. I am very unperceptive, and, though I love what is beautiful, I have little knowledge of antiquarian differences.

September 25th.—I received a formal letter from Lord Breadalbane intimating the Queen's pleasure to appoint me to the office of Surveyor of Pictures, which includes the care of the statuary, bronzes, old china, and tapestry. I am to classify the objects of *vertu*, and to make a catalogue of the pictures.

October 7th.—Went down to Manchester with Cole, and stayed in the same house with Lord Granville. Lord Granville has much *bonhomie*, and there is strong common sense in his views of things. He was very pleasant and agreeable, and the contrast between rank and manufacture was a study.

Lord Granville is full of anecdote—an incessant story-teller. He kept us alive with story after story and anecdote after anecdote, till past one, though I think our host, like ourselves, was one who usually went early to bed. Lord Granville remarked that those were happy people who thought that all they did was right, and said he believed Lord Palmerston—who had lately been to Manchester and had made a not very successful speech—was one of these. "Spencer Cowper told me," said he, "that Lord Palmerston was at church one day, when the clergyman preached so pointedly and continuously at him that Mr. Cowper felt

uncomfortable, and looked at Lord Palmerston to see if he felt annoyed. However, he retained throughout the same pleasant expression for which he is remarkable. After church was over, Mr. Cowper could not help beating about the bush to find out how Lord Palmerston took the matter, but could arrive at nothing; so at last he put the question pointedly, as to whether he did not see the drift of the allusions, and how he felt under the infliction. 'He, he, he!' laughed his lordship; 'a man I would not consult on the commonest affairs of life!'"

Lord Granville told a story I have heard before, with a similar bearing. Lord Palmerston had been invited to dine with William IV., and was late, and the party sat down to table. The king looked very much annoyed. "This is too bad of Palmerston," said the king; "and when he does come, you will see what a dressing I will give him." At length he was announced, and all the guests looked grave, expecting the king's explosion of temper. He rose up and said, "Now, my lord, this comes of your endeavouring to unite the man of business with the man of pleasure." To which Lord Palmerston acceded with his usual self-satisfied laugh, "He, he, he!" The king was disconcerted, but joined in the laugh, which of course went round the table, and harmony was thus restored, to the advantage of Lord Palmerston. Lord Granville told several electioneering stories. He said Wilkes was unrivalled in his humour on these occasions. Once he asked an elector to vote for him. "No," replied the

man, warmly; "I'd rather vote for the devil." "Yes," responded Wilkes; "but in case your *friend* doesn't stand?"

Another story was of Lord C——, one of those men whose minds continually reproduced the same ideas and the same remarks when they met the same individual. Lord Bessborough used to say that, wherever and whenever he met him, the same question was always asked. "By the way, my lord, where do you live in London?" "I live at Charles Street, Berkeley Square." "Oh, in Charles Street, Berkeley Square. Should you say at any particular number in Charles Street, Berkeley Square?" "No; at no particular number," was the answer, with which Lord C—— departed, seemingly quite satisfied.

November 11th.—I believe Mulready is seventy-three, and yet there he is, hard at work at the "Life," like any young student. He is not only attending as Visitor, and drawing at the Royal Academy, but he is one of a party who meet three times a week at Ansdell's for studying from the life. He showed us, the other day, some pen-and-ink studies he was making at the rate of one per night. Cole asked him to dinner the other week, and he excused himself because it was his night at the drawing-class. "I used," said he, "to draw rapidly in pen-and-ink; but I find I have lost some of my power. I used to be able to draw half a dozen hands carefully and correctly in an hour. Now I find I can't do that. I must restore that power; I must get it up *again!*" This at seventy-three!

December 4th.—The Prince Consort, coming to town to be present at the opening of Parliament, came this morning to South Kensington, and, as chance would have it, Cole, Playfair, and I were all away. Macleod, however, took him over the place, and, on going out, he expressed a wish to see the photographic room. By the merest chance, Mr. Sheepshanks was there (Sapper Mack was trying a photograph of him for Mulready). Owen, who had succeeded Macleod, told the Prince who it was. Mr. Sheepshanks, however, not knowing the Prince, and understanding Owen to say "the Belgian Consul," noticing that he kept on his hat, did the same, and became very chatty and communicative. After the Prince was gone, he was much surprised at his mistake; but the Prince had the best of it, as he saw Sheepshanks quite at his ease, which might not have been the case otherwise, with his nervous temperament. Cole, in writing to General Grey, mentioned the mistake, and Mr. Sheepshanks' funny retaliation about the hat.

December 8th.—Etching Club meeting at Horsley's. Talked about Ross's and Landseer's illnesses. Graves has had a print of one of Landseer's pictures finished for some time, but he could not publish it until Sir Edwin had signed the last proof as being satisfactory. He heard that Landseer had quite recovered, and that a medical friend of his was going to stay in the house where Landseer was (I think Redleaf). So he asked him to take some opportunity of getting the painter's signature, which his friend promised to do. After dinner he quietly broached the subject, when Landseer, without

saying a word, got up from the table, left the room, and never came out of his own bed-room, to which he retreated, for the rest of the evening.

Of course, the next day, the doctor avoided the subject; but in the afternoon Landseer spoke of it himself. "You wished me to sign Graves's print yesterday," said he; "now, if you will cover up the print, so that I can by no possibility see it, and leave just the space where I am to sign, I will do it; but I could not look at the subject without being quite ill again!" This was done, and he signed it.

CHAPTER VIII.

1858—1859.

Dickens' Christmas Story—Farren, the Comedian—The Queen at the Museum—Artists' General Art Knowledge—Change of Ministry—The Pre-Raphaelites and their Criticisms—Mr. Barker—Hatfield House—Journey to Italy—Cambridge and Ruskin's Speech—New Buildings at South Kensington—War between France and Austria—Death of C. R. Leslie, R.A.—Mr. Sheepshanks—Visit to Hatfield—Death of James Ward, R.A., and F. Stone, A.R.A.

January 8th, 1858.—This morning I woke with a bad headache, and took up Dickens's story, "The Golden Mary," to forget the pain. Soon I found myself deeply interested in it, and I began sobbing so over the little golden Lucy's death, and Tom Steadiman's love for the child, that I was obliged to go into the painting-room, and felt quite ashamed when Rose came in, that she should find me so upset by fictitious sorrows. I had to walk up to town, and could not resist putting the story in my pocket to finish it as I walked along inside the Park. Though I skipped some, I had still to read on in Piccadilly, taking off my glasses from time to time to remove the dew on them. The sorrows of children, real or imaginary, especially touch me. I couple the sorrows and sufferings of the meanest with the idea of my own little darlings. I think of them, tenderly cared for as they are, exposed to like griefs. And what a year or two we have had of such sorrows, especially the last year! Morning by morning, our hearts have been

wrung by the sufferings, the long-endured sufferings, of mothers and little children in India, which have stirred us as one man in England. And yesterday came news sadder than ever—the death, from anxiety and exhaustion, of the hero who fought so well for our women and children. The telegraph brings word that Havelock died six days after the relief of Lucknow. Other news, bad and good, came with it, but this is overlooked, and all mourn the loss of a true Englishman, one who so nobly devoted himself to save those who were "fast bound in misery and iron."

January 13th.—On my way to the Museum, I met Farren, the comedian, taking an airing in a Bath chair. For some forty years, one has been accustomed to see him on the stage as a very old man. His "make-ups" used to be excellent, and now that he is really old, one has a strange idea that it is still a farce. Or, when you realise the truth, you begin to think, Does he ever feel that this is a "make-up" which would have been very telling had he thought of it before? Strange to say, being rather fat in the face, and fresh-coloured, although he looks very senile, he has less of the maceration of age than he had in some of his old characters.

February 8th.—Went to South Kensington at eleven o'clock, and found the Queen, the Prince, and his brother the Duke of Saxe-Coburg there. They had come in order that the Duke might see our picture gallery, as he intended to build one. He expressed himself much pleased with the pictures, and the excellent manner in which they were seen. The Queen

BOLTON ABBEY.

was pleased to admire my landscape of "Bolton Abbey" [here reproduced], also Cope's drawings, especially the one of my wife's hands, although of course she admired them simply as beautiful hands well drawn.

February 10*th*.—Breakfasted at Playfair's with Livingstone, the African traveller, who sets out on his return on Monday. He seems a tough-looking man, fitted for endurance. He is very simple in his manners, notwithstanding his great present celebrity. He does not at all approve of the Cathcart and Grey policy at the Cape, and from what he says it does not appear approvable.

February 11*th*.—Nothing is so provoking and disgraceful as the want of information shown by our painters about subjects in common life, and even in matters closely connected with their own art. I am always ready to defend them when others assert that, as a body, they are ignorant and uneducated, but, really, sometimes I think it is but too true. At a meeting of the Etching Club the night before last, the conversation turned upon the Soulages collection of mediæval antiquities. Creswick, who has much taste, described it as "all humbug," and turned to railing upon the ugliness of most, indeed of all, of the objects it contains, and particularly of the majolica ware. In this he was noisily joined by others, who said, "What possible use is it?" I ventured to suggest that the examination of these fine examples had led to Minton's great success at the French Exhibition, had gained him a medal of honour in competition with

Sèvres, and most extensive orders. They denied this, and said it was only Minton's white foot-pans, etc., which were admired. Many joined in the controversy, and I soon found I had no chance with them. I consoled myself, however, on Lord Palmerston's principle, especially when I heard one of them (who has been long in Italy, and prides himself on his knowledge of Italian art) say, to my astonishment, "But what is this majolica that you are all talking about? What is majolica?" "Oh," said another, "it means those curious plates and dishes with frogs and fishes all over them." "Ah, now I know," said the first. Very amusing, indeed! The one mistaking Palissy-ware for majolica, and the other never having thought it worth while to come into our much-talked-of museum to gain a better knowledge than his travels have given him.

February 13*th*.—To-day the Queen came to the photographic private view, and I found an opportunity to thank her for her goodness in appointing me to the surveyorship of Crown pictures.

February 28*th*.—This has been an exciting week—Palmerston and the Whigs out, and the Tories in. After the large first division on the Attempt to Murder Bill, no one seemed prepared for the sudden turning round of the House. Yet the country was very indignant with Lord Palmerston, and the great news which has just come in from China of the capture of Canton and Commissioner Yeh is forgotten in the excitement.

Cole and I had promised to go down to Bath with

Mr. Wilson, the Secretary of the Treasury, on Saturday. The adverse division took place on the Friday, but he went, nevertheless, and made a very agreeable and excellent host, entertaining us both with a feast of good things, and with mirthful conversation. He left us, however, to go on to Devonport alone, making his excuses to his constituents there by letter.

Lord Granville and Mr. Cowper came to pay us a parting visit. Rumours have been abroad all the week of sinister intentions on the part of France, and it is privately said the Channel Fleet is ordered out. Although one has no ill-will to Louis Napoleon, no one trusts to his abstaining from anything that would benefit himself or his position.

April 7th.—Went yesterday on our usual country holiday, on the sending in of the pictures. We determined to go by Hatfield, cross over to St. Alban's Abbey, and to finish, after seeing over Hatfield House, by dining at the "Salisbury Arms." We were only eight this time. Although it was wet when we set out, we had, on the whole, a very pleasant day. Conversation, of course, turned much on pictures and painters. Little bits of character came out strongly. The conceit of the P. R. Brethren was especially a subject of conversation. In connection with this, it was told how one of them, when he went to see Frith's "Derby Day," found only Mrs. Frith at home, who showed him the picture. He looked carefully over it, beginning at one end (it is on a long canvas), and going steadily across to the other, not uttering a word until he came to the end of

the picture, when he said, "Ah, now I like that lady in the riding habit; good-morning, Mrs. Frith, good-morning!" Another, also, a young fellow of three- or four-and-twenty, who has just painted his second picture, came to see it. He is an accomplished whistler, and he began, in Frith's presence, slowly to pore over the work, and to whistle an air. He finished the air before he got half through the picture, so he began another, and when it ended, he passed out of the room without a word of comment, good, bad, or indifferent.

A third went to see John Phillip's pictures, which were ranged on two sides of the room. He passed down one side, gaping carelessly about, and merely remarking, "How jolly!" Then, casually turning to look at the other side, he began some indifferent question concerning the person represented by a copy of Velasquez, which hung there; Phillip, in a huff, replying "Some Infante or other." Creswick said, "Oh, that was natural enough; for Phillip asked H—— the other day if he had finished his picture, which had already been two years on hand; and on his saying that he should not have time, Phillip remarked, 'You mean you can't finish it; you don't know how!'"

April 30th.—This day I completed my fifty-fourth year. Praise be to God for all His mercies! This was the private-view day of the Royal Academy, where I spent the morning with my wife. I have little there this season, so that I was able to enjoy the day without some of the usual anxieties. I dined at the Athenæum, as I had in the evening to attend a public meeting to

found a school of art at St. George's in the East. The school is to be held in three class-rooms, formed from the arches of the Blackwall Railway; and, as we were speaking, every five or ten minutes the trains rolling over our heads seemed like an uproarious clapping of hands. The room was full of "*roughs*," who were very attentive.

There was a time when I thought I never should overcome my nervousness at the expectation of having to fulfil such a duty as this; it was a real misery to me. I prepared, as far as I could, something to say, and I was in a fever till the work was done. It is true, when I once began, I could generally get on; but that beginning was the dreadful part. This has, however, greatly passed away. To-day, when I went into the room, I had not an idea what to talk about, but I felt it would come at the right minute, and I had but little anxiety. Cole told me afterwards he thought me particularly fluent.

May 1st.—Royal Academy Dinner. We had a full meeting, as the dinner last year was postponed on account of a royal death. Lord Derby made a most amusing speech—such a clever fence—as to the future intentions of the Government towards the Academy. In 1852, when in the Ministry, both he and Disraeli had committed themselves to promises, and Eastlake rather dexterously referred to them in his speech. Lord Derby said those were their "salad days," poor lads, and altogether slipped out of the affair so cleverly, that we got no rise out of him at all. Dickens and Thackeray were there, both called up by their healths being coupled with the toast of "Literature." Dickens, who was named

first, was on his legs in an instant, threw a clever somersault, and sat down. Thackeray was like a giant, strong and of a good courage, but as compared with his lively colleague, he appeared quite at a disadvantage. His speech this morning reads well in the paper, but commend me, for after-dinner speaking, to Lord Derby and Dickens.

July 2nd.—This day to Mr. Barker's of 103, Piccadilly, to a meeting, a morning meeting, of our Fine Arts Club. The house is quite unique in its treasures. The host received his guests on the ground floor. Not only the members of the Club were present, but also many of the aristocracy of rank and wealth were there to meet them. The whole house was thrown open. On the ground floor we found the majolica and the Palissy ware. On the first floor all was of the eighteenth century and French, the walls being panelled with the veritable painted decorations that adorned the boudoir of Mme. de Pompadour. Rich black buhl, mingled with the choicest Gouthière work—*console* tables and *encoignures*, that had accommodated the beauties of the fifteenth and the sixteenth Louis. On the sideboards and tables were numerous specimens of Sèvres china, pieces now priceless, and only to be bought by millionaires. The very curtains and hangings, although in the rarest state of preservation, were from the palaces of princes of the Bourbon race.

The next floor introduced the visitors to Italian art. Here the furniture was less prominent, and the pictures assumed the more important place—pictures by the early

Italians. Lorenzo di Credi, Luca Signorelli, Fra Angelico, Botticelli, and others, whose works are now rising to the highest reputation, were here represented by the choicest specimens, interspersed with rare goldsmith's work, with daggers hilted with ivory, pouches and belts that had once belonged to Malatesta and his wife, and many other rare objects. Again a floor higher, we found the pictures known as the Manfrini collection, including the beautiful Giorgione, the Pordenone, and many other choice works. The whole house was strewn with a profusion of roses, not arranged in vases and pots, but cut fresh from the garden in clustered branches, and laid about over every sideboard and coign of vantage. One room was given up to refreshments. Iced coffee, champagne, wines, and fruits of the rarest and finest were there—everything, indeed, that could feast the eye or the palate. All was certainly in the best taste, strange to say, though our host was bred a shoemaker.

Cole, speaking of him and his collections the other day to the Marquis of Salisbury, said that he was celebrated for the finest pictures and the finest horses in London. Of his pictures, and their rarity and excellence, I can speak; others must tell of his horses. His appearance has a touch of the old groom about it. Bale, who is a member of our club, and also a collector, said he did not think Barker much cared to see him as one of his guests. "For," said he, "when I was young, and a bit of a dandy, Barker used to bring my boots home from his father, and he would stop to fit them on." I should

have thought it much to his credit to have been the architect of his own fortunes, but I believe his money was left to him by his father and his uncle. However, it is to his credit to have laid it out in such choice works. And, certainly, he must have much taste and judgment, or, however assisted, he would not have chosen so well, and collected so wisely.

July 16th.—Was down last night at Cowes, and slept there, and went in the morning to Osborne, in company with Dilke, Bowring, and Cole, to have an interview with the Prince Consort, by his desire, on the laying-out of the ground at South Kensington, and on the preparations for a decennial Exhibition in 1861. The subjects discussed were—first, the project of the North Western Co. to bring their railway to Brompton, to ground on the other side of Gloucester and Cromwell Roads. This scheme had the Prince's approval. Next, the mode of treating the main square at South Kensington, when the Prince approved of a corridor twenty feet wide, with projections in its length, to be surrounded by private houses, about one hundred feet deep; also of a portion of the land being reserved at the south end, to permit of the proposed Exhibition. Dilke's proposition, to move the Horticultural Society to occupy the central space, was agreed to.

The subject of a guarantee fund for the Great Exhibition was mooted, and £50,000 was named as the sum to be contributed by the Commission, in consideration of the managers of the Exhibition undertaking on their part to put £50,000 worth of permanent buildings on the

estate as part of the preparation for the Exhibition. The Prince considered that the corridor should be given up to the Horticultural Society for the use of the gardens under certain conditions; it was to be so prepared, that busts, inscriptions, statues, and silicated paintings might be placed in it.

August 6th.—To Hatfield, on a visit to the Marquis of Salisbury, in company with Cole. There were many other visitors, among them the new Lord Chancellor, Thesiger, now Lord Chelmsford. There is a grand baronial style of living kept up at Hatfield. Prayers are said in the chapel every morning by the chaplain. Dinner takes place in the old Elizabethan hall. The band of the militia, of which the Marquis is colonel, plays during the meal in an outer apartment. Each lady, as she passes into the dining-hall, is presented with a handsome bouquet, in a neat little wicker holder. At breakfast, one morning, the youngest child, three years old, came in to see the Marchioness. She said to the baby, "This is the Lord Chancellor; won't you speak to him? won't you say, 'How do you do, Lord Chancellor?'" "No," answered the child, "I shall call him 'Chance.'" "Very good," said Lord Chelmsford; "a very good name—it was indeed a chance." I thought it a very nice allusion to his long expectation, and almost unhoped-for attainment, of that honour. I was much pleased, on the second evening, with an elder boy of ten. He was not in the room when the other and younger children bade their mother good-night; but as the company were about to proceed to the dining-room, as we

crossed the hall to enter it, the boy rushed from a side door, knelt, took up the skirt of her ladyship's robe, pressed it to his lips, and passed rapidly up-stairs.

August 27th.—To-morrow, Samuel, Cole, and I hope to start for North Italy. God give us a good journey, and bring us safely back in health to those we love.

[Just a few of my father's notes are added here, though they may seem rather out of date, having been written over thirty years ago. They are also somewhat tinged by the object he had in view in travelling—namely, to take note of works of art which might be reproduced for the South Kensington Museum, or to obtain hints to be of value in the buildings then being erected there. His love of pictures peeps out occasionally.]

Sept. 2nd.—Started on our journey by way of Mont Cenis to Turin, where we arrived on Wednesday, Sept. 1st.

Going through Paris, we visited the new iron church of St. Cecilia, and the new Halles, neither of which displays much sense of the right use of iron as a constructive material. St. Cecilia is really a *stone* church, built in *iron*, over-decorated, gaudy, and bad in colour. The railroad to St. Jean de Maurienne wanted one day only of completion, so we had to pass by the old road, if it may be so called, from Culoz to the lake of Bourget, a most picturesque route, and the boat we went on was a veritable Noah's Ark.

I was not much struck with Turin, or with the works there; the pictures are ill-arranged. There is a fine

picture by Gaudenzio Ferrari, and one by Sodoma, very little inferior to Raphael, and good pictures by Fra Angelico and Botticelli. Two little angels, the wings of some small altar-piece, by Fra Angelico, gave me much pleasure. In a large work by him here, the tender look of the Virgin is very touching and beautiful. There are one or two fine Van Dycks. As to the armoury, it was less rich in ornamental armour than I had expected. . . .

Turin has various buildings constructed of rough brick, preparatory to stuccoing, which even in this state are very suggestive, perhaps more so than they would be if finished. The building in which the armour is displayed is a curious example of unsuitable decoration. The ceiling is painted with the fable of the gods assembled on Mount Olympus, surrounded with the usual sprawling gilt work of Louis Quinze. Below, in bas-reliefs, French Helens, Hectors, and Andromaches alternate with the battles of Lodi and Marengo, some in white marble, which, with the coloured panels that surround them, make but a sorry background for the shields, swords, and suits of armour hung or piled in their front. In all such cases, the *objects* in the Museum should form the decoration, any other is out of place. . . .

Van Dyck has some very fine works at Genoa, very unlike his later works. He seems to have been looking at Titian and the Venetians, and sometimes even at the broad, simple manner of the fresco painters. Some of the buildings are grand, and suggestive for South

Kensington. The Church of the Annunziata has been lately restored. The interior is splendidly decorative, gold ornaments on a blue ground. The entablature is thus treated above the arch-spandrel. It is wholly incrusted in the inside with marbles of various colours.

In the church of St. Matteo, founded by the Dorias, the interior restored by the same family in the fifteenth century, are some fine Renaissance sarcophagi, as well as some old ones embedded in the walls.

From Genoa, through Spezia, to Pisa. At Pietra Santa, where we slept on the third night of our journey, we saw much fine carved ornament by Stagio Staggi, in the church and baptistry, especially some elegant candelabra, and a fine pulpit. This latter stands on a hexagonal base about seven feet in height, the floor of the pulpit being raised two feet above this. The steps, eleven in number, are bracketed very elegantly about the central newel, each bracket terminating in a delicately-carved cherub. The carved font is by Donatello.

Pisa.—I am struck far beyond all my expectations with the Benozzo Gozzolis. The individual character of the heads, the just and well-considered attitudes, the expression, the action, and, in many cases, the drawing of the hands, as well as the natural disposition of the draperies, delight me. Some of the groups should be copied carefully, for the whole work is fast perishing. There are some noble figures, and groups of figures—the angels in the story of Abraham, for instance, are very grand in composition, the hands of the one on the left (the head has, unfortunately, perished) are very fine in action.

The "Destruction of Sodom" is another wonderful and terrific composition; the action and motion of Lot's daughters are worthy of every attention. In these frescoes, the animals are often as characteristic and correct as Landseer's: witness the three dogs in the meeting of Jacob and Rachel. A group of heads in the "Dinah," representing, no doubt, as many other groups do, the friends of the painter, and the notabilities of his time, is also noteworthy. The architecture, and even the trees, merit study, and much of the manners, customs, habits, and utensils of the period may be understood from a careful examination of these fine works. There is in the Belle Arti a small cartoon drawing for one of the frescoes, "The Queen of Sheba coming to Solomon." It is about two feet high, and long in proportion, very masterly, and containing the whole composition. It would appear as if, from such a study, the work was enlarged on the wall itself, by being boldly sketched on the first coat in red chalk. This is plainly seen in many cases, where the outer coat has fallen away; this is, alas! too often the case. . . .

The compositions are much more easily read from the coloured fresco than from engravings; the colour of the dress, for instance, often aiding the explanation, since in many, or in most of them, a series of consecutive acts are told in the same fresco. Thus, in the beautiful fresco of the early life of Joseph, we find, on the right of the picture, Joseph parting with Jacob, and going forth, not in a coat of many colours, but in a subvest of brown, and a tunic of green, Reuben, a beautifully

composed figure, looking on. A little farther into the picture, Joseph is seen in the wilderness, and the brothers appear to regard him, saying, "Here comes the dreamer." In the centre, he is again seen stripped, and the brothers are lowering him into the pit; but interposed between these groups, and, therefore, not in the natural order, Reuben shows Joseph's coat to Jacob. Still more to the left, the brethren sell Joseph to the Ishmaelites; then he is tempted by Potiphar's wife; and in the extreme left, is carried away to prison; so that the same person appears six times in one picture. And so it is with many others. The next fresco is a wonderfully beautiful composition, most symmetrically balanced —"Joseph in Egypt." The heads of the chief baker and the chief butler are very fine in expression. The architecture is deserving of notice, for over the group of the brethren with the corn in their sacks, one sees the Duomo as it was before the fire destroyed the cupola. The frescoes of the Life of Moses are almost wholly obliterated; in the last of the series, a group of heads remain, but such a group, for individuality and truthfulness!

As to the Orcagnas, they are far ruder in drawing and in composition, and are very much re-touched and repaired. This is the case with the Memmis also. In the Orcagnas, however, there are many noble passages, as in the group of the despairing sinners in hell, taunted by devils, or the beautiful group where the youth is brought to the Archangel. The whole of these last frescoes are in a most deplorable state, much worked

upon, but enough remains to show that they have been boldly and vigorously coloured. . . .

On some of the façades of the palaces are good specimens of *sgraffitura*, evidently done by men with great power of hand, from the bold and masterly way in which figures and arabesques are introduced. In these works the black and white are equally balanced, and the lines are used to shade the white surfaces..

September 13th.—From all I have yet seen, I retain my views as to the evil of requiring young painters to make a protracted stay in Italy. To see it, is desirable; to remain and live there, is objectionable. The feeling apparent in the works of the painters of the fifteenth century is very intense; but soon after this period, art began to arise out of the copying of art, rather than to be inspired from the impulses of nature, and the heart, and then the schools, at once declined. After seeing the works of the painters of the fifteenth century, I could not endure those of the later sixteenth; the eclectic school of Bologna was more particularly an abomination to me. Had I to begin life and art again, I should ignore much of what I thought it necessary to learn.

Art seems dead in Italy. In none of the towns I have as yet walked through is there any living Italian art. No pictures (original ones) in the shop windows, no prints, engravings, or lithographs of any Italian work. Paris, London, Manchester, and Birmingham overflow with the works of modern native painters; there is life, even if it is life of a low class; here I see none. The

artists are content to copy in the galleries the great works of their forefathers, and to live on the sale of this second-hand art to their *barbarian* visitors.

I think I have been most struck in Florence by the paintings of Fra Angelico, and the sculptures of Michael Angelo. What a strange, fiery spirit the latter must have had! Hardly one of his works is completed; after the first heat of his genius had been expended, he seemed incapable of the drudgery of finishing. Even the tombs of the Medici are incomplete, parts are marvellously perfect, others are left in the rough block; and, strange to say, the works often seem to gain by their incompleteness. Whether what is not done forms a foil to what is finished, or whether we see the first vigour of the mode of execution, or the breadth of manner that despised details, certain it is that their incompleteness seems no drawback. The works of Donatello are also of the greatest interest, particularly the noble "St. George." After these, the friezes and *alti rilievi* of Luca della Robbia struck me most for their genius, their individual character, and their artistic excellence; they are quite startling. . . .

As has been my practice, I examined into the suitableness of galleries for the display of the works they contain. Many of the corridors of the Uffizzi are merely loggias covered in, so as to enclose works of art, but the Tribune has been constructed with a more definite object, and its arrangement merits notice. The lighting from eight windows above the cornice is naturally very defective, the decoration of the room is very obtrusive,

and the noble works contained in the Tribune are much injured by it. The sculptures in the room, all gems in their way, stand in front of the pictures, on coarsely ornamented pedestals quite as coarse as the dado, and not only do the figures injure the pictures, but the bases injure the figures; while the floor, with its bold inlays of marble, is also disturbing. All tends to confirm the truth that decoration is not needed in the display of works of art, and that the space must be large, and the proximity not at all close, if pictures and statues are to be shown in the same suite of rooms. . . .

Various unfinished works in the Florence Gallery have called my attention to the modes of execution adopted by the old masters. Thus, in the picture of the "Adoration of the Magi," by L. Da Vinci, which is in various stages of completion, this seems to have been the process followed. It was first carefully drawn in on a white ground, the shadows being faintly laid on in transparent black; then a rich transparent brown is laid boldly in, and somewhat carelessly, to mark out all the masses of dark; this even extends to the faces, which have their deep shadows dashed in under the eyebrows, &c., the drawing not being much regarded. On the left, two or three figures are in a more advanced state of progress; they are lovely, being painted in, in black and white, with white for the high-lights. Then, I presume, began the finishing with real colours, but of this nothing is seen, except in the background. This has been most carefully drawn in, and proceeded with in the same way as already described. Then two large

trees close to the figures seem to have been carefully copied in a very low tint from Nature; a palm and an evergreen oak are painted up, finished to the very leaf, and to the full strength they would remain.

A large picture by Fra Bartolommeo, "The Virgin Enthroned," shows a different process. The whole composition is carefully drawn in, then laid in in brown, the surface of the panel being completely covered; the drawing is somewhat incised into the panel, as if traced with a hard point; there is none of the panel left white, and the picture is nowhere carried beyond the brown state.

A picture by Giovanni Bellini, on the contrary, which is in an unfinished state, is carefully drawn in on a white ground, and the whole of the shadows are hatched in, in a purplish black, even to the completion of the expression. It is carried to the same point throughout. There is also in the gallery an unfinished Paolo Veronese. It has been carefully drawn in and painted solidly in very neutral colour, the flesh appearing as if laid in in Indian red, black, and white; the sky is a low-toned green. Some drapery (intended for glazing) is vermilion and white, with yellow highlights; the lakey drapery of the Virgin (it is an Annunciation) is deeply marked in, in lakey-black. The whole is dashing and decorative.

In the Bassano at Hampton Court we have another means of appreciating the Venetian method of painting, and the preparations made for glazing, while the Michael Angelo, or, as it used to be called, the

Ghirlandaio, in the National Gallery, with its process of laying in the flesh of the figures on a green ground, suggests again another Roman or Florentine manner.

Florence is rich indeed in the easel works of Raphael. . . .

The frescoes of Masaccio and his pupils in the Carmine, ruined as they are, are most interesting. From Florence we came to Bologna, a city whose architecture charmed me, though its school of painting gave me little pleasure. Even Raphael's "St. Cecilia" looked hot and paint-like; when, however, I got on a level with it, it was much finer in expression than I thought. In the ruined chapel of St. Cecilia are some interesting frescoes by Francia, almost wholly destroyed. The arcade of St. Cecilia is very agreeable in form and proportion; it is in terra-cotta. There is a wide decorated frieze with arabesque reliefs. This affords good suggestions for South Kensington. So does a curious tomb in the Campo Santo of one of the churches, which is very suggestive. The space beneath is open, above is the recumbent figure, you can walk beneath it through the columns. . . .

From Bologna to Mantua, Palazzo del Tè, Salle del Cavallo. The horses truthfully painted in fresco by a pupil of Giulio Romano's—strange that his own horses are so conventional and untrue. Of the works of Romano and his pupils, the Polyphemus has a certain grand or grandiose manner, but of the others I think nothing. The giants are coarse, unpoetical monsters, without the slightest indication of power or force; the

expression is of the lowest order of vulgar effort, the drawing is totally common-place, the colouring is very bad, and the distant gods are far more prominent than the near rocks and giants. In the Camera of Psyche, the works are also of a low order; as compositions, very unsatisfactory; the animals are cleverly executed, but badly introduced. One thing strikes me as curious, which is, how little of any ornamental or decorative taste is shown in these frescoes used as wall decorations. They are totally without symmetry, balance, or agreeable quantity, either in form or colour, and yet Romano was called an ornamentist. The ponderous ceilings, painted in oil, tend still more to cause disgust, as does also the dry crudity of the frescoes.

In the Palazzo Ducale in Mantua there is a set of tapestries from the cartoons of Raphael, among which the "Stoning of Stephen," and the "Conversion of St. Paul" (of which the cartoons are lost) are very fine works. . . .

September 19th, Venice.—The features of the galleries are the Bellinis and Carpaccios, and the two finest pictures of Titian and Tintoret. . . .

I saw Titian's "Peter Martyr" to great advantage. It had been removed from its place to be re-varnished, and it was standing on an easel. It is wonderful for its luminous grandeur. Constable's dictum, however, about the truthful completion of the weeds and plants in the foreground, is anything but true: they are complete generalisations. . . . How I have delighted in Bellini in Venice! He is entirely to my taste in art. His

fine works in the Frari, and in St. John Crysostomo are enchanting. . . . Few pictures have had the good fortune to pass their lives in galleries. They have for the most part been smoke-dried in churches by superstitious wax candle-ends, and then re-furbished by conceited, maladroit restorers.

In Venice I have been much struck by the fine tombs. They are very architectural in character, and rich without being too florid. Some of those with horsemen are very characteristic. Colleone's equestrian statue — what a noble work! — has a very original pedestal, three engaged columns on each side. The base is very tall for the size of the statue, but it has a most imposing appearance. . . .

I saw, in the Church of S. Zaccaria, which contains the fine Bellini, two altar pieces, pictures by John and Anthony da Murano, which pleased me very much.

Padua.—The Church of the Eremitani. Very fine: it is one vast hall, and there are two grand tombs at the end. . . . The frescoes by Mantegna struck me as unlike any others I have seen; they have a precision of drawing, and a completeness, quite unique. There is fine character in the heads. The Church of St. Anthony, besides the wonderful chapel encasing his shrine, sculptured by all the first artists of the fifteenth century, also contains, in the chapel opposite the shrine, some fine frescoes by Avanzi.

As to the chapel of the Arena, it raises my idea of Giotto very much, owing to the simple beauty with which the stories of the works are told, and the natural

attitudes and expressions of many of the figures. But I cannot think the mode of covering the walls adopted here, and at the Campo Santo at Pisa, and in other places, either a satisfactory one, or one tending properly to display art! The frescoes are too crowded, and one work destroys another. . . .

October 12th.—Lyon Playfair bade us good-bye today. He is in high spirits for his opening campaign at Edinburgh, and will make, I have no doubt, an impression, and a thorough success. It is an office for which he is specially fitted. He told us an amusing story *à propos* of a mistake of his own with the Lord President. Lady Dufferin received an invitation to dine with the Queen, and, misreading the note, went to Buckingham Palace a week before the time. She was rather surprised to find the place quiet, no carriages, nor any seeming expectation; but she was shown into a drawing-room, and found equal solitude and vacancy. There, after a time, the Duchess of Sutherland came to her, and asked if it had not occurred to Lady Dufferin that there was some mistake, as the Queen was surprised by her visit? "Indeed," said Lady Dufferin, "it has, and I can only beg you to take a message to her Majesty to ask permission to hang myself on the next lamp-post." The Duchess carried the message literally, and the Queen laughed good-humouredly at the mistake and the message, and desired her to stay and dine. So she may be said to have taken "pot luck" with the Queen.

October 28th.—To Cambridge, to a meeting to inaugurate a school of art there. Dined in Trinity with

the College Dons, and then went to the Town Hall, where Ruskin, Cruikshank, and I had been invited to hold forth. I found, rather to my disgust, that music was to be mixed up with the speaking, and also that Ruskin had asked to have a full hour, so that it behoved me to make my speech as short as possible, if all was to be compressed into decent time. We met at eight o'clock p.m. The Vice-Chancellor introduced me to the meeting, and I knocked off my business speech as speedily as possible. Then there was another musical flourish, and Ruskin mounted the stage. He began by saying that when he spoke impromptu he said too much, or he said too little, or he forgot half he wished to say, or he was misunderstood, and therefore he had *written* his speech (cunning fellow, eh! before such an audience), and begged leave to read it. He was as cool and as much at his ease as I was anxious, and that is saying a good deal. His discourse took quite an hour and a half; then there was a rush for refreshments, and poor Cruikshank felt he was nowhere; in fact, he got up to say he had no time or opportunity to say anything.

Ruskin's discourse was a collection of splendid sentences and startling assertions. He told of how he had been delayed at Turin, on his way to Italy, by the sight of a wonderful Paul Veronese, "The Queen of Sheba coming to Solomon," and had stayed six weeks to study it, not to copy it; but what he had got from it, mounted week after week on a scaffold, did not appear; nor was it apparent why he found such study necessary in the case of a painter whose art is at best dramatic and

decorative, rather than imaginative or expressive of feeling. I could not but note how completely his word-painting carried away the audience, and how he was felt to have some mysterious knowledge of art, deeper than any painter could possibly have obtained. We afterwards met at Kingsley's rooms, who is a convert to his theories. Kingsley showed me some sketches he had been making, I suppose on Ruskin's principle of looking through a hole in a card, for they were as small and minute as such work would be; moreover, they represented a month's labour on a piece of paper about the size of a visiting card.

I told Ruskin some stories of Turner, which delighted him greatly, and he asked leave to call on me to hear more.

March 13th, 1859.—It is five months since I wrote a word in my book, and what a sad five months they have been to me! My dear niece Mary, my brother's last daughter, smitten with what is truly and graphically named, "A galloping consumption," has sickened and died before our eyes. She was just seventeen. It has been a wonderful winter, scarcely a frosty day; and now the apples and the pears are blossoming, and the almond trees have shed their showers of pink flakes to the March winds.

Cole's absence (for health) during the last six months has added to my troubles, and all the difficulties of the erection of the buildings at South Kensington for the national pictures of the British School have much worried me. The task has been achieved in face of a

host of obstacles. It had been determined to place the pictures in the dilapidated structures at Carlton Ride Buildings, where the public records had been kept, and which were fearfully dangerous in respect of fire. I heard of it in the nick of time, and, after considering what could be done here, I asked Lord Salisbury, our President, to let us prepare drawings to show that safe and suitable buildings could be erected for far less money than the alterations would cost at Carlton Ride, and on obtaining his permission, Captain Fowke and I set to work on the details.

The drawings were finished, and the estimates came out very satisfactorily. When the Lord President saw them he told Fowke, who was going to stay two days at Hatfield, to bring the drawings and estimates with him, as the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Mr. Disraeli) would also be there on a visit.

The first day passed away and nothing was said, and the second drew on till nearly dinner time, when Lord Salisbury asked for the plans. Fowke offered to go to his bedroom to fetch them, but Lord Salisbury said he would go with him to see them, and make himself fully acquainted with them and with the whole of the details. After dinner, the Marquess said to Disraeli (who was *tête-à-tête* with Lady Salisbury in the drawing-room) that he must take him away for a short time as he had something to show him, and, accordingly, the plans were discussed and finally assented to. The next morning, at eight o'clock, Fowke telegraphed to us to begin operations, and, being afterwards at breakfast with Lord

Salisbury, he took occasion to say to him that the buildings were in progress. "How so!" said Lord Salisbury; "surely you did not begin without authority?" "Not so, my Lord," said the Captain; "but I have telegraphed to Mr. Redgrave, and I know that the works have begun." Lord Salisbury laughed; and soon after, on Mr. Disraeli's coming down, he said, "Well, Chancellor, the buildings you sanctioned last night are in hand." "Indeed!" said the Chancellor. "So you began, and then came to me for authority." "No, indeed, we did not; but the Captain here has telegraphed the first thing this morning, so that the work by this time is proceeding." And so it was. I got a gang of men, cut down all the trees that were in the way, and when Fowke arrived in the afternoon, the foundations were all marked out, and partly dug. Disraeli laughed and replied, "Now, that is the way I like business done." We had engaged to have the work completed in twelve weeks, and despite winter weather, the Christmas holidays, and strikes, and want of materials, the building was complete in seven weeks, leaving five to dry it; and so the first step was taken to bring the British pictures to South Kensington.

March 25th.—A meeting of the Royal Academy was held in order to select an architect for the new building, for which it is proposed to give us ground at Burlington House. After much discussion, and under some evident misapprehension, Barry (Sir C. Barry) was chosen, a committee being first appointed to control the erection, and to see that the wants of the exhibition, schools, etc.,

were satisfied. As I moved for the committee, my resolutions were adopted, and I was named a member.

After this long discussion was ended, Sir C. Eastlake mentioned that Mr. Jones had differed from him as to a decision of the Council in the matter of the Turner "*fund*," which Jones proposed to call the Turner "*gift*" (a mis-applied term), and had verbally declared his intention to attend no more Councils. Sir Charles, while deprecating the notion that the President of the Academy, as spokesman of the Council, should be made individually responsible for their acts, expressed a hope that, as Mr. Jones had not placed his intention to retire from the Council in writing, he might, on re-consideration, return to its duties. I heard the following version of the story, which I can well believe, from what I already know of the curiously mistaken views of the ex-keeper. At a meeting of Council, Jones angrily asserted some fad as to a document of the Academy, from which Eastlake quietly differed. Jones replied that Eastlake could not have read the paper, to which he retorted that he had read it carefully. "Then," said the ex-keeper, "you have given me the lie, and I shall expect you to meet me, to answer for this." The Council were aghast at such folly in these days, when the practice of supporting one's opinions by powder and bullet is altogether scouted. But Eastlake, after a minute's consideration, said, "Certainly, Mr. Jones, however ridiculous such a settlement may be, I will meet you since you demand it." The Council, beyond measure astonished at the whole proceeding, now stepped in to prevent any further collision,

and Jones, who doubtless, notwithstanding his cherished conviction of not only resembling the Iron Duke in body, but also in mind, probably little expected assent to his challenge, consented to be mollified.

April 6th.—Yesterday we started, as usual, for our painting holiday, after the pictures had been sent in to the Academy. We were nine this year—Ansdell, Cope, Creswick, Cary, Hook, Horsley, G. B. O'Neill, Sam, and I. We had not quite settled whither we should go, but we arranged to meet at the Great Western Station, and from there we started, intending to dine at Maidenhead, as we had often done in old times. When we got to Slough, we thought it necessary to telegraph to the "Orkney Arms" to tell them to prepare dinner for us, while we, ourselves, determined to lunch at Burnham Beeches, and then to dawdle on leisurely to Maidenhead in time for dinner. One or two of us asked the policeman at the station to direct us to the telegraph office, while others bargained for a *barouche* to carry us on our way, and Creswick catered for the luncheon.

At last we started, after much hesitation and delay, and many conferences, during which the hangers-on at the railway, and the ostlers, etc., seemed very much interested in our doings; and the police inspector himself very politely fastened the door of our carriage, six inside, three on the box, and the post-boy on the horses. We drove towards Stoke Pogis, and cut across the fields, leaving the vehicle to go round while we went to see the church and churchyard, and after half-an hour's inspection we rejoined the carriage, and again made for

the Beeches. It was a lovely spring day, and so we sat down on the grass and took our luncheon, and as we did so, we were rather surprised to find, in that out-of-the-way place, so many *roughs*, who had apparently left their usual work for some special purpose. We wandered about the Beeches, occasionally stared at by the fustian jackets, and wondered what had brought them together, until Creswick remembered that it was the day of the great fight for the champion's belt!

When we returned to the carriage, our postillion informed us that the country people thought we were the *backers*, looking out for a ring clear of the "Beaks"; that the ropes and stakes had been sent to Windsor the night before (for a blind, no doubt), and that as we were aware the police were looking after us, we had made various trials for a ground on our way.

We drove off, and soon found a tax-cart or two following us, and the roughs making all sorts of short cuts across fields and commons to keep up with us. As we walked up a hill, we were told by some of the cottagers, who lined the road, that a gent on horseback had been inquiring our whereabouts; and we soon perceived him, also, galloping in our rear. The chase became quite exciting at last, as mile after mile they pursued us. At Taplow the greater number of us got down, to walk across the fields to Maidenhead bridge, and here tax-carts and horsemen seemed to be at fault and thrown out. Still, the horseman kept up with the vehicle, and when we pedestrians arrived at the "Orkney Arms," we found him taking a glass of ale and a biscuit, and holding a long

confab with the landlord. "Bless you, sir, says I to him," was the host's remark at dinner, "I knows the gentlemen,—they are none of the fancy. They come here for a holiday, and to eat a good dinner, as I hope you find it, gentlemen?" It seems our pursuer put his horse and himself into the train at Paddington, and came down solely to see the fight, misled by false information. He felt sure he was right when at Slough he saw watches consulted, the telegraph applied to, a carriage freighted, and the whole party started with a knowing wink from the policeman. And so he lost his day, and we enjoyed the joke over our dinner.

April 28th.—My last entry was mere tattle; and now, to-day, the world is all excitement, funds are down, and rumour is rife. Yesterday the Austrians crossed the Ticino, and the startling news arrived that Russia and Denmark had made a secret treaty with France. Strange times are coming. God of His mercy keep our land, and send my boy home safe!

April 29th.—Private view of the Royal Academy. I went early, for the first time in my life, and found, as I had been told, that the dealers were there in force. They were all waiting at the door at ten o'clock, and, on entering, I soon found what a business they make out of the Academy.

May 1st.—Yesterday I was fifty-five years of age, and my birthday, as on former occasions, was passed at the Royal Academy, it being the day of the grand dinner. It was a cold, miserable day, very wet; and the strange, gloomy news that has struck a panic into the share

market, and made us all look with dread to coming events, did not tend to make the place brighter. Nevertheless, we had a tolerable attendance at the dinner, Lord Derby and Lord John Russell being both of the number, together with the Duke of Cambridge, the Lord Chancellor, and my own chief, the Marquis of Salisbury. I sat next to Sir Hamilton Seymour, who seemed full of all the diplomatic ins and outs of this strange time. I saw him talking to Lord Salisbury, and he told me that he had reminded his Lordship that four years ago he had distinctly pointed out the state of affairs at which we have arrived, and named Turin as the seat of the complication, but that Sir James Hudson had pooh-poohed his views, though they were now seen to have been correct.

Lord Derby made an excellent speech, very English; talked of the absolute uncertainty of events, of the neutrality which he hoped we should be able to maintain, but of the preparedness needful to meet the course of events. The Duke of Cambridge had previously alluded to this strongly; and Lord Derby said that in forty-eight hours it would be known what efforts they were making for our defence.

May 7th.—Received, through the Secretary of the Academy, the sad news of Leslie's death. What a loss to us in art as well as in kind-heartedness! He was, in many respects, a model man, so simple, so sweet-tempered, and with a mind so full in all matters of art. I believe he has almost finished his "Life of Reynolds," upon which he has been some time engaged. The

death of his second daughter Caroline (Mrs. Fletcher) has, I fear, hastened his end. A certain refinement, mixed with a quiet, subdued humour, pervaded his art. How different it is from the art of some of those who began by imitating him! Leslie is so far happy in having many of his finest works in the public galleries. The Sheepshanks' gift will always keep his pictures favourites with Englishmen, when others who have not been so fortunate are forgotten. It is a sin that English art has no national representation. The liberality of individuals has done much, as, for instance, Soane, Vernon, Turner, and Sheepshanks; but why should not every man who struggles into fame have, at least, one of his best works well placed at the cost of the nation? And then as yet we have not formed any collection of that purely national art, water-colour. I trust, however, that I have made a beginning at South Kensington Museum, which will in time bear fruit.

May 12th.—Met Mr. Sheepshanks on his way to the only person he now visits—his butcher, Slater. He is very feeble on his legs, and he walks with much timidity. He said, "That kind-hearted man, Slater, said to me the other day, 'You ought to have a nice little carriage and ride out to take the air, and now if you would get one, I would do my share towards it by charging you always a penny a pound less for your meat than you now pay.' Very kind-hearted, was it not? Now people say," he continued, "that my servants live very expensively"—this was a side-cut at me, for some little comparison I had drawn between his household and

mine—"but it is not so. All our expenses—food, tea, sugar, in fact, all household expenses—average only ten-and-sixpence per head per week."

I hear continually of his servants sitting down to salmon, turkey, goose, etc.; in fact, he told me himself that he thought a turkey a very economical kitchen dinner, eked out, as I know it to be, with tarts and puddings of the best; so that I had some doubts as to his careful reckoning. But while he is thus over-liberal to his servants—completely spoiling them—he is so close to himself, that, after the first expressed surprise, I can well believe his next assertion, although it did somewhat startle me. "As to my personal expenses," said he, "they are very trifling: everything is paid for by *two* pounds per annum. I have calculated the last six years, and for clothes, hats, shoes—ay, and including sixteen shillings in that period for omnibuses—my whole expenses have not been more than £2 0s. 6d. per annum." I could not refrain myself from saying, "No, really!" when he added, "One pair of shoes lasts me two years, and I have not had a new hat for three years." And this from a man who is liberal to excess to others, keeps up two households—one of which, at Brighton, he may visit for a week at most in the year—and who gave to the public the noble collection of pictures which are now at South Kensington. Truly, whatever else he may do, he denies himself.

May 20th.—Met Eastlake and Maclise, in order to award the national medals to the Students in the Art Schools at Kensington. I have just been reading

Ruskin's "Two Paths," and happened to mention his name, and to say that his visits to St. Martin's Schools had had a good influence on the work there. Eastlake remarked that a day or two previously he had been in company with a brother artist, and a friend deep in the literature of art and the love of it; yet this friend said, in the course of conversation, that he had not read a word of Ruskin's works. "Dear me," said the President, "here, then, is a lover of art uncontaminated with Ruskinism!"

In the evening I again met Maclise and Hart while dining at the Athenæum, and dined near them. After dinner the subject of Leslie's death was touched upon. "I feel vexed with myself," said Maclise, "that I ever thought him crotchety or difficult. I am pained with myself that I ever differed from him; and yet, you know, Redgrave, he used to have some very quaint notions." "Yes," said I, "almost the last letter I had from him was a long letter which the *Times* had declined to insert, on the subject of the cartoons." Once when I pleaded to him the bad light in which they were placed at Hampton Court, he replied that Wren had thought it suitable. "But *you* cannot," I rejoined. "Yes," said he; "I do. There is sometimes a beautiful light on the cartoons when the central court is full of *snow*." I laughed; but he added, "Moreover, in that dark part of the room you object to, they are secure from *flies*. I have watched them, and they never settle on the cartoons." Maclise laughed outright, and said, "There, now, is a crotchet; but

how it pictures Leslie idling away a month or six weeks, as he has done for the last few years, at Hampton Court, shading his eyes with his hands and watching the flies, or dallying along one of the lime avenues in the gardens."

June 23rd.—Dined this day with the Almoners and Governors of Christ's Hospital, being invited as one of the examiners. Among the almoners, one was pointed out to me as Richard Thornton. He was a short, thick-set, ruddy man, with hair rather sandy than grey, and with a certain healthy look about him that seemed to show he enjoyed existence. I was too far off to see if he enjoyed his dinner. The toast of the "Ancient Religious Foundation of Christ's Hospital, coupled with the name of Richard Thornton," brought him upon his legs. His speech was, as nearly as I can remember, as follows, after compliments to the Treasurer :—" I am a Blue ; I was *edikated* in Christ's Hospital. I am proud of the old place ; not that I received such an edikation as they do at present. I say I was edikated at the school ; but I was never at this school. I was thought such a rude specimen that I passed through all my time at Hertford. I remained there till I was fifteen, as an infant. They did not teach me much. I only learned two rules in arithmetic—addition and multiplication. They tried me at subtraction, but I could not learn that. Addition and multiplication were enough for me. They have made me, from a poor Bluecoat boy, the richest merchant in the city of London. Wherever there is civilisation in Europe, Asia, Africa, or America, there

Richard Thornton's drafts run; his bills are honoured, and his name is well known. I see some juniors at the other end of the table. I am eighty-three. Let them stick to addition and multiplication, and they may say as I can say, 'Richard Thornton's the richest man in the city of London,' and may end in being a credit to Christ's Hospital."

August 5th.—Our new masters — Lord Granville and Mr. Lowe (Lord Sherbrooke)—this day passed a minute authorising payments on results in science corresponding to those in art. If it does as much for science as our Kensington control has done for art, we shall see a change in the education of the country. It is certainly a piece of work to be somewhat proud of is the system which I have built up for art (though perhaps I may never get the credit of it). I have personally arranged the entire course of instruction, the examples, the mode of examination, not only for the central school but also for all the provincial ones, which are all thus brought under a common system. I have also been enabled to get it so thoroughly into working order, that I feel it would go on if the original mover were away. I have had the most efficient aid and help from Cole, ready at all times to prompt and to back up my suggestions. I sometimes think it would be a blessing if I could now retire; but I am doubtful if I am not so used to the Department that I should feel at a loss without its duties.

Mr. Lowe differs greatly from our late sub-chief, Mr. Adderley. Mr. Lowe is very shrewd, sees the real

point at once, and decides on principle and not on details.

We were all much amused by a case which came before us at the Board to-day. It was an Irish recommendation of persons to be rewarded with medals, and one of the cases ran thus:—"I should also recommend Margaret —— for a reward. Being very young, she naturally missed the point of *all* the questions in the papers, but her answers were so ladylike that I think the medal should be given to her."

October 10*th*.—We returned from our Abinger sojourn on the 30th of last month. Altogether this has been one of the driest and loveliest of summers, much like one or two that I remember in my youth. Early in June we went to Margate for a month, and from thence to Abinger, and, in nearly four months, we have hardly had a week of rain; yet I have not painted much this year, but have endeavoured to take some rest. Alas! I feel I take less pleasure than I formerly did in life and its works. Last Saturday I paid another visit to Hatfield. Lord Salisbury is always extremely courteous, and Lady Salisbury is in every way charming. She ever strikes me as uniting rank and position with very perfect motherly qualities, in a way which is greatly to be admired; and she is, besides, a cultivated woman interested in all questions of progress.

The glimpses into a different mode of life which such visits give, are to me both interesting and refreshing. We dined the first evening rather *en famille*. The band, nevertheless, was in attendance, and played during the

meal and at the end of the ceremony. Dinner was served in the winter dining-room, and placed on the table course by course, the servants vanishing the instant the dishes were on the table. It seemed odd to have to help one another, much as we did when I was a boy at home. At breakfast one morning they asked me if I believed in phrenology. "I rely on it to a certain extent," I said. "What, then, are these two organs in Lady Mary's head?" said Lady Salisbury. "They are merely the centres of ossification in the frontal bone," I replied. "I have two remarkable depressions on the top of the head on each side," said Lord Salisbury; "what are they?" laying his fingers on the places. "They are not depressions," said I, "but they are formed by the prominence of the organs situated along the crest of the skull." "Well, and what are they?" I answered, "Benevolence, veneration, and firmness." The last was very large, and Lady Salisbury said, "I am afraid that quality has another name, has it not?" It is curious that the three organs named are essentially Tory organs; and not bad ones either, when under control and rightly directed.

November 20th.—Last Wednesday was an election night at the Academy, to fill up the vacancies occasioned by the death of dear Leslie, and the resignation of Sir Robert Smirke. The latter I have never seen to my knowledge. It seemed almost pre-determined that we were to have an architect, although a great many members are against it. In the scratches, Sydney Smirke came out the highest, and G. Gilbert Scott, architect,

even with J. Phillip, painter. These two latter, therefore, had to be balloted against each other to see who should go into the ballot against Smirke. Phillip came out the highest, and when balloted against Smirke, he also beat him, and he was declared duly elected. Then it was necessary to scratch again for the second member, and those voting for an architect concentrated their strength on Smirke. The scratching brought Hook upon the ballot with him, but Smirke prevailed, and was elected.

After the election was over, the secretary notified to the members the death of old Ward (James Ward, R.A.), who died on the 16th of November, in his ninety-first year. Chalon told us he passed away very quietly. His wife was with him in bed, his head against her shoulder, and the nurse who was watching him seemed to think that he was dead. Mrs. Ward, however, would not let him be touched, in case it were a sleep; and it was nearly half an hour before they were assured that his sleep was death. I went into the Athenæum after the meeting to have a cup of tea, and one or two of our members were there, talking of the anxieties of Associates on the night of election. Among others, Stone was specially referred to, and Edwin Landseer remarked how whimsical he was about his health; leaving off tobacco, to which he had been extremely addicted, then wine, and finally meat, becoming almost a vegetarian. "Yet," said Landseer, "I feel he is a hearty man, and has years of health still in store." Now Cope has just been in to tell me that Stone, poor fellow, went to Dr.

T— about his health, who said, "I am of opinion that you have aneurism of the heart, and, if so, you cannot live a twelvemonth."

The shock was great to poor Stone, who was already much depressed about the election, and this bad news sent him home in sad melancholy. "I do not fear death," he said, "but I have a family unprovided for." Roberts, who felt that the blow of such a communication was almost enough to bring on the fatal result prophesied, took another doctor up to Stone's, in order to imply doubts of the medical decision. Poor Frank! he seemed a little reassured, but was still unwell and miserable. He rose on the following morning, ill and shivering with cold. His wife persuaded him to return to bed, which he agreed to do, requesting her to give him a book and his spectacles, that he might amuse himself with reading. During the course of the morning, his own medical man called to see him. "He is more comfortable than yesterday," said Mrs. Stone, "and is amusing himself with a book in bed." There he lay, with spectacles still in their place, but his book had fallen from his hand, and our poor friend was no longer in a world of trouble.

December 2nd.—To-day, at the Board, Lord Granville (*à propos* of the failure of an experiment made in the Department in the employment of female clerks, which had arisen from inconveniences arising from the difference of sexes) said that we should have selected ladies such as would have justified the opinion Sydney Smith is reported to have held of Lady Davy—"Were

I to be writing a natural history," said Sydney, "I should not know whether or not Lady Davy should be ranged under the class mammalia."

Lord Granville gave us an account of a great meeting of the Trustees of the British Museum, held to discuss the question of the division of its contents. It was one of the most numerously attended meetings that had taken place. I think he said twenty-three members were present. "Lord John Russell," said Lord Granville, "quite forgetting his speech in the House of Commons, led off with one strongly against separation, and Lord Palmerston, in his off-hand way, followed in the same strain. But when they discussed the means of extending the present building, and the quarter of a million required at once for that purpose, Gladstone raised a determined opposition, and said that while land was to be had for nothing ! ! ! at South Kensington, he would find no money for what was unnecessary. Cornewall Lewis followed in the same direction, and finally a commission of inquiry was determined on. We shall see the extra collections at Kensington before long.

CHAPTER IX.

1860—1861.

Anecdotes of the Duke of Wellington—Lord Northwick; his Account of Nelson and Caracciolo—Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Gladstone—The Rev. C. Terrott and the Ellison Gift to South Kensington Museum—Turner—Sir R. Kane—The Oxford Pervert—Committee of the House of Commons on the South Kensington Museum—Second Journey to Italy—Northcote and Maclise—Passing the Pictures at the R.A.—Haydon and Eastlake—Landseer and Chantrey—Westmacott at Rome—Hatfield Pictures—Death of the Prince Consort—News of it in the Country—Council Dinner at the R.A.

January 22nd, 1860.—Reading to-day a critique on a "Life of Wellington," brought the following to my remembrance. On one occasion, I was with Leslie, E. Landseer, and Baily, either dining or lunching at the Academy, when each told a characteristic story of the old Duke. Leslie said that when he was painting the picture of the "Christening of the Princess Royal," it was necessary to have some sittings from the Duke. Leslie then lived at Pineapple Place, Edgware Road, and he obtained a promise from Wellington to sit, given, however, rather unwillingly, since the Duke had been considerably bored by the painters and sculptors. When he arrived at the artist's, he was evidently very grim. "What a long way off you live!" was his first speech. "About two miles and a half from Apsley House," was the reply. "Two miles and a half; I am sure it is five." "I think not, your Grace; not three." "Yes, yes, five miles;" and ever and anon during the

sitting he muttered to himself, "Five miles; yes, I'm sure it is five miles." When he was about to go, he asked curtly if he should be wanted again, and was answered that more sittings would be desirable; "but," said Leslie, seeing the mood of his sitter, "I would with pleasure bring the picture to Apsley House, and take my sittings there." The Duke was mollified, and accepted the offer. When Leslie came for his next sitting, the Duke, on entering, obstinately reverted to the old topic. "Well, you found it a long way, I thought you would; five miles, a full five miles; a very long way."

"Ah!" said Sir Edwin, "that is quite in keeping with the old boy's obstinacy. I was at Apsley House lately, and the Duke was showing me his pictures, of which he is not a little proud. I found that behind one of the portraits which hung high up, there was a nail in the wall pressing against the canvas. 'There is a nail behind that canvas,' I said; 'and it is injuring the picture.' 'Where?' said the Duke, with an objecting look; 'I don't see it.' 'There's the very place,' said I, putting him in a position to see it; 'there it is.' 'I don't see it at all,' said the Duke, doggedly; 'I don't see anything of the kind.' 'But I assure you there is one,' I rejoined. 'No, no,' he said, 'I don't see it;' and so we went on with our picture tour. We passed on into another room, and while I was enjoying one of the works, I noticed that the Duke had left me; and looking after him, I saw through the opening of the door that he had returned to the portrait, and was

eyeing it in various directions. He pulled up a chair, and got on it, then he moved a light table, and finally putting a stool on the table, he managed, at some risk, and with several feeble efforts, to reach the place where the nail made a protrusion. Then I heard him mutter to himself, 'Gad, there is a nail, there is a nail; must send for Seguier;' and again with difficulty descending, he rejoined me in the room beyond, but neither of us again mentioned the subject any further."

The late Lord Northwick, in his old age, was very garrulous, but as he had lived in stirring times, and had witnessed great events, his talk was highly interesting. Once or twice, when I was staying at Northwick, he told us the story of Nelson, Lady Hamilton, and Caracciolo.

I recollect his full account of how Sir W. Hamilton became acquainted with the lady, through his nephew, who brought her out to Italy, and resigned her to his uncle, on condition of having his debts paid. Sir W. Hamilton took her to Naples, into his house in the precincts of the Court, which caused great scandal; and the Queen complained to the ambassador on the subject, upon which Sir William married the lady, and at once introduced her as his wife. She soon took a deep interest in the affairs of the Royal Family of Naples, and obtained the strangest influence over them all.

I ventured to say that her connection with Nelson was rather disgraceful; but he warmly asserted that, beyond intense admiration on his part, there was nothing wrong. I instanced the lady who was just

claiming to be Nelson's grand-daughter, but he pooh-poohed it at once, saying that she had not the slightest claim, that Lady Hamilton took the mother from the boatswain's wife, that he knew Lady H—— intimately during all that period, and that she never had a child after her marriage. He represented hers as a cold nature, even while she was a great hero-worshipper. He described how she used to dress in classic robes, and pose in beautiful attitudes both to Sir W. Hamilton and to Nelson, he himself having also been frequently present. Nelson used to be in raptures; she as impassive as the statues she represented.

He (Lord Northwick) was on board Nelson's ship when Caracciolo was taken and brought aboard. His description was most graphic of the whole scene. Of Caracciolo's trial in the cabin he said little, though from his knowledge of the language, he was made useful in some of the proceedings. He said the admiral was fairly tried, but it was by his own countrymen, who were his enemies, and that all he begged was that his execution might be delayed till the King decided on his fate. Lady Hamilton had, however, determined upon his execution, and Nelson thought he was only performing a stern duty. As Caracciolo passed across the deck, he threw himself at Captain Troubridge's feet and clung to his knees to ask that he might have time, but although all pitied him, they found Nelson inflexible. His trial was over at one o'clock, and he was (I believe) ordered for immediate execution; Lady Hamilton was determined that he should be hanged before dinner.

They were all assembled in the cabin, Lady Hamilton at the head of the table, when a gun was discharged, and at the sound she jumped up with a grand and tragic air, and said, "Thank God, there is the end of a traitor!" It was the note of Caracciolo's execution. The company were aghast, and the dinner was a most gloomy one.

The King, when he heard of the execution of the admiral, was doggedly and sullenly angry, and he would not come near Nelson. He left the ship, choosing rather to trust his own revolutionary subjects. Lady Hamilton, when she heard of the King's sullenness (he loved Caracciolo, and believed that, as he asserted, he was forced into revolution), told Nelson that she would bring him back, and she had a barge fitted up with the ship's band, and another to tow it, and off she started to where Ferdinand was staying on shore. She succeeded: what with her winning manner, her singing, and the influence she had over the whole of the Royal Family, she brought him back to the ship.

Some time after, just as Sir William was rising in the morning, the King rushed into his cabin in his shirt, crying, "Oh, Hamiltone, Hamiltone, chi viene? Viene Caracciolo! Viene Caracciolo!" Hamilton went into the cabin with the King, and there, just before him, upright in the water, his arms tied across his breast, the corpse of Caracciolo rose and fell with each wave.

The King was horrified; he covered his face with his hands, and all his old misgivings came over him; but

Hamilton, who knew his moods, said at once that Caracciolo, although a traitor, was a good Christian, that what he wanted was Christian burial; that he would see this satisfactorily performed, and then Caracciolo would rest in peace. He calmed the King, and getting the body secured, had it taken ashore, and fulfilled his promise by giving it honourable burial. When he reported this to his kingly master, all seemed set right, and his equanimity was again restored.

February 2nd.—At the board to-day, Mr. L—— was telling us of a discussion on patents at their debating society, in which he had argued against patents, comparing them to the old system of monopolies. Lord Granville regretted that he had been absent, and asked how the debate had terminated. "I was called ignorant and supercilious," said Mr. L——, "and Chadwick was quite abusive both of me and of the two or three lawyers who sided with me. But," he added, "Lord Overstone, who spoke last, said that any argument directed against the rights of an individual to a patent, would equally apply against the possession of any property. 'Nay,' said I, 'there is this difference in favour of the patentee; his claims imply merit, at least; while to possess any amount of property, or even to acquire it, in many cases implies not the slightest merit on the part of the individual.'" This must have been somewhat of a settler for Lord Overstone.

February 16th.—The Queen came to-day to see the pictures at South Kensington, with the Princesses Alice and Louise, and was very pleased with the Turners.

February 20th.—The Queen paid a visit to the Museum to see the model of the Horticultural Gardens.

February 23rd.—Last Monday, Disraeli, suddenly changing the tactics of his party, attacked Gladstone for not having settled the Treaty with France irrespective of the budget; and when I read the debate afterwards on my way to Sheffield I thought Gladstone's speech must have been most withering. To-day, at our board, Mr. L—— spoke of it. He said that Mr. Gladstone was in such a state of excitement that every one dreaded an attack from him; that his punishment of Disraeli was most ferocious. "He was like a Cherokee Indian fighting," said Mr. L——. "He first knocked down his adversary, then he stamped on him, then he got excited and danced on him; he scalped him, and then he took him up between his finger and thumb, like a miserable insect, and looked at him, and held him up to contempt!" What a picture of an excited orator punishing his opponent!

April 4th.—Monday last was our adjourned meeting to discuss Cope's motion for "an increase in the number of Associates." At our last meeting, although it was a full one, there were several members absent from sickness. This night the body assembled in its fullest proportions. On the last occasion, with the exception of Hart, who spoke against the alteration, all the talk was on our side. To-night it was to be otherwise, and all the Conservatives had mustered to put down the indiscretions of the "young members!" . . .

April 24th.—This day it snowed heavily, very large

flakes fell for nearly an hour. In the afternoon came the Rev. C. Terrott to offer Mrs. Ellison's water-colour collection to the nation.

April 25th.—I met Mr. Terrott this evening by appointment, in order that he might see the picture galleries lighted up. He is a very slow man in his manner, but he told me one or two stories worth remembering. He said that Turner, when young, was for a time with an architect (I suppose to colour for him only, although Mr. Terrott implied, to study as an architect). Turner was colouring the perspective front of a mansion, and he put in the windows so as to show the effect of a reflected light from the sky on the panes. When the architect saw what he had done, he said, "This won't do! I must have them coloured as usual, that is to say, the openings black, and the window-frames light." Turner remonstrated, but without avail. "It will spoil my drawing," said Turner. "I must have it done as our manner is," replied the architect. And so when the work was finished, Turner put on his hat and left altogether. Some time after, it occurred to the architect to try a drawing on the principle he had objected to, and remembering the one done by Turner, he coloured it as nearly the same as possible. It was sent to the Academy, and was accepted, and there it was seen by Smirke, who was so pleased with it that he sought the acquaintance of the architect, and a lasting friendship sprang up between them. So much can genius effect even in the small detail of colouring a window in an architectural drawing. "This," said Mr. Terrott, "was

told me by the son of the architect who employed Turner."

May 10th. — Breakfasted with Cole to meet Sir Robert Kane and Dr. Playfair. Kane was talking about the converts to Romanism, of which Church he is a member. He said the converts to their Church were very troublesome to the old-fashioned members from their extreme views, and in illustrating his subject, told us of a Mr. ——, a pervert, and an Oxford man, who, though an eloquent preacher, was so extreme in his views, and so fanatical in his sermons, that the Roman Catholic clergy could not tolerate him, and asked to have him removed. He said that a breakfast was given by the lady superior of a convent at Cork (or Belfast), at which Archbishop Murray was present, and sat on one side of the lady, and this fanatic on the other, while a large number of the laity were seated lower down. Some conversation had arisen on the subject of the eternity of punishment, "a doctrine," said Kane, "of our Church, but in which charity hopes against belief." Mr. —— was urging the doctrine very harshly, and also the impossibility of any salvation out of the Church of Rome. "But surely, sir," said the kindly superioress, "you do not think that all others are undoubtedly punished everlastingly?" "Doubtless, madam," said the gentleman, "doubtless! and without a shadow of hope!" "But, sir," rejoined the lady, "your father and mother were not of our Church, I have understood?" "No, they were not," he replied. Then the lady, following up her softening

argument, asked, "Do *you* think there is no hope for them?" "None, madam; none whatever!" said Mr. —— brusquely and authoritatively, "and," holding out his plate, "I'll thank you to help me to a bit of that steak."

May 22nd.—Attended Sir C. Barry's funeral in Westminster Abbey — a well-conducted affair, and a great crowd. May I be buried in a quiet spot near those I love! Barry would have been sixty-five to-morrow.

May 24th.—A busy day. The board met at South Kensington in the morning, and we had a long discussion on the school at the Royal Academy in the evening.

In the evening, Fowke's plans for altering the National Gallery were discussed at the General Assembly of the Royal Academy. They were reported on by the architects in an architect's spirit, and, of course, any debate on them was a foregone conclusion.

After we left the Academy, I walked to the Athenæum with Edwin Landseer. He was very strong in his expressions of disgust at the behaviour of the Royal Academy in their troubles, saying, "Why don't they throw the whole thing up? Why don't they shut the schools and throw their objectors in a difficulty?" and much more to the same effect, and of the same purposeless nature. "I would serve the objectors as the rat-catcher did the parson," said he. "It was old Wells' story; did you ever hear it?" "No," said I; so he related it.

There was a parson in dear old Wells' neighbourhood who was very mean, and his house was terribly infested with rats. A rat-catcher was recommended to him

who offered to rid him of the pests. "And what shall I have to pay you," said the parson, "to do it effectually?" "Why, you see," replied the rat-catcher, "there are a great many, and it will take a great deal of time to get rid of them, but I think I can do it for a sovereign." This was agreed to. The job proved a very long one, and it was not till Saturday afternoon, as the clergyman was writing his sermon for the morrow, that the rat-catcher made his appearance in the study with a sack on his shoulders, evidently full of the living articles, who were kicking and fighting beneath the canvas. "Well, my man," said the parson, "have you got them all?" "Yes, your reverence; I think I *han't* left *one!*" "Well done," said the parson; "here is your pound, and now that will do, I am busy." "Yes," replied the man of rats, "but it have taken much longer than I expected, much longer, and I ought to have five shillings more." "No more! no more!" said the parson. "You have got them all, and I have fulfilled the contract; there, that will do, that will do!" "No, egad!" said the rat-catcher, "but it won't do; and if you won't pay the extra five shillings, why, you may even have the extra rats," and he made no more ado, but opened the bag and let out all the rats on the floor.

"Now," said Landseer, "that is what the Academy ought to do." "That's a good story," said I. "But if we let out all our students on to the House of Commons to-morrow, not a bit would they care. They would never be the plague that the rats were to the niggardly parson, and we should have failed in our duty."

May 26th.—To-day the Ellison gift of water-colour paintings was opened to the public for the first time. I have taken much pains to secure the gift for the South Kensington Museum, and much trouble on the whole subject of water-colour art, of which there is now the beginning of a good collection, both in point of beauty and historically. I wonder whether I shall ever get the credit of having been the means of securing both the Sheepshanks and the Ellison gifts for the public?

Surely if South Kensington Museum is allowed to remain as a national institution, Cole and I ought to have the credit of it. He leaves ample impress of his name on its early history, and my work has been of hardly less importance. It was during his absence in Italy that Lord Salisbury was induced to fix us at South Kensington by the first permanent building, which, indeed, was actually completed before Cole returned from his six months' leave of absence. As to the Art Schools, the whole plan of the teaching and the mode of examination in them, both in London and the provinces, has been mine. Cole's clever invention of rules, his administrative abilities, his self-assertion, have been wonderful co-agents; as without his firmness of purpose I should never have succeeded in carrying the system through, and without his practical sense and discrimination, views of mine, however sound, might not have been appreciated. Here is a bit of egotism!

July 6th.—My last entry is curious. It may be said that "Coming events cast their shadows before." In that entry I chronicled my share in founding South

Kensington and its collections; and to-day, a Committee of the House of Commons is sitting to determine whether or not we are to exist at all. Cole has been all day under cross-examination, and a most characteristic one it has been. He certainly loves strife, he courts a "spar," and always makes a good stand-up fight. Some of his hits have been most clever. On Thursday or Friday I expect to enter the ring.

October 14th.—The inquiry went off well for South Kensington. The committee passed a very satisfactory report, lauding our doings, and recommending money in order to complete the buildings.

Late in July we went to Abinger as usual. I hoped to paint and to have a little rest, but the Board passed a minute ordering me to proceed to Italy and Malta. This hung over my head and disturbed me. Then I was unwell; and the season has been a most unusual one. We have hardly had two consecutive fine days, it has done nothing but rain continually, so that I have accomplished but little work—one small oil picture and two long water-colour drawings.

A day or two after our return we had news of poor Alfred Chalon's death; and, last Wednesday, my brother and I went to his funeral in Highgate Cemetery. He has, I regret to say, left an imperfect will (not witnessed), and poor Louis, his valet, will have to depend upon the generosity of his heirs. His dogs and cats, too, must find new masters. He greatly loved animals. A little while ago a black cat came astray to his house. He immediately installed it as a favourite; but, alas,

taking it out one day in his carriage with him, the cat escaped. Chalon immediately advertised for the creature, and was quite rejoiced when a soldier in the Guards brought it home and claimed his guinea.

October 20th.—Started for the South of Italy, being directed to proceed to Naples, Sicily, and Malta. I joined Robinson (now Sir J. C. Robinson), the curator of our Museum, at Florence, and named the 26th as the day I would be there. I started in company with Cooke (E. W. Cooke, R.A.), who was going to Spain to spend the winter there painting.

[The war, which resulted in the unification of Italy, took place while my father was travelling in that country, and he wrote many letters descriptive of the campaign, some extracts from which are here inserted.]

Florence, October 28th. Letter.—Robinson and Fortnum (C. D. Fortnum, F.S.A.) arrived about an hour after me. They came in from Perugia, Ancona, and Urbino, where all the fighting with Lamoriciere took place, so, please God, it will be all right ahead. I spent the afternoon yesterday with Spence, at Fiesole, dined with him, and returned in the evening. Mr. Spence has bought a villa and thirty acres of land in this paradise. When I say a villa, it hardly expresses what the place really is: it is almost a palazzo. One room, in which we had music and singing after dinner, was seventy feet long by twenty feet wide, and the whole house was on a proportionate scale—coach-

house, stables for eight or ten horses, orangeries, terrace upon terrace looking out on every side, upon what is thought to be the garden of the world, with Florence and its beautiful duomo and campanile in the mid-distance. In this villa I saw a little of Italian life, and of the easy, dreamy, lazy way in which people live here. Spence tells me he never knows whether he shall have ten or twenty people sit down to dinner with him. His daughter is going to be married to an Italian Marchese, who dined with us, together with many other Italian relations. Mrs. Spence was an Italian, and died long ago. Of course, there was plenty of lounging on terraces, and love-making among the young people. Miss Spence (Flavia is her Christian name) sings well, and has a fine voice. We had a *maigre* dinner: fish and vegetables, with plenty of macaroni, and a very excellent meal it was. I suppose some of the family are Roman Catholics. During the afternoon we went to see some fine works in the Cathedral of Fiesole, and also to look at a villa just above Spence's, which is to be let or sold. It is furnished, and has a billiard table, eight or ten bedrooms, and all other necessary rooms, very many citron and lemon trees, and lovely flower-bordered terraces, with roses in profusion; and it is to be had for about twenty pounds a year, or to be bought for about a thousand pounds, with nine or ten acres of land, and all the furniture included. What do you think of that? Besides this there is a church adjoining, which belongs to it, from which, indeed, the altar we have at South Kensington Museum came. Service is performed there

only once a year. The custom here is to sell the villa and all it contains—the key in fact. Spence bought his completely furnished. Then the land is tilled, and the garden is kept on the Metayer principle—the farmer having half the produce and doing everything. Thus all the trouble is taken off your hands. I believe the house is kept in the same way: a house steward finding everything at so much per week; but this I know less about.

Florence, October 30th.—I have, as yet, seen nothing of Florence that I had not seen before, for we have been driving about all day long visiting curiosity shops, or going from one palazzo, whose noble owner deals in pictures and marbles, to another—I should think fifteen or twenty a day. It is, indeed, a wonderful city for this kind of shop. Almost every other street has one or two; and the looking over heaps of dust-covered articles, in the hope of discovery, is something unendurably tedious and wearying, but it is business and must be done.

[Then follows a long account of the Riccardi Chapel, and the Benozzo Gozzolis, one of which he had copied for the Museum. He describes also the Gentile da Fabriano in the Academy at Florence. He says the Riccardi Chapel gives one a greater idea of the joviality and magnificence of that period, and of the way in which art ministered to the spirit of the age, than could be obtained in any other way.]

November 4th. [*Letter.*] *Hôtel de la Grande Bretagne, Perugia.*—We came in here last night after a long journey,

partly by train and partly by diligence. I think I told you how I suffered in riding by the *malle-poste*, which in a twenty-four hours' journey never stopped for food; and little did I think that I should suffer as much by the diligence. We left Florence by the railway, passing through the most picturesque country of the Valley of the Arno, and by many mediæval fortresses built by the Florentines to resist the Siennese. We got out at the end of the line amidst a troop of Sardinian soldiers, *en route* to the seat of war. We could find nothing to eat but a morsel of bread and some dried beef, which we had to take in our fingers, as best we could. The place was truly most picturesque with cars, mule-drivers, soldiers, navvies, etc. We were hurried into the diligence, and for twelve hours were driven on with next to no food; for when we came, about six o'clock, to the place where the diligence changed horses, we were told that there was no meat, no wine, no butter, and we had to satisfy a twelve hours' fasting appetite with an omelette fried in oil, and dry bread, and then to start again for Perugia. We entered Perugia between twelve and one o'clock, instead of between nine and ten, as we had been promised. We came under the archways of the old town, and the gates opened to receive us into the city, so lately the scene of blood and slaughter, now peaceful and silent under the mysterious moonlight. We had to seek our hotel, everyone assuring us that the town was so full we were unlikely to find a bed. We were, however, fortunate enough to secure three beds in two rooms, and glad enough I was to get to sleep.

We were awakened very early indeed the next morning by a continuous tramp of feet, the sound of drums, and loud shouting, and as soon as I could dress I went out to see the cause of the *evvivas* and the marching. I shall always reckon this as a marked day in my life, the scene I then saw in the principal street of Perugia. Could I write down what I felt I should have something to tell you, but I cannot; tears poured from my eyes, and I was almost continuously sobbing; perhaps I felt more moved than those really interested in the scene. It was the day set apart for the community to vote ay or no for annexation to the Italian Kingdom.

We stood on the marble steps of the cathedral; above us a picturesque old pulpit of inlaid mosaic jutted from the wall, and from our position we commanded the whole of the principal street. The town hall and exchange were on our right, the street at first falling away from us, and then rising again and terminating in part of the city fortress. One gun completely raked the street, and just where we stood a shot had struck and broken up the pavement, and glanced up against the old pulpit. This shot was fired on the crowd, a few weeks ago, when the Swiss soldiers of the Pope slaughtered some of the citizens, many of them in cold blood. Now the scene was quite changed. No soldiers were to be seen, only a few National Guards, but the street was a living, moving mass of people. The green, white, and red tricolour flag hung from every window, and up the centre of the wide street marched, in the most orderly manner, the citizens

of the various outlying villages and towns. Each town was headed by a banner with its name, while many of those in the procession carried flags. Sometimes a little village band preceded them; sometimes, when the town was large, the band of the National Guard. The chief men of the village usually rode in front, then mostly came a band of the village girls, bareheaded, neatly dressed, and often carrying banners. Then came, three or four abreast, the country people who were to vote, and no mistake could be made as to what that vote would be, for each had the word *Si* printed and stuck in the front of his hat. One or two of the groups were headed by a very young boy on horseback, whether the son of the chief proprietor of the village, or whether to show the peaceful and orderly nature of the whole proceeding, I do not know. On one occasion a tall, majestic lady, handsomely dressed, headed the procession. Most of the men had wands in their hands, and marched with an assured and well-timed step. They came in from the gate by the Fort, down the street, and up again to where we were standing, passed round the old fountain attributed to Pisano, and then filed off by the side streets to the place of voting. Loud *evvivas* burst forth continually, especially in one instance where a fine-looking young priest marched at the head of his country neighbours. He, however, was the only one. I cannot describe to you the effect it had upon me. It was a day so important to Italian liberty, and the whole proceeding was so manly, so determined, and so different from the parade that would have accompanied it if it had been our nearer neighbours. We left

Perugia on Monday, and found the same thing going on at all the towns we passed through. Spoli, where we slept, was brilliantly illuminated, and the population were singing and rejoicing; no custom-house officers at work, no passports examined. To-morrow we shall enter the Papal territory, and what will be the state of things there I cannot tell.

Rome, November 8th.—We shall be here about a week, and then start for Naples, if the roads are free. All here is quiet, but they say they never know what may not take place in the next twenty-four hours.

I must tell you sincerely my impressions on visiting the great works here. St. Peter's was a total disappointment. The approach through a dirty, unpicturesque street is a great disadvantage, and when it opens upon you, its parts are so large, and so close to you, that you cannot believe their size. . . . Then, again, it looks new. The dome is almost hidden by the façade, and it has none of the advantages of St. Paul's, rising in its grimy grandeur against our rolling skies. . . . Within, the great monuments to the later popes are devoid of earnestness, and distasteful after the simplicity of the earlier tombs of northern Italy. . . .

The next wonder was the Raphael frescoes. Each time I have seen them with increased pleasure, but the earlier ones are by far the finest. They are indeed noble works—the figures grandly and simply designed, the heads refined and expressive, the colour suitable and noble, and the drawing and style altogether beyond my

expectations. As Raphael came under the influence of Michael Angelo I think he deteriorated; he lost his own pure and delicate feeling, and he did not secure those high qualities which are to be found in Michael Angelo's works. I am surprised at some of the colours achieved by the fresco painters here. In the "Dispute of the Sacrament," for instance, there are rich crimsons and greens quite wanting in our fresco workers. . . . From all I see of the works of the earlier masters, I find they led up to Raphael much more than I had believed to be the case. Their fine works culminated in Raphael, and then began an immediate decline. In many respects I love the works of these men better than those of Raphael, certainly far better than his later works.

At the Sistine Chapel I expected to be disappointed at first, but I must tell the truth, and own that I was disappointed in my expectations of the "Last Judgment," nor did it improve upon aquaintance. Much, no doubt, arises from its grimy, dirty, injured state, patchy in its cleanings, and with a great catafalque of velvet against it. But putting aside all this, after careful examination I feel that, though a work of great and wonderful power, it is rather a painter's *tour de force* than possessed of the true majesty of art, as the old alchemists would say. If I said this to the painters, I should be told that the style and treatment were beyond me; be it so, it is the truth.

But I can fully appreciate Michael Angelo's ceiling. This is a fine work, and satisfies me respecting his great

powers and his imagination. His style is grand and simple, without any of the acrobatism displayed in the "Judgment." I laid on my back in perfect delight with the ceiling—it is truly a marvel, and the only regret is its position. Even the colour, with its wonderful negative tints, is a noble vision of beauty.

November 12th.—We start in about a week for Naples if the roads are open. At present they are not, and although my companions travel with revolvers capped and loaded, I have no wish that they should be called upon to use them.

Sant' d'Agata, near Capua, November 18th. Letter.—I finished my last letter in Rome, but as I was about to pass through a disturbed district I did not post it, lest you should be anxious; but now, as I am, thank God, almost within reach of Naples, I take the opportunity of an evening spent in the *locanda* with nothing to do, to give you an account of my journey. I am writing by a wood fire, at which Fortnum and Robinson are also sitting, in company with a Neapolitan captain returning on parole, and a Piedmontese who fought against him at Ancona. At another table some officers are dining. Our inn is of the rudest kind—round rafters support the upper roof, and the tables are lighted with lamps fed with olive oil. The talk at the fireside is of the horses sold at Fondi for four ducats a-piece. . . . We were quite unaware, when we left Rome, of what might be the state of affairs in front. When we came to Velletri we found the town full of French soldiers. At Cisterna, too, we found the French in great force on

the Roman side of the town; the drummers were practising at the road-side, and in the adjoining fields the soldiers were bivouacking in various ways. Mixed up with the soldiers were a great number of most picturesque country people in their long cloaks, thrown across the shoulder and hanging down behind. As we advanced, the olive groves that skirted the road-side were crowded with the strangest groups. Some of the soldiers were making a fire and cooking such messes as they could collect; some, stripped to the skin, were washing their shirts, some mending them, or their boots, some walking about with their shirts stretched on a cane, and supported on another over the shoulder to dry. I suppose it was dangerous, among such a rabble, to part with possession even for a moment. Some were trying to make a rude shelter of canes or reeds for the night; some were bargaining with the country people for chestnuts. For a mile out of the town the scene was most lively and picturesque.

At the end of the day the hills began to close in, and it became dark. A long row of trees, and a long line of marshy canal, was all that we looked out upon. It began to rain again, to rain pailfuls, as we went splashing and dashing through wet and darkness. Should we find a bed at our journey's end? Was Terracina, as we had been assured, full of Sardes? Should we have to lie on the floor? Darker and darker, wetter and wetter! At length lights, then the roaring and breaking of waves on the shore. Were we driving into the sea? Almost, but just before we entered the

surf, the diligence pulled up at the door of an inn. The Sardinians had been, but had retired; there was an abundance of room, and in half an hour we were at dinner. . . .

Robinson hates the sea, and as we had been told that the road was open, we made up our minds to try it, at any rate. As we left Terracina, the sun, breaking through lovely clouds, began to tip the hills with points of brilliant light. About nine o'clock we reached Fondi, the strangest mediæval-looking town I have seen yet. We passed on and through the town after a short parley, and our next stage was Itri, a place of even worse repute than Fondi, which is reached by a long mountain-path. When we began to ascend we found the Sardinians in possession. . . . We gradually descended into Mola di Gaeta, occupied by the main body of the Sardinian army under Cialdini, and we were in the very midst of warfare, though in perfect safety.

Just after we had passed we saw two shells burst in the air; these had been thrown from the city at a great elevation, in order to reach the road and the camp. The scene was most exciting, as both sides of the road were occupied by the army.

A Sardinian officer whom we met at lunch told me the soldiers were generally in remarkably good health, and indeed they seemed sturdy, serviceable fellows. He said they were all veterans, and had mostly been in the Crimea, and at Solferino and Magenta, and were quite inured to the work.

After lunch we started again for Capua. We soon found that we were on the line by which an army had retreated. Our carriage, in passing through the town, had had one of its doors torn off and carried away, and as it was unfortunately on the windy side, we were obliged to open our umbrellas. . . .

November 21*st*, *Capua*.—We only passed rapidly through the town to the railway. We were, of course, rather oracles here, having so lately passed through the seat of war, about which, and the departure of the king, all seemed anxious.

Our entry into Naples, like some of our other entries, was triumphant and propitious. The town was all decorated, and at night was to be grandly illuminated, so after dinner we went out to see the sight.

November 22*nd*, 1860, *Naples*, *Hôtel des Etrangers*. —We can find nothing for the Museum here, and I am very hopeless of anything farther south, and have written to Cole to suggest he should recall us by telegraph. . . . We shall finish our business here about Tuesday or Wednesday next, and I shall be most glad to turn northwards, as I am weary of travelling. Most persons would think it very enviable to be paid by Government to journey through lovely country, where the many find abundance of amusement; but this is not my case. I have a duty to perform to the Department, and I do it with all my power; and when feasts and rejoicings stop my proceedings, I am disgusted with them, as they keep me from home. I cannot do two

things at once, so that I do not take to sketching on my days of enforced idleness. . . .

Naples, November 23rd.—Letters from home. We are all wearying to go northwards. News travels very slowly here. Although we are within thirty miles of the seat of war, we hear nothing of its progress, except rumours of the flight of the King of Naples and the Pope, which turn out to be nothing. I was glad to hear to-day that our young Prince was safe.

November 25th.—Fortnum leaves to-morrow, and I shall miss him very much. . . .

November 29th.—To-day a telegraphic message has come bidding me to return. . . .

November 30th.—Robinson, who has been ill, is now better. Fortnum has left us to join his wife at Nice. I trust to be in London before him. Robinson has to go to Venice, but he will be home about the end of next month.

December 1st.—Robinson and I have taken places in a diligence which is now starting for Rome. I think by the route I shall travel I may reach London about December 10th. We have had a pleasant trip to Pompeii, driving there and back on a bright, sunny day, like a June day in England. . . . Robinson and I part in Rome.

December 3rd. [*Diary.*]—Left Naples at six o'clock in the evening, and arrived in London at ten o'clock on Saturday, the 8th.

January 6th, 1861.—This new year comes in with bitterly cold weather. We have not had such a frost

for years. Ice twelve inches thick. Our works at the Horticultural Gardens at South Kensington are at a standstill, and the Great Exhibition, even if all were settled, could not go on. There is plenty of work cut out for me in the new year. The Horticultural Gardens, of which I am one of the Building Committee of three; the Great Exhibition, of which I am also on the committee; the Council of the Royal Academy, of which I am this year again a member by rotation; my duties at South Kensington, and as surveyor of Crown pictures —all this looks like work to be done. God give me health and strength to do it! My journey to Italy, undertaken most reluctantly, and under protest, certainly did me great good, and alleviated one or two growing evils.

January 22nd.—On a visit to Hatfield to spend a day or two with our late chief, the Marquis of Salisbury. I had a very pleasant time. Lord Salisbury is always very kind; and Lady Salisbury is not only agreeable, well read, and fresh in her remarks, but a true mother, and carrying out the apostolic precept, "She that ruleth, let her do it with prudence." Cole went with me.

February 23rd.—Dined at the Athenæum with Hart, Maclise, Roberts, and Stanfield, in one of the snug corners of the room. I believe the artists are more gregarious and sociable than any other set at the club. All was very harmonious, though a Jew was entertaining a Roman Catholic, an Irish Presbyterian, a Scotch Presbyterian, and an Episcopalian. We had a great deal of talk: among other things, we discussed poor

Danby's death, and Leslie's entire want of appreciation of him. "Well," said Roberts, "Danby's 'Evening Gun' was *the* picture at Paris; all the painters were talking about it." "And yet," said Stanfield, "it had none of the true details of a vessel in it." "None the less likely to please the Parisians," said I. Nevertheless, I, who had felt a great desire to see this picture again, was much disappointed in it. Danby was very unequal. Some of his works were highly poetical, as, for instance, "The Suicide's Grave"; others were almost ridiculous; for instance, one exhibited four or five years ago called, I think, "Tom Bowling."

They say Danby died of mortification at Poole's election as Academician. I do not know whether he really felt this, but I do know they must have looked upon each other with bitter feelings.

February 25th.—Dined at the Athenæum, and afterwards went to the Academy to discuss the schools.

Maclise told us at dinner that when he first came to London he was taken to Northcote's, and placed in a window to sketch him unseen, while a friend, who was afterwards Northcote's executor, engaged him in conversation. He said that Northcote and his sister Nancy came into the room together. They were so alike, that at first he did not know which was which, and their sex was not discernible. They were both dressed in very long, shabby dressing-gowns, both advanced simultaneously to the fireplace, one on each side, and both rested their elbows on the mantelshelf, and remained so during the conversation. They looked like a bent old

poker and tongs, and were just as stiff and rigid; "and many little incidents that occurred during the time I was sketching," said Maclise, "showed me that all distinctions of sex had long since passed away."

Afterwards we adjourned to the Academy to go on with our *fifth* year of debates on the schools. Last night's work was merely going over a report that had been many times debated in Council, and had passed the general assembly paragraph by paragraph, twelve months ago.

February 26th.—During the frost I slipped near Hyde Park Corner, and injured the elbow of my right arm.

April 10th.—The Council met to-day at ten o'clock for the purpose of passing the pictures for the Royal Academy Exhibition. The Council was not quite so genial a one as usual, since from deaths, illness, and resignations, we have many new members. The party consisted of the President, the Secretary, C. Landseer, Creswick, Stanfield, Hook, Smirke, Gilbert Scott, and myself; and Creswick, Hook, and I are to hang. The process of viewing the pictures is, necessarily, a very rapid one, very wearying, yet sometimes full of incidents. Seated in a semicircle, with the President and Secretary in the middle, the work begins by the carpenters bringing forward a picture and placing it in front of us. At first there is a hesitation, a weighing of qualities, a minute inspection, which very soon gives place to far more decisive measures. Perhaps, after investigation, the word is unanimous, "Pass! Pass!"

and the picture is accepted, no name being given. One or two more may, in like manner, pass in succession. Next, one will come up which causes more than hesitation, and some will say, "Cross! Cross!" others, "Doubtful!" others, even, "Pass!" The President then says, "Hands up, gentlemen, for 'Pass,'" one hand up; again, "Hands up for 'Doubtful,'" perhaps three are held up; again, "Hands up for 'Cross,'" and up go two hands. "Doubtful" is the decision. The name is then given, a chalk D is put on the back by the carpenter, and it is entered in a book kept for the purpose, the name being under the head D or X, according as the decision was doubtful or out. . . . Anyone who sees the Exhibition when hung would never believe the number of absolutely wretched performances that come before the Examining Council. Many are sufficiently ridiculous to make one succumb with laughter; some apparently by persons who have painted for the first time; others which might compete with dairy signs, or with notices of "Goods carefully removed." I am speaking literally. Some are the works of mere babies (there were three such, by the same child, this year, very handsomely framed), whose fond parents see the incipient genius which is to astonish the world. Of some pictures the carpenters cannot find the side which ought to be placed uppermost before the examiners, a question they themselves are sometimes unable to determine.

Labour of this kind, continued for six or eight hours, calls for a good dinner to recompense it, and,

accordingly, about six o'clock, the summons is given. Then fun and wit have full play, and much conversation goes on. There is another Council after dinner, lasting till ten o'clock, when the work of the day terminates.

When the Council have finished their work, which generally lasts three or four days, the "hangmen" are left to their duties, and a fortnight of hard and toilsome labour they have before them. I trust we shall get through it well, as our intentions are honest; but I know we shall be abused by many, and thanked by few. I ought to say the rule is, that all pictures *passed* must be hung; that it is left to the hangers to hang *doubtful* pictures if they can find room; and *crossed* pictures are excluded, though even some of these are occasionally placed on the walls.*

April 12th.—To-day, at dinner, the President told us some stories of Haydon. It seems that Eastlake, as a young student, was recommended to the care of his countryman when he came up from Devonshire to study at the Royal Academy. We were talking of theatrical recollections, and Eastlake said he remembered the "O. P." riots, and was present on the first night when they broke out. Haydon had said, "My boy, we will go to the theatre." And to the theatre accordingly they went; to the boxes, of course, for Haydon loved everything of the best. When they came to the door,

* The late Sir C. Eastlake, in giving evidence before a House of Commons Committee, said that, in his opinion, undoubtedly the two best "hangers" of pictures among the Academicians were two landscape painters. He afterwards said he meant Creswick and Redgrave.

Haydon said, "You'll pay for me, my boy, and we'll settle it when we settle the other little matters." When they got into the box, they found the place in an uproar, and both of them entered fully into the spirit of it. On coming away, Haydon said, "My boy, we must see this out. This is glorious!" So they went the next night, when there was the same demand, "Now, my boy, you'll pay." And thirteen nights did this continue, "much to my horror," said Eastlake, "as I was but a student with a very limited allowance, and this made a great hole in it. It was a strange way of taking care of me, and, after all, the 'O. P.' tired us out." "Did you ever get paid?" "Oh no! Paid? No! but I got advice, which was worth much to me. Soon after this, he said to me, 'Well, my boy, we'll go to Hampton Court.' And so we went, and this was added to the other little matters for future settlement. Another day he came to ask me to join him in a visit to the Tower. He had borrowed some armour, and was about to return it. So it was put into a hackney coach, and we started with it. Of course I paid the coach, and as we paced through the armoury, he said, 'I may have to borrow again, we must be liberal to the servants, have you any half-crowns?' These also were placed with the little account between us, which never got settled."

Charles Landseer told us that his brother Edwin had taught Herring, the surgeon, who is a fine mimic, to imitate Haydon, whom he had never seen, to the life. This the President confirmed, having seen Herring do

it, and he acknowledged how close was the imitation. Eastlake then told a story of Landseer having imitated Chantrey so closely as to deceive the sculptor's own servant. They were dining together, and Chantrey had been speaking of some very choice wine which he only brought out upon his birthday, or on some other great occasion. Soon after Chantrey happened to be called away for a few minutes, and as he passed out of the room he rang the bell for more wine. Landseer slipped into Chantrey's high-backed chair, behind which was the door. When the man entered, Landseer, imitating Chantrey's voice, his person being hidden by the chair, said, "Thomas, what day is this?" "Wednesday, Sir Francis," was the reply. "Ay, ay! but what day of the month?" "The 20th, Sir Francis." "Well then, bring up a bottle of *that* port, that peculiar port; you know which!" "Yes, sir." When in rushed the true Sir Francis with a "Stay! stay!" But it was too late to recall a bottle so fairly earned, and the wine came, and was enjoyed the more for the wit that won it.

Talking of Chantrey led us to Westmacott. Eastlake said there were some people who did not know when to begin talking, and some were equally unable to leave off, of which the sculptor in question was an example. He described a little incident in Rome which was very characteristic of our friend's habits. It happened at the English Academy, where his interruptions were, I dare say, at least as frequent as at our Councils and assemblies. A little trap was laid for him by one of his

brother carvers, who began to relate the story of the fish and the ring. "A friend of mine," said he, "told me a remarkable incident of a man who was looking over a bridge, and dropped his ring into the water, which grieved him very much, as it was a valued gift." "Well," said the company, seeing that he paused, and did not proceed with his tale. "Well, many years after he was again at the same spot, and stopped to look at some fishermen who were drawing in their nets." "Oh!" broke in Westmacott, always ready to show his learning; "a story as old as the hills; you will find it in Herodotus. Any one who knows the classic authors must be well acquainted with it." "Nay," cried the other students, "let him finish his own story in his own way. Go on, Dunbar; go on!" Dunbar, who was a dry young Scotchman, said, "Well, then he purchased one of the largest fish." "Oh, ah! to be sure," interrupted Westmacott. "We all know what he found in it; Herodotus tells the story in a very few words." "Nay, nay!" was the cry. "Go on, Dunbar." "He purchased one of the largest fish; and when it was opened, what do you think he found in it?—— Nothing but guts!"

May 4th.—The grand dinner at the Royal Academy, and one of the best and most crowded I have attended. Lord Elgin and Sir Hope Grant, just arrived from China, were present, and both spoke. Many were the compliments to the brothers Grant, the distinguished painter and the illustrious general. I was at the head of a pleasant table—Dilke, Sir W. Armstrong, Mulready,

Faraday (an old friend), Babbage, Bazley, Layard, and Mr. Justice Williams.

In the intervals of the speeches Faraday was full of table tricks, one of which was drawing a sixpence from under a wine-glass, which he explained on philosophical principles; while Mulready and Layard showed their skill in whisking away a card and leaving a shilling on the tip of the finger. I think Judge Williams was pleased with this his first visit, and I felt glad that, being on the Council, I had had the opportunity of proposing him.

October 5th.—A long, fine summer, but, as I was much away from Abinger, I only finished one picture.

October 25th.—I have just returned from passing part of four days at Hatfield—my second visit this year. I always go with reluctance, loving home and my own ways far better than visiting and grandeur; yet I must say that I have ever met with the kindest reception, and that it is a most luxurious change. There was a large party in the house, including Lord and Lady Normanby, and Lord and Lady Hardwicke and their son and daughter; Lady Agneta Yorke has a lovely voice, and sang frequently. Mr. Morier and his young bride and her sister were also there, and several more. Lord Normanby gets very old and shaky, but he certainly impresses one strongly with the amenity and suavity of good society, of which I should think he has seen a fair share. I did not think, however, that he seemed to shine much in conversation, but was simply suave and

anecdotal. Lady Normanby and Lady Hardwicke are sisters. Lady Hardwicke sang with her daughter and her son, and was very agreeable and kind to me, and asked me to pay a visit to Wimpole. Of course, the two elder ladies sat next Lord Salisbury, while the two peers were next Lady Salisbury; this was so at each of the three dinners, the other visitors being shifted about to bring them near new partners.

I looked again over some of the pictures. It really seems to me as if there must have been a period in the last century when people had their pictures cleaned (as now we have our windows washed) and repainted, like their houses, once in seven years. Many of the pictures in great houses, those of inferior value as to art especially, are entirely painted over in the coarsest manner. I should think that as we now have travelling umbrella menders, there must then have been journeymen restorers, who went from house to house on job. And these botchers must very frequently have also named the pictures, and have done so quite at random, both as to subject and painter. Lady Salisbury, in showing me a picture, said to be of Catherine de' Medici, told a story of a housekeeper who, on going round with a party, when she came to the picture, pointed it out as "Catherine de' Medici, sister of Venus de' Medici"; and this would appear to be about on a par with the knowledge of those who first named it.

December 19th.—The year is going out with a sad, sad ending. This day week we were startled with the

first bulletin, issued by four physicians, telling us the Prince Consort was ill. On Saturday he was worse, but a *third* edition of the *Times* on that day gave hopeful accounts of a change for the better, and we went home and to rest prayerful, but little more than anxious. On Sunday morning, before I was up, the servant brought me a letter and a message from Owen that the Prince was dead. What a terrible shock! too terrible for belief; and when I rose and went out, and found that I was the spreader of the bad news, I doubted if the letter sent me from the Museum could be true. Too true, it was, and is, alas! but so unexpected that numbers of people in church looked round with astonished eyes when the Prince Consort's name was left out of the Litany. And so the dull week drags on, and all feel how great the loss, how many noble qualities he possessed, and, oh! more than all, what our dear Lady and Queen must suffer! The great uncertainty hanging over us about America, from whence we daily expect a message of war, is all merged in the one absorbing feeling of sorrow, and even Nature seems to sympathise, with clouds and gloom. The strange suddenness of the event seems inscrutable. A few days before we saw him in health, and well, and suddenly, almost without warning, he is dead. In many churches near London he was prayed for as usual.

Hook told us how strangely they learnt the news at Witley. He went to church without the slightest idea of the sad event. Some rumours had reached Mr. Chandler, the rector, just before the service, and when

the Litany was about to be read, he said they had all heard of the illness of the Prince, and, pausing—"at any rate it will be right to pray for him." He then went on with the service, praying especially for the Prince. After church he walked towards home with Hook. He was very nervous, and said he had heard strange rumours of the Prince's death, had Hook heard anything of the kind? "Oh no," said Hook; "but I will just run down to the station and inquire." He did so, asking the station-master if he had heard any *bad* news. "Bad news, sir, no; nothing of the sort, it can't be true. But stay, sir, I will ring the bell to Godalming (the next telegraph station) and inquire." He did so, and then followed the answering ring. "Any news of the Prince Consort?" went back; and then, spelt letter by letter, came the message: "Second edition of the paper. Prince Consort d-e-a-d." It was a blow which made them stare at one another. Again the bell rang; and, again, letter by letter, the station-master spelt out: "The—bells—of the old church—begin to toll."

It is said the Queen bears up bravely. The Queen has said that she will endeavour to carry out all the Prince's wishes and intentions, and has even spoken of South Kensington and the Horticultural Gardens. So it is to be hoped she may find some relief in executing his wise measures.

The Exhibition is to go on. I hope it will have no more sad checks. God grant that war may be averted, and that our Queen have no public calamities to add to her private sorrows

I have mentioned the coming Exhibition only incidentally, though I have been, so to speak, wearing my heart out for the last few months in doing the work with which I am entrusted, of collecting the British paintings for the display. Cole, Fowke, and I worked hard at the whole matter in the first instance: prepared the plans, and arranged preliminaries, before the Commission was formed, and when scarcely anyone was in favour of the Exhibition. The Exhibition was to have been ready for 1861, but so many difficulties arose with the Commissioners for 1851, that it was obliged to be postponed. I long for the opening, and to have made a good show of pictures, when I shall rejoice to get away from it! It is most wonderful, I think, in its progress. The building of the domes and nave goes on most rapidly, the enormous scaffolds looking magnificent in themselves.

December 31*st*.—Dined with the incoming and outgoing Council at the Royal Academy. Knight was away ill. Pickersgill, who says he is 79, also said he was quite uncertain when his birthday was. "What, were you never baptised or registered?" said Landseer. "Oh, yes, I was baptised when my eldest child was; and, therefore, it had nothing to do with my birth." There were many jokes about his being able to boast of his age, since no one can dispute it. Eastlake said Abraham Cooper had told him that one evening, at the Royal Academy Club, during the lifetime both of Chantrey and Collins, they agreed, after dinner, that each of the party should relate the incidents of his first start in life. When it was Chantrey's turn, he made much of his

early difficulties. Among other things he said, "When I began to model I had no means of obtaining any kind of plastic material, so I tried *dough;* I actually made a model in dough." Collins, who was making fun of the story as it proceeded, here said, "Indeed, did you *do* (dough) it?" Chantrey, although very satirical on others, became exceedingly irate, as he could not bear satire against himself: he turned upon poor Collins, and gave him such a severe jobation that he became quite ill—in fact, he was thoroughly upset.

CHAPTER X.

1862—1865.

Collecting Pictures for the International Exhibition—Report on the Mantegnas at Hampton Court—Opening of the International Exhibition—Council Dinner at the Royal Academy—Annual Banquet at the Royal Academy—Anecdote of Gudin, the French Marine Painter—Mulready's Funeral—Goes Abroad to Germany—Hatfield—Thackeray's Death—Mulready's Wife—Dr. Wilberforce at the Artists' General Benevolent Dinner.

[During the early part of this year my father had to travel about a great deal, seeing and selecting pictures for the International Exhibition, which was to include a centenary collection of the best works of British painters. One of his letters home is here partly transcribed.]

How came you at Oxford, Mr. R——? Ah, there it is! I went to Bowood. I saw some charming pictures. I met one or two old friends. I did my business. I had a good luncheon. I got into a fly and reached the station just as a special train came up for Oxford. How could I resist my mania for moving on? There wanted four hours to the Salisbury train, why should I not go to Oxford first, and to Salisbury by the other road? Out came the money, the ticket was taken, and I jumped into the train just in time, and at six o'clock I was in the old coffee room of the Mitre, and shall leave at eight o'clock to-morrow. Bowood, the Marquis of Lansdowne's, is in a very pretty country, and much has been done to improve the beauty of the park and to add to

the house, originally a very poor place. All the pictures too have, I believe, been added by this Marquis. The two Newtons (G. S. Newton, R.A.) are charming; it was a pleasure to me to see "Olivia's Return to her Parents" again, it was a picture that originally inspired me. I think the figure of Sophia pleading with her mother is charming, the face and the position lovely, the hands perfect in action, quite interceding for her sister, as they gently touch the clenched hands of the mother. It is a picture worthy of Leslie for delicacy and feeling, and you know how much I say in saying this. Callcott has a noble picture here, "A View on the Thames"; it is finer than almost any work I know of his, in good condition, and of beautiful tone. This picture is to come. There is also a lovely Reynolds, Miss Linley (afterwards Mrs. Sheridan) as St. Cecilia, with angels singing with her as she plays the harpsichord. This picture makes me proud of my countryman,—such colour and such feeling! It is one of those works that haunt the memory like a sweet strain of music. What a lovely creature she must have been to inspire two such geniuses as Gainsborough and Reynolds! Lord Lansdowne's Gainsboroughs we shall have; the Reynolds, he cannot find it in his heart to live without for eight months, and, at his age, I do not wonder at his hesitation. He was very pleasant, and I was very glad to get away; a *non sequitur* you will say, but nevertheless true. . . .

Salisbury.—I am better to-day, and have had a drive of thirty-six miles over the plains. I shall be with you, I hope, to-morrow evening.

January 29th.—Layard (Sir A. H. Layard), Eastlake, and I, sent in our report to the Lord Chamberlain to-day, on the Mantegnas at Hampton Court. These fine works have been twice almost re-painted by so-called restorers. The only attempt at restoration we recommended was to remove muddy re-painting from the sky, and to pass a delicate size over the whole surface. I have placed the whole under glass, securing them from damp at the back by means of painted cloth.

[Eight years later these works were again examined by G. Richmond, R.A., with a view to discover whether, by any means, the superposed bad restorations could be removed, but he also came to the conclusion that nothing could be done. My father had Raphael's cartoons glazed over and secured from behind in a similar way, when they were removed from Hampton Court to the South Kensington Museum. They are also so arranged with pulleys that they can be lowered in the smallest possible time in case of fire.]

April 27th.—The hanging of the pictures in the International Exhibition is finished, and nothing now remains to be done but the numbering, delayed for want of numbers. This Exhibition has sadly wanted a chief, and the only wonder is that it has been completed. Last Friday the artists were admitted to see their works, and about mid-day I ventured in among them. They all seemed to think the display of British art highly satisfactory, and individually there were far fewer complaints

than might have been expected. Creswick helped me in the hanging. About ten days ago the Princess Royal and the Princess Alice came to see the collection. Lord Granville took them round, and I accompanied them. . . .

April 27th.—Dined with Grant—a capital small dinner. I spent a very pleasant three hours, disappearing with the first departure, "Little Pick." (H. W. Pickersgill, R.A.). His maid servant came to fetch him in his brougham, and rode with us inside to take care of the little man. He set me down at the top of Park Lane, and was very pleasant and warm in expressing his gratification at finding me of the party.

I think they have hung the Academy Exhibition exceedingly well, and with a good deal of judgment.

May 2nd.—[*Letter.*] Opening of the International Exhibition. The morning of yesterday opened gloomily and with heavy showers of rain. Gilbert [his son], who was in the building early, said Dilke and Fairbairn were very desponding. However, about half-past one, it cleared up and the day was glorious. Everything went off to perfection—no accidents, no *contretemps*. The procession, of which after all I formed one, had to stand nearly two hours before moving, waiting for royalty, etc., and the sun was fearfully hot upon us under the west dome; but we had seats opposite the music and heard well. The ode was finely sung, and had a good effect. The music was fine also, but nothing made me more happy than the "Hallelujah Chorus" at the end; it was like coming on a fine Titian after the weak,

colourless works of modern Germany, the other music went quite into the background. This, you will say, is my mania.

December 27th.—The year is about to close, and I have made no entries in my diary. The International Exhibition finished for me with the opening. As far as my work went, it was a pronounced success. The pictures, indeed, saved the Exhibition, and prevented a heavy call on the guarantors. Even the artists acknowledged, individually, the great labour of getting together the various works and their general excellence, and also their fair and suitable arrangement. Yet, publicly, both the Water-colour Societies protested, because their members were not called in to hang and arrange their works. Their presidents were invited to be present as continuously as they wished; but this was not enough; they said it was entrusted to a person who had no interest in water-colour art. This was hard upon me, as one who had already induced the Department to form a collection (historical) of water-colours, and had written a short account of its rise and progress. When they had seen the arrangement (for which my brother Samuel was principally responsible), even then they did not withdraw their protests as bodies, although as individuals they highly approved.

December 31st.—The annual council dinner. It was tamer than usual. Webster, Roberts, Hook, and I, at one end of the table, a rather incongruous party at the other, while in the middle, just opposite the President, sat two very silent members. Eastlake nevertheless

came out now and then with a good story, and Landseer and Knight with puns.

Among other things the President told us, that Dominic Colnaghi, when growing somewhat old, was presented by his wife with another baby, and General Fox, who had heard of it, went in to congratulate him. Putting his hand to his mouth he hallooed into Colnaghi's ear (he was deaf) "Well, Dom! another babe, I hear, the last flicker of the candle, old boy!" On which the "old boy" in his turn shouted out before all in the gallery, "Yes, General, but your candle never flickered at all!" which quite silenced him, as he was childless.

February 20th, 1863.—A board to-day, but owing to some misunderstanding, Cole was not there. The President and Vice-President chatted about various matters, and told some good stories. Among others, talking of Grimm, Mr. Lowe said that it was he to whom the remark was made by a lady, who had been dining with him at a large party, that she had never in her life seen an atheist. "Madam," Grimm replied, "you have this day dined with four-and-twenty."

Lord Granville capped this with a story of Lady Holland, who said to Dr. Allen, "Now, Doctor, can you assure me there is not another world?" "Pooh! pooh! madam," said Allen. In answer to this, my lady said, "Now, Doctor, will you give me your word of honour that there is not?"

Talking of Sir G. Cornewall Lewis and his recent book, they said that, though a very clever man, he was

not at all aware of the difference between a really clever and original idea and a mere platitude, and that he reproduced them both with equal sententiousness and emphasis. He would tell a "Joe Miller," after a really good story, and think that the one deserved as hearty a laugh as the other.

May 2nd.—The President, who had been very unwell, came out in his usual strength on the day of our annual dinner. What an arduous task! He had the Prince of Wales (his first public appearance at any dinner) and Prince Louis of Hesse on his right hand, and the Duke of Cambridge on his left, and around him all the orators of church and state; he was forced to exercise the duties of hospitality to his guests, and especially to his neighbours, and yet was continually compelled to rise up, collected and ready, to deliver his neat speeches with their due amount of compliment, their well-weighed phrases, their careful politics, as to the future of our body. The Commissioners of inquiry into the Academy were all present at our table. I could devise no such martyrdom; but Eastlake says he likes it, and Maclise, in his odd, quaint way, describes it as the President's annual triumph, the one great point of the year.

Altogether it was a most satisfactory meeting. Lord Palmerston was in high spirits. His jokes are nothing wonderful, but his manner is truly so. The quiet way in which he slowly emphasised each point in his speech, the shouts of laughter they evoked, in which he heartily joined, looking round with a sort of rollicking happiness,

as if he were a young man with life and choice before him, was a thing to see, and not to write of, for description does nothing for it. He ended with a large party at his own house afterwards. I went to the Royal Society and again met the Prince of Wales. I ought to have said that in his first speech the Prince acquitted himself very well. He seemed to hesitate a little at one point, but it was a natural one, when he was speaking of his lamented father, and it was ascribed to, and doubtless was due to, emotion.

May 14*th.*—Sir C. Eastlake and Maclise at the award of the national medals at South Kensington. Most interesting conversation on the proper display of flowers as ornament.

On looking out of the gallery into the North Court they both exclaimed at the monstrous disproportions of Michael Angelo's David, a cast of which stood there, and I was rather surprised to hear the President speak of Michael Angelo as an over-praised man. I said that I knew Maclise returned from Italy dispossessed of much of the traditional veneration for the great Florentine, as we had compared notes on a former occcasion, but that his own remarks were rather unexpected. He replied that he had written the same views from Italy years ago, I think he said to B. R. Haydon, but that it was useless to make them public, as the world was wedded to the traditional opinion.

May 20*th.*—We all went, that is to say eleven of the Etching Club gathered from various places, to Hook's house at Witley, hoping for a pleasant day; and though

it turned out a very wet one, we managed to be very happy, and after a good dinner at half-past five, we came away to town.

H—— told a characteristic anecdote of a Manchester picture buyer. Something had been said about the "old masters," and that such pictures were not bought in Manchester now, to which he made the response—"I don't like those 'old masters.' You see, one has to spit upon them to see them!"

May 24th.—Richard Redgrave, of Boughton, died this day, and with him die out the Northamptonshire Redgraves. He was my father's cousin, and an honest and upright farmer, tilling his own land, one of those always advancing, and before his neighbours in every improvement in agriculture and breeding.

June 30th.—Dined with Maclise. He described Gudin, the French marine painter, and his mode of painting. Once he had borrowed the large room of the Cosmopolitan Club (afterwards the studio of Watts) to finish a painting he intended to send in to the Academy Exhibition. Mac. said he found him dressed in brocaded velvet, with gold tassels, surrounded by a host of visitors, the Duke of Wellington amongst the number. Gudin was attitudinising, dancing, pirouetting, advancing and retiring from his picture as if every touch were an inspiration and forced from him like the words of the Pythoness. The picture thus painfully gestated, the birth having taken place like a child of royalty in full audience, was to go into the Academy the next day.

July 13th.—Came up from Abinger this morning to attend privately Mulready's funeral. Last Monday I was with him at the Royal Academy, on a Committee which sat till nearly eleven o'clock at night. I believe he had attended the schools previously, and certainly at the meeting he took his full share of the business during one or two animated discussions. The next morning, at eight o'clock, he was dead. About six he knocked on the wall for his son Michael to come in, being attacked by one of his paroxysms of spasm with which he was occasionally troubled. He had long-standing heart disease arising from rheumatic fever. When Michael came in, he saw that it was indeed a life and death struggle. He hastily called the servant and sent for a doctor, but before he arrived his father was no more. The funeral was quite private, and at Kensal Green cemetery. Only about six mourners followed: Michael Mulready had declined the attendance of his father's fellow-members, of Baring, Swinburne, and others, by his direction. The service, to my surprise, was that of our church, as Mulready had more than once told me he was of what he termed "the old religion." But then he was a hater of the new school of perverts, and he loved charity in such matters. Religious differences were curiously represented at his grave. Hart is of the oldest religion, a Jew; Creswick, a Unitarian; there were one or two Roman Catholics, and myself. Mulready was in his 78th year.

[In the October of this year my father went abroad

with his colleague, Mr. Cole, to make purchases and to order castings of objects for the South Kensington Museum. They were accompanied by Samuel Redgrave, who went with them for pleasure. The towns they visited, and the countries they passed through, are too familiar to require illustration by many extracts from the diary. They were away from October 9th to November 10th, and visited Berlin, Dresden, Prague, Vienna, Ulm, and other towns.]

Paris, October 11th. [*Letter.*]—Busy all day, running about from exhibition to exhibition, from rococo shop to rococo shop, laying out our money or looking at various things recommended to us. We start for Aix-la-Chapelle on Monday.

Cologne.—We passed the valley of the Sambre and Meuse, a singularly watery district, the river winding close under precipitous limestone rocks, often crowned with ruins or with castles of great strength, the keys of the Belgian frontier. In addition to this it is the great coal and iron district of the Continent, full of active interest, and yet not dirty like our "black country," since the minerals are far more distributed.

We stopped at Aix until two o'clock to-day. We were principally occupied in visiting the Rath-haus and cathedral, with its wonderful reliquaries and *chasses*. We left at two, and reached Cologne at four, and went off to the cathedral to see what we could before it was dark, as we intend to leave for Hanover to-morrow at seven o'clock. We found the whole town in commotion,

and the cathedral beset by a dense mob, and discovered that the King of Prussia had suddenly and unexpectedly made his appearance at Cologne.

Berlin, October 17th. [*Letter.*]—The gallery here has many doubtful originals and many copies, with some very fine early works. It is all side-lighted, so that one-third of the pictures are not seen. The building for the works of fine art, pictures, statues, and objects of art workmanship, is truly worthy of a great country. It is a noble one. The whole is richly decorated, and the walls are embellished with illustrative subjects. For example, in the portions devoted to Greek sculpture, there are paintings of the most important buildings of the ancient world. The grand staircase has six large water-glass frescoes, by Kaulbach, of "the history of civilisation," whilst outside, under the long portico, are subjects by Cornelius. The floors are pozzolano and mosaic, and the whole is very rich, and puts us to shame. . . . . We are all, thank God, quite well, although Samuel says he had no idea it would be such hard work, and that we certainly do do our duty to the Government. I have taken full notes of all the arrangements at the Beaux-Arts, and we have also visited several rococo shops, and have spent all our money.

Prague, October 21st.—We have seen to-day one of the finest specimens of a large gipsy family I have ever met with, quite thorough, not half and half as ours are. The children, with their dark skins and tangled hair which had never known the comb, were nearly naked, only having on a cotton shirt. The men were in wild-

looking Bohemian costumes, one or two singularly handsome and evidently knowing it. It was quite a scene. The caravan was mounting up into a half-deserted fortress in the neighbourhood of Prague, perhaps to bivouac there for the night.

January 1st, 1864.—Just returned from Hatfield, where I saw the old year out and the new year in. Cole went with me to Lord Salisbury's; a small party only in the house, the Duke of Wellington and three other guests besides ourselves. We met with our usual kind reception, and enjoyed ourselves very much. The Duke is an amusing companion and was pleasant, although at our first meeting he saluted me thus, "How do you do? The last time I met you you turned me out of the picture gallery." (He meant at the International Exhibition.) "No, did I? It was then, no doubt, from an iron sense of duty; but now I recollect, I only turned out your companion, who, being a painter, should have known better than to come in. Gambardella's picture was unhung as yet, and I should have had all sorts of reclamations." "Ah, well, well, so I believe it was," and thus we at once got on very well. The Duke has a remarkable degree of shrewdness, as many of his stories showed, and was very clever at tricks of cards. He told us how Frank Grant had asked him to lend one of his pictures for Edinburgh—a disagreeable request, but one which Grant had made more palatable by saying that the colour of the picture was not quite what it should be, and that he would enforce and refresh it before he sent it in. The Duke agreed to lend it to the

painter, and said that he might send it to Edinburgh. Circumstances, however, induced Grant to send another work instead. On which the duke wrote that as the picture was not what it should be, and not fit for the public eye, he had despatched it to Strathfieldsaye and directed that it should be put into a lumber closet for the present. "You will see," said he, "I shall have the colour refreshed."

Lord Salisbury drove us to see Sir Culling Eardley's pictures, and the portraits of the Kit-cat club.

March 14*th*.—At a meeting of the Etching Club there was much talk about Thackeray's death. H——, who was there, and who opened his head to ascertain the cause of death and to avert the necessity of a coroner's inquest, said that it was simply exhaustion, and the suffusion of serous matter on the brain by long continuous retching. He was periodically subject to this, and therefore had become so much used to it that he would allow no one near him while in that state: to this his family had become accustomed. H—— said the weight of the brain, before dividing it to ascertain the presence of fluid, was 58½ ounces.

March 14*th*.—Finished hanging the Mulready Exhibition at the South Kensington Museum, for the private view, last Thursday. Never was any painter so completely represented. Only three or four of his principal works were absent. Mulready married a sister of John Varley, but parted from her after the birth of her four sons, and she survived him. A grandson, son of William Mulready, was brought up in our schools at

South Kensington, and remained for some time training for a mastership, but he eventually did not take his certificate owing to laziness. This boy said his grandmother had many tales of old Mulready, the father of the Royal Academician. He told us that he was very violent, was very fond of pugilists, and a great master of the noble science himself. This I know to be true, and that he trained up his son to the same love. Mrs. Mulready said that on many occasions her father-in-law brought home professional prize-fighters whose company, as they were very coarse, was disagreeable to her. On one occasion Mulready quarrelled with his father, and they had a regular battle, and fought the quarrel out with fists: the old man was a leather-brace maker from Ennis, and was very hot-tempered. His wife said Mulready's violent temper made her finally determine to quit him, and they went together to John Varley to sign a paper of mutual separation. After it was done, Varley said, "Now, Mulready, as a last act of propriety, I shall expect you to give your wife your arm and to walk with her to her new lodgings. Mulready did so, and on their way through Kensington they met Wilkie, who knew their cat and dog life and constant quarrels. "Eh, mon," said David, "this is as it should be; I'm glad to see you walking out with Mrs. Mulready, it really looks sociable." "Hold your tongue, you stupid Scotchman," roared Mulready; "you are like your countrymen, always blundering; pray mind your own business." Mrs. Mulready said that though parted for so many years, and

though both living in the same district, she had only seen her husband once since their separation, and that was in passing through Kensington Gardens. Such stories, however, must be taken *cum grano salis*.

April 16th.—Dined at the annual dinner of the Artists' General Benevolent Fund, the Bishop of Oxford (S. Wilberforce) in the chair. As Eastlake was too ill to be present, I supported the chair as senior vice-president. I rather dreaded this, as I did not know the bishop. However, I found him most pleasant, ready to talk on all subjects, and encouraging me to do so too, very jovial and witty.

On the occurrence of several of the toasts, just as they were being called, he had to ask information about them, and I was much astonished to find how neatly he turned the information to immediate account in the most adroit manner possible. When, for instance, the toast of "The other Artistic Societies" was to be drunk, he asked what were their particular functions. I had only time to say "Spring Exhibitions, water-colour societies," when he at once began with the charms of spring, bringing forth life of all sorts, and bright flowers, but, above all, the flowers of art; how it added to the delights of spring, that it was a season always accompanied by the opening of the exhibitions, as well as of the flowers, etc. As he sat down, he said to me, "I did not venture to say what the spring said to the roses, 'You be blowed'; if I had not been a bishop, perhaps I might have done so." Altogether, it was a successful meeting, and the subscription was larger than in any

former year, £1,200. The whole was much helped by the singing of the "Moray Minstrels," a glee society principally composed of artists.

On Sunday, January 29th, I was rather unexpectedly at Osborne, having gone thither with Mr. Cole, after transacting other business at Romsey and Winchester, to see the Prince of Wales on the subject of the model of the Albert Hall. The Queen, hearing we were there, desired us to stay till Monday, when she wished to see us. The interview took place at half-past one, and was rather a hurried one, for the Queen had just come in from a drive, and we were to cross by the Foreign Office boat. Her Majesty accompanied us into another room to see a fresco by Gegenbauer, which belonged to the Prince Consort, and to show me one or two injuries to pictures; and then, returning, dismissed us graciously, saying, "I know you are going with the messenger to the boat, and have not a minute to spare." The interview took place in the Prince's dressing-room, which remained, in every respect, as if he had just left it.

Sent to the new water-colour exhibition, the one opened this year for the first time, at the Dudley Gallery, Egyptian Hall, a small picture, "Autumn's Golden Leaf."

October 28th.—We made a long stay at Abinger this year, and had lovely weather, but I have less and less inclination to paint, being worn out with all my labours at the South Kensington Museum, and in connection with the Crown pictures, also in writing my book in conjunction with my brother—"A Century of Painters."

December 4th.—We were all much grieved to-day by the sudden death of poor Fowke. He broke a blood-vessel while lying on the sofa in his house. A sad loss to South Kensington.

December 22nd.—The committee appointed to watch the proceedings of the Royal Commission was in session jointly with the other members of the Royal Academy who form the Council, and we were engaged in considering Mr. Cowper's question as to the acceptance of the offer of the site of Burlington House for our new buildings. We were to meet again on Tuesday, the day after Christmas Day, but on Saturday we heard of the death of our President,* and all business was put an end to for the present.

* Sir C. Eastlake died at Pisa, December 24th, 1865.

CHAPTER XI.

1866–1868.

Finishes, in conjunction with his brother, "A Century of Painters"—Varnishing Day at the Royal Academy—Sir F. Grant at the Academy Banquet—Turner and Pye—Lord Melbourne on Public Opinion—Purchase of a Rembrandt Etching—First election of Associates at the Academy under new laws—Sir F. Grant and the Duchess of Rutland—Saunders, Inspector of Palaces—Centenary of the Royal Academy—Maclise's Speeches—Landseer and Herbert.

[It was at the beginning of the year 1866 that my father, in conjunction with his brother, finished and brought out his book—"A Century of Painters of the English School; with Critical Notices of their Works, and an Account of the Progress of Art in England." It had been a laborious work, but a pleasant one, to the brothers. They enjoyed talking over what they had done, and what they intended to do about their book; and both had special facilities for the task to which they had set themselves. The book, when published, met with favourable criticism, and, though not much read by the general public, has become a standard authority on the subject of which it treats. It was written to give a connected history of the art of painting in England, and the institutions founded for its promotion in the last and present century. Without attempting formal biographies of the painters of the period, the authors illustrate their lives with agreeable anecdotes, and having been themselves acquainted with many of the more recent artists, they

were able to draw upon their personal recollections. The *Athenæum* pronounced it "one of the most readable books of the kind;" the *Quarterly Review*, "an excellent and interesting history of art;" the *Guardian*, in a long review, said, "The work before us, in addition to its many other merits, has the freshness and vigour of independent thought;" the *Examiner* says, "Nothing, indeed, that concerns the interests of English art is alien to its very pleasant pages;" and the *Reader* heartily "congratulates the Messrs. Redgrave on the accomplishment of their great work. They were pre-eminently fitted for the task, and English art literature may well be proud of their performance."

The only fault found with the work by certain reviewers was its defence of the Royal Academy; but one author, as a member of that body, naturally espoused its cause and defended its action, and though he perhaps had a bias in its favour, he invariably endeavours to be just. He had, as the *Athenæum* also remarked, "very remarkable critical powers;" and in his share of the book he has endeavoured to wield these impartially. Such united brothers were more suited than most people to co-operate in writing a book of this description, and their most intimate and friendly connection made the work a real pleasure to them.]

January 7th, 1866.—I paid my annual visit to Hatfield on Wednesday, 3rd, and returned on Saturday, 6th. Lord and Lady Chelmsford and Miss Thesiger were of the company. Lord Chelmsford, in speaking of Lord

Derby's translation of Homer, said that he asked him if the work took a long time. Lord Derby answered, "I am ashamed to say it only took me twenty months." It was not done regularly: some chapters often in advance of others, some on the sofa, some while in bed with the gout.

March 31*st.*—Finished revising the last sheets of our "Century of Painters." It has added to my other duties, and has been rather an incubus of late, and I am extremely thankful to have done with it. Now, I suppose, it will soon be out, and will probably be severely handled, as it is, of course, favourable to the Academy; a body which, in my opinion, really endeavours to do its duty to art.

April 30*th.*—My birthday, sixty-two years of age. Thank God for all His mercies to me.

Varnishing day at the Royal Academy. Not many in attendance, and not very merry—perhaps we are getting too old. Lee told a story or two of Constable which are characteristic. "I hear you sell all your pictures," said Constable, to the younger landscape painter. "Why, yes," said Lee, "I'm pretty fortunate—don't you sell yours?" "No," said Constable, "I don't sell any of my pictures, and I'll tell you why. When I paint a *bad* picture, I don't like to part with it, and when I paint a *good* one, I like to keep it." It is well known that one year when Constable was on the Council of the Royal Academy, one of his own pictures was, by mistake, passed before the judges. "Cross it," said one; "It won't do," said another; "Pass on," said a

third, and the carpenter was just about to chalk it with a cross when he read the name of "John Constable." Of course, there were lame apologies, and the picture was taken from the condemned heap, and placed with the works of his brother Academicians. But after work was over, Constable took the picture under his arm, and, despite the remonstances of his colleagues, marched off with it.—"I can't think," said he, "of its being hung after it has been fairly turned out." The work so condemned was "The Stream, bordered with willows," now in the South Kensington Museum. Of this picture Leslie, who had an intense admiration of Constable's art, once said to me that he would give any work he (Leslie) had painted for it, so warmly did he admire it.

May 5th.—To-day our new President, Sir Francis Grant, took the chair at our annual dinner, for the first time. On Thursday last, while showing the Prince of Wales round the rooms, the Prince asked him if he felt at all nervous at the prospect of his new duties at the dinner. Grant replied, "Not at all." "But then," he added, "I am perhaps in the same condition as the captain who went up in a balloon and was to descend by a parachute. When he had taken his place in the parachute, after quitting the car in the air, his fellow voyager called out just before he cut him loose, 'All right below? do you feel at all nervous?' 'Not at all,' replied the captain, 'cast off;' and," said Grant, "down he came, and the next moment was smashed up. Now that may be the case with me." The Prince laughed heartily at

the story. But to-night, the result was quite reversed, for the President was a great success. He had four princes at the table to grace his *début*, and he did all his speechifying extremely well, even after Eastlake; for what it lost in calm impressiveness it gained in geniality. The fox-hunter came out, and made one or two good hits. Altogether, I am agreeably surprised at our having lighted on our feet in the matter. I sat next Frederick Tayler, and we talked about De Wint.

May 10*th*.—I was placed to-day on the Committee of Advice for the completion of the Albert Hall, which poor Fowke designed. Fowler, Hawkshaw, Tite, Ferguson, and Digby Wyatt, are to be invited also, and Colonel Scott superintends the building.

May 12*th*.—Gilbert's birthday to-day; in the evening he started for Italy.

May 15*th*.—Etching club meeting here. F. Tayler told a good story, *à propos* to the treatment of pictures. A well-known M.P. showed him his pictures in a long gallery; many of them were very bad and some were good. The person in charge of the collection was present, and was addressed by the owner in the following manner. "D—n it, I don't pay you a hundred a year to keep charge of my pictures for nothing. They want more looking after. That Rubens now, d—n it; it wants a little more yellow. See you give it more yellow, and here again, this sky is not blue enough, give it a little more blue," etc.

May 24*th*.—Paid John Pye,* the engraver, a visit,

* John Pye, engraver, b. 1782, d. 1874.

and looked over a few of his prints from the "Liber Studiorum." He told me that when he left home at about seventeen, he had obtained a little knowledge of drawing and engraving; and, having no prospect of assistance from his father, he called on J. Heath to ask him for employment, and he showed him his works. Heath liked what he saw, and engaged him for four years. Pye was to have £50 the first year, and £20 added each succeeding year, with leave to work overtime. On the strength of this engagement he sent for one of his sisters to keep house for him, and to relieve his father. After a time he saw how sadly the engravers, as a body, were kept under, and he determined to change matters for the better if he could. He was much vexed when, at the end of a year or so, having wholly engraved a rather successful plate, he saw Heath's name to it, Heath never having touched it at all. Some time later he was fortunate enough to have the opportunity of engraving, on his own account, a plate from Turner's picture of "Pope's Villa," and he laid himself out to study it well, and to do his best to make it a success. When done, he took it to Queen Anne Street in fear and trembling, hoping to get it touched by Turner. It was almost a relief when he heard the great landscape-painter was out, although he had much desired to see him. However, Pye left the impression. A few days after, he was told that a gentleman on horseback (Mr. Turner) was at the door inquiring for him. He went down, and Turner said, "Are you the young man who engraved my

picture? Well, I like it very much; it is one of the best I have had done from my pictures." This quite set up Pye, and made him determine to assert his independence.

Some time after Hakewill called on Pye to engage him to undertake some of the plates for his "Italy" (these were drawings from outline sketches by Hakewill, with the effect added by Turner). Pye and Hakewill came to terms, and all seemed arranged. But in a few days Hakewill again called, and said that he had arranged to put the whole work under Heath, who would engage assistants, Pye amongst others. "Then I won't touch a plate," said Pye, and he held to his resolution. Others followed his example, much to Heath's annoyance, who remonstrated, and published his case in the papers, etc.; but it aimed a blow, for the time being, at the *entrepreneurs*.

Pye said that when he began to feel his way a little, he thought he would treat himself to a volume of the "Liber," feeling aware of its value to him as a series of lessons on chiaroscuro. He called on Turner, from whom alone the work was to be obtained. "I want a copy of the Liber prints," said Pye. "What do you want it for?" said Turner. "To study light and shade," was the answer. "Ah, well, that is all it is fit for," said Turner; "well—there it is; the price is fourteen guineas." "But you will let me have it at trade price," said Pye. "No; that is the price; take it or leave it, just as you like." Pye took it, and, on his way home, reflecting on its large price, and that all

the great people had been beforehand with him in obtaining copies, he thought he had been careless in not looking over it before he brought it away. When he opened it at home he found a great many of the early plates were quite worn out, and he began to repent of his bargain; but towards the end he came upon several fine proof impressions; and he was so delighted with them that he began at once to buy up fine impressions whenever he saw them; and this laid the foundation of the noble collection he now possesses.

Turner began the "Liber" in 1807, and finished it in 1819. After the first four numbers were out other work came in, and he laid it aside for some time. Subscribers fell off on its renewal, and thus the publication suffered great irregularities. The first four parts were worked up, but the new subscribers wanted them, and so the plates had to be re-touched, the P taken out and another P put in to make proofs of what had been prints. But as Turner's re-touchings were made upon principle, in the touched plates varied beauties were added to the originals—so that they became sometimes better, and the latter states at all times furnish a valuable source of study. Owing to the work lingering as it did for so many years, and new subscribers coming in, and old ones falling off, when the book was completed it was not in Turner's power, even if he had wished it, to make up a complete set of genuine proofs. Hence, all the copies are of a mixed character, very fine states being mingled with those that are worthless and worn out. The work, as planned by Turner, was to

take in the whole range of landscape subjects, as divided into Topographical, Architectural, Pastoral, Epic, etc., etc., and to this classification the letters M (Marine), P (Pastoral), etc., refer.

About 1807 Mr. Blake (whose daughter afterwards painted) came to Turner and gave him a commission for a small water-colour drawing, saying he only wished to spend £8. Turner made a drawing of Norham Castle, on the Tweed, for him. Before Mr. Blake came for the drawing, Dr. Monro saw it, and offered Turner £12 for it. When Mr. Blake inspected the work he was much pleased with it, and the painter then told him he had been offered £12 for it. "Well," said Mr. Blake, "that alters the case; I only wished to spend £8, but I cannot allow you to be the loser; the other gentleman must have the picture." And so it was settled. Some time after,—much later in life, indeed—Turner was walking by the side of the Tweed with a companion, who related this story to Pye. When he came in sight of Norham Tower, Turner took off his hat. "Why, what particular reverence have you for the old ruin?" said his friend. To which Turner replied that it was a picture from this old ruin which had first brought him a good price. "So," said Pye, "he must have thought twelve pounds a large sum for such drawings." This is confirmed by what Mr. Sheepshanks told me, that when the drawings of the Yorkshire series were done with by the engravers, the publishers wrote to him to say he might have any or all at the price they had cost them—namely, twenty guineas apiece. "I only took

one," said Mr. Sheepshanks, the "Hornby Castle" (now in the South Kensington Museum), and that was the amount I gave for it.

Pye said that the "Liber Studiorum" never paid Turner, which was the reason why he would never make any reduction in the price. The Water Colour Society wanted to have a copy, and asked to have it at the trade price; and he refused them, as he had done Pye.

October 6th.—In town for a few days from Abinger, where we have passed a very pleasant, but a very wet, season. As, however, my pictures this year have been largely painted indoors, the rain has not been much hindrance to me. I feel, if I had to begin painting over again, I would sketch more, and exercise my memory more, than I have hitherto done. The habit of completing pictures out-of-doors prevails too largely in the present practice of our school. The wet has greatly hastened the fall of the leaf, and delayed the harvest, so that for the first time I have seen Nature as Linnell so often paints it: that is, with autumnal orange on the trees, thin of foliage, with the harvest work going on. On the 4th of October barley was being carried, and many of the trees were almost bare. It is true that the barley was valueless, but the pictorial effect was fine; and the painter's aim should be to include not only the probable, but also the possible, if that suits his art.

January 12th, 1867.—After a large meeting of Paris Exhibition Commissioners, Cole took Lord Granville

and Mr. Milner Gibson over our buildings, etc. In the course of conversation, Lord Palmerston was spoken of, and his common-sense view of the value of public opinion.

Mr. Milner Gibson said, "When I was younger in public life I formed part of a deputation to the Commissioners of Customs which was sent up from Manchester, to urge the desirability of having bonded warehouses there. And after exhausting all other topics which bore upon the subject, I concluded by saying that 'public opinion was very favourable to the measure.' 'And pray, sir,' said old Deane, the principal Commissioner, 'what is public opinion?' 'I was quite nonplussed for an answer,'" said Gibson. "Ah, but," added Lord Granville, who generally caps a good story with a better, "I remember Lord Melbourne's answer to Lord Dudley Stuart. Melbourne was jogging along St. James's Park on his cob, when Lord Dudley joined him, and said, 'My Lord, I am anxious for an interview with you.' 'With all my heart,' answered the Prime Minister. 'When shall it be?' rejoined Lord Dudley. 'Now, by all means,' was the response. And Lord Dudley, ranging his horse alongside the cob, began, 'My Lord, I want to speak to you on the subject of those unfortunate'—Lord Melbourne instinctively urged his roadster to a sharper trot —'Poles.' 'Confound the Poles,' said the Minister callously; 'I don't care a fig for the Poles.' To this Lord Dudley responded, 'It may be all very well to confound the Poles, my Lord, but I must remind you

that you will have to face public opinion on this matter;' to which, still urging on his horse, Lord Melbourne cheerily answered, 'D——n public opinion!'"

March 11th.—At Christie's the other day, among other engravings and etchings, Rembrandt's "Hundred Guilder" impression was sold. There are only seven impressions of the plate in existence. Two of these fine impressions were in the hands of Mr. Palmer, a solicitor of Bedford Row; another, not a very fine one, is in the Bibliothèque Impériale. Mr. Palmer wished to purchase the impression at Christie's, which was a very good one, to add to his collection. Mr. William Smith, who told me the story, said that he had shortly before lunched with Mr. Palmer, who spoke to him of this work, and asked him how much he thought the Rembrandt would fetch. "It is of no use your thinking of getting it under £400," said Smith. When the day of sale came, Mr. Palmer was ill in bed—so ill that his life was despaired of. His partner said to Smith, "I do not dare to ask his wishes about the etching, he is so ill; but I think he would be much disappointed if he did not get it, so I have directed it to be bought for him." "When it was offered for sale," said Smith, "there was an agent from the Bibliothèque, and it was put up at 300 guineas —300, 400, 500, 600, 700, 800, were the biddings, and it then more slowly proceeded, until it reached £1,180, at which sum it was knocked down to Mr. Palmer." A cheque was given on the spot, and the etching was at once carried off to Bedford Row. In the evening Mr. Palmer asked what was the fate of the etching, and was told

that it had been bought for him. "And the price?" said he. "£1,180," was the reply. He merely remarked that it was a large sum; but it seems it had a restorative effect upon him, for the next day Smith found him sitting up, much better in health, and with the three impressions before him, which he was examining with the greatest satisfaction; and, turning to Smith, he said, "It was a large price, but I'm glad I got it." He is nearly seventy years of age, and a bachelor.

I ought to have noted the circumstances of our first election at the Royal Academy under our new laws, by which Associates join in the voting. We were all assembled in the Middle Room, used as a painting school, and it was understood that the meeting was only for voting, that there was to be no discussion or speech-making. But Horsley got up and said that he had had a letter from J. Linnell, saying that should he be elected he would not accept the honour, and that he desired Horsley to have his name struck off the list. It was, of course, well meant, but ill-advised, I think, for Horsley to have written to him. Many of the members thought he ought to have been balloted for without having had any prior option, and then, as he would most likely have been chosen almost unanimously, perhaps he would have thought differently of it. But if not the Royal Academy would have done themselves justice.

March 27th. — Meeting at the Academy last night to hear the report of the Building Committee.

The plans, elevations, and sections were shown, and the President explained the conditions of our new lease. . . .

May.—Eyre Crowe told me to-day that some of the artists contemplated sending in a well-signed request to our Department, to purchase some of the beautiful Ingres drawings now exhibiting in Paris.

December 10th.—The President (Sir Francis Grant), in his speech, told us to-night, at the distribution of medals to the students of the Academy, that when young he was in the company of the old Duchess of Rutland (grandmother of the present Duke), who informed him that she had sat to Reynolds for her portrait, and she took him to see the fine whole-length picture which Sir Joshua had produced. She did not seem to set much value upon it as a work of art, and remarked, "I sat to him in a great variety of dresses, and at last he painted me," pointing to the picture, "in that bed-gown." I dined with Grant on the 18th, and I told him his anecdote was very interesting, as showing how completely Reynolds had his art in view, rather than the vanity of his sitters. Grant then related to me another story of the Duchess, which is also highly illustrative of Reynolds' practice. "When I went to sit to him," said the old lady, "I found a large canvas at one end of the room, and at the other a large looking-glass, and Sir Joshua placed me beside the canvas, so that we were both opposite the glass. I was surprised to see him go up to the glass and attentively look at my face in it. Then, with his back still towards me, he began carefully mixing some

paint on his palette; and, after several trials, he turned round, rushed up to the canvas, and began to paint at a great rate. Then—he was a pompous little man—he marched slowly back to the same place, and again stared at me and the canvas in the glass, mixing and mixing as before, and then turning round he made another rush up to the canvas, in such haste that I was almost afraid he would paint my face instead of the picture."

Grant said that when he was about to get married, the Duchess told him she would give him an engraving from her portrait to hang in his dining-room, and he, anticipating a fine mezzotint from the Reynolds, thanked her warmly. When he was shown a handsomely-framed work after Mrs. Mee, as the intended gift, his change of countenance told his disappointment, which the Duchess perceiving said, "Do you not like the picture, Mr. Grant?" He confessed that he had hoped her gift would be an engraving after Sir Joshua. "Oh, indeed," said she; "is it possible you would like that better than Mrs. Mee? If that is the case, you shall have it by all means." This, I think, shows how little the lady appreciated the great portrait painter.

January 18th, 1868.—Returned from a two or three days' visit to Hatfield, where I found a large party, pleasant conversation, and the usual kindly hospitality of the host and hostess. There were many visitors, among them, my old chief, Mr. Lowe, Count Strzelecki, etc. Mr. Lowe told many excellent stories, and flavoured his conversation with clever antithetical quotations and remarks. He said, that shortly before he left home, his

servant announced two visitors, and following the man through the door two persons entered the room, one carrying the other in his arms. The one who was the porter seated his burden in a chair, carefully wrapped its lower limbs in a spotted railway wrapper, and then stood aside, when the other, who was the spokesman, began to explain to Mr. Lowe that they were about to hold a public meeting to repudiate Fenianism; that they expected the Duke of Northumberland to take the chair, and that they hoped Mr. Lowe would be present at the meeting. "I shall do no such thing," said he; "I have yet to learn that it is necessary for Englishmen to *repudiate* any complicity with arson, fire raising, or murder. Besides, does it not occur to you that, pending the trial of these men, such meetings are likely to support their declaration, that, with such public demonstrations, they are not likely to have a fair trial?" The spokesman replied that it really had not occurred to him in that light, and, being bundled up in the arms of his importer, he left without further argument.

Mr. Lowe said that dining some days before with Mr. Gladstone, a lady being seated between them, Gladstone, speaking across her, said to Mr. Lowe, "I cannot think why they called Cobden the 'Inspired Bagman.'" "Neither can I," said Lowe, "for he was neither inspired nor a bagman; in fact, it reminds me of a story told of Madame de Maintenon, when some one offered to obtain admission for her into the *Maison des filles repenties.* 'Nay,' said Madame, 'I am neither a *fille,* nor am I a *repentie.*' At this, the lady

between the two politicians burst into a laugh, but Mr. Gladstone pulled rather a long face."

I came to town in the same carriage with the Count, who, in answer to some of my remarks on the great abilities of Mr. Lowe and his present position, shrewdly remarked that had Mr. Lowe the same advantage in respect of eyes as we have, and could he see the faces of his audience, he might often speak very differently. "Besides," said he, "Lowe has a natural antipathy to a fool, and so he offends, as a matter of course, all the fools in his audience. He is quite the reverse of Lord Palmerston, who knew that fools predominate both in the House of Commons and out of it, and always addressed himself so as to conciliate the fools, and thus was very popular."

Count Strzelecki was speaking of the great want of some Commission or Minister to settle the sites of the great public monuments of London, which, he remarked, were always badly placed. "Now," said he, "look at the Albert Memorial, rising up where no one can see it, in a corner, as it were. I was asking Lord Palmerston why it was placed in such a situation, and why the position could not be reconsidered. 'Nay,' said his lordship, 'that is impossible; it is Cole who has determined it shall be where it is, and he has persuaded the Queen that the site is a "revelation of Providence." Cole says that if you take a line through the centre of the Exhibition of 1851, and produce it, and then another line breadth-ways through the Exhibition of 1862, and produce that, the two will cut each other in

the spot where the monument is to be placed.' "Is it so?" said the Count. I replied that Cole might have pointed out that the place was just opposite the centre of the quadrilateral purchased out of the proceeds of the 1851 Exhibition, and would form a portion, connected as it will be with the great hall now building, of the memorial to the Prince Consort as a whole, and that it was the natural finger of Providence which pointed out the site.

In the course of an after-dinner conversation on the rather curious subject of the advantages of perspiration, Lord Salisbury remarked that he was one of the train-bearers at the coronation of George IV., and that the weight of the robes gave each of the bearers a Turkish bath of some hours' duration. I added that the king seemed equally to suffer on that occasion (I was in the Abbey, and close to him). "Ah!" said my lord, "the king had an hour's rest and freedom from his robes; for after the coronation he retired for a time before he left the Abbey, and Lord —— going into the room which had been fitted up as a dressing-room, found the king walking up and down in a state of nudity, but with the crown on his head."

George Leslie, who was dining with us last week, told us an amusing anecdote of Edwin Landseer and Herbert. They were in the Athenæum after one of our Academy meetings, and Landseer called for sherry and soda-water, and Herbert, in his broken English, said to the waiter, "Some of zat also to me." When it came, he said, "Ah, I shall have no money; pay for me,

Landseer." Landseer paid somewhat unwillingly, and shortly afterwards they went out together. Herbert then stopped to listen to some beggar in the street. "Ah, stay a bit, I want to do a leetle charity; but you, my dear friend, must lend me a shilling." Herbert then retired to do his bit of charity. Shortly after, there was another beggar, and another bit of charity. He again rejoined Sir Edwin, saying, "Let me see, sherry drink, 1s.; charity, 2s.; ah! I do owe you 3s. Yet now I zink of it, you shall do ze charity, it will be good for your soul; and I shall pay you ze one shilling." Landseer related the story, not relishing charity by proxy.

In the spring of this year I lost my kind friend, for so I may call him, Lord Salisbury. I sincerely regret my old chief. I have no doubt seen my last of Hatfield, where I have spent so many pleasant days.

November 1*st*.—Cole is away now. I had a letter from him from Bologna:—

My dear Redgrave,—We have not had many quiet hours since we left, and I have therefore not written to you. I am quiet now.

I think the mosaic inquiry will turn out well, so far as our collection of subjects is concerned. Yesterday we spent a long day at Ravenna examining the mosaics, as fresh as they were twelve centuries ago, and really of a highly developed art—much less rude than those in Venice of the twelfth century. These mosaics have a tendency to the pictorial, with several planes in the picture, and are not archaic or conventional, with hard, black outlines. They contradict the stiff theory of L—— and the purists. I hope we shall get good copies of them. To represent the whole history of mosaic working will cost several thousand

pounds. We found L—— very helpful at Venice, and full of admiration of South Kensington Museum.

At Padua we alighted upon a perfect mine of goldsmiths' work in the treasury of Sant Antonio, where the Donatello bronzes are. After the priest had said his prayers, and lighted his candles, we were allowed to inspect the shrines and reliquaries minutely. The work is chiefly after 1300. . . .—My love to all your party, Ever yours,

HENRY COLE.

November 25th.—At a meeting of the Royal Academy this evening, Sir Edwin Landseer told a story that bears on the mutilated picture by Gainsborough, which I have mentioned in the "Century of Painters." He said that early in the Queen's reign he was at Windsor, and found Saunders cutting down a fine, whole-length picture by Gainsborough, and that he immediately spoke to the Queen about it; but it was too late. "I wish," said I, "you had begged that the pieces might be preserved, then we could have had the picture lined, and made whole again"; but I have understood that Saunders had them burnt. To this, Landseer made no reply, but he asked me if I had ever heard how Saunders secured his office; and on my answering "No," he went on to say that when William IV. came to the throne he was determined to have some naval pictures about him, and he gave orders that the corridor at Windsor should be cleaned, and that the pictures hanging there should be removed and be replaced by sea-pictures. The King was superintending the removal, and, coming to some Italian picture, he asked what it was. Seguier was in the gallery, and the King called out to him, "Here, Seguier,

do you know what this picture is?" Seguier said, "It is an Italian picture, Sir; but I am not prepared, without further consideration, to say what it is or to name the artist." "Ah!" said the King; "here, you man," calling to Saunders, who was cleaning the walls, "who is this picture painted by?" "I know nothing about it, your Majesty," said Saunders. "Seguier knows nothing about it, and don't say so; you know nothing about it, and tell me so at once," said the King, "you are the man for me"; and from henceforth Saunders, as Inspector of Palaces, was supreme, and did what he thought proper, even to the cutting down of one of Gainsborough's finest pictures for an "over-door."

December 11th.—Yesterday being the centenary of the Royal Academy, the members, after the distribution of prizes, supped together at Willis's, in the rooms of the Dilettanti Society, surrounded by the fine portraits by Reynolds, and by his own portrait, his gift to the Academy, brought down for the occasion, and garlanded with laurel. The meeting had been somewhat hastily arranged, nevertheless a good sprinkling of members and associates assembled together, and Grant took the chair.

The supper was a good one, and after the usual toasts of the Queen, the Prince of Wales, etc., the President, in a short speech, comparing past with present prospects, proposed "Success to the Royal Academy." Other toasts followed, and, later in the evening, Maclise got up to propose the health of our secretary, Knight (J. P. Knight, R.A.). "Mac." is a great

favourite with all owing to his *bonhomie*, his Irish racy humour, and his fun. When he got upon his legs he was greeted with a perfect storm of applause. I wish I could give an idea of him as he stood there, tall, somewhat more than portly, almost bald, and very rosy; blushing as it were all over his head. When the cheering began, he stood erect, covering his face with his hand, and waving the other deprecatingly, and the more he postured, the more the glasses rattled and the table rang. At last the noise subsided, and then, looking up to the ceiling, and throwing his arms about, as if in despair, he began—"Gentlemen,—I—I—merely got up—to—by heavens! I quite forget what I got up to say, you have driven it all out of my head." Appealing to Knight, who sat next him, "Now what was I going to say? I know I was going to make—a clever little speech—I am not much of a hand at *figures*." (Great cheers.) "I mean at dates and such things—but I had some notion about eras, and centenaries, or epochs—and that our Secretary was one of our centenaries." (Knight, with an appealing face, ejaculated something about being old, no doubt, but not yet a hundred.) "Not that *he* is a hundred, but *one* in a hundred, I may say a thousand, in doing his duty. I was going to —to take you all into my confidence as to centenaries and epochs, but,"—waving his hand in despair—"however it is quite as well—for you know how it is on the stage. There the actor at times proposes to take you into his confidence, some very bald old fellow like myself perhaps. He comes forward to the footlights

dragging a chair—then he drags forward another, and then he leads on some old lady, and she seats herself—and then he seats himself, and begins to nurse his leg upon his lap, and prepares to take, not the old lady, but the audience into his confidence; and at once the people in the pit begin to yawn, and the ladies in the boxes to flirt and fan themselves, and some little boy in the gallery shouts out, 'Cut it short, old fellow.' In fact—now I recollect—I was merely going to ask you to drink the health of that blessed good fellow, our best of Secretaries,"—and down rolls Mac., and glasses ring again to his, to him, and to his fun. Again and again during the evening was Maclise called up to give out some of his apparently simple, but always clever and telling remarks, and when I slipped away, I left Knight (at 65 years of age) singing to those of the brotherhood of painters who still upheld the chair, how he would tell grim old Death to—

> Get you gone, you knave,
> For great Bacchus gave me lave
> To take another Cruiskeen lawn.

His voice is as sweet a tenor as of old, if weaker, and his taste is as charming, as when he sang it at our Etching Club Suppers twenty years ago.

CHAPTER XII.

1869—1872.

Offered Knighthood—Visit of the King of the Belgians—Funeral of T. Creswick, R.A.—J. Phillip, R.A., his early portraits—Death of D. Maclise, R.A.—Dickens' speech at the Royal Academy—Royal Academy Council—Landseer—Linnell—Letter of T. Gainsborough, R.A.—Serves a third year on Council.

April 14*th*, 1869.—My wife having been unwell for some time, we left on this day for Margate, hoping that the bracing air would do both her and myself good. On Sunday morning, I received by post the following letter which had been forwarded to me from the office.

Windsor Castle, April 15*th*, 1869.

Dear Mr. Redgrave,—The Queen is anxious to give you some recognition of her sense of your services to her as Inspector of Pictures, and of the active part you have taken in the development of the Prince's plans at South Kensington, and she has asked Mr. Gladstone to make you the offer of Knighthood. Her Majesty wished, however, that the first announcement should come to you direct from hence.

Believe me,

Yours very truly,

C. Grey.

I was deeply gratified by the Queen's goodness, and especially with the manner of its announcement, but on conferring with my wife (we had no opportunity of asking anyone else in the family), we both thought a title very inconsistent with our mode of life and feelings, so, at the

risk of being considered uncourteous, I, the same day, returned the following reply:—

Margate, April 17th, 1869.

Dear General Grey,—I fear I cannot properly express the great gratification that your letter containing Her Majesty's gracious recognition of my endeavours to serve her, has given me. The share I have had in developing the Prince Consort's plans at South Kensington has been amply repaid by the honour of being associated with him, in however small a degree, in that great and useful work. The duties I have fulfilled, and am fulfilling as Her Majesty's Inspector of Pictures bring their own satisfaction in the doing. Thus, while I feel most deeply the goodness of the Queen in her unsolicited offer of the honour of Knighthood, and the most gracious manner in which it has been made known to me, I would most humbly and respectfully ask her permission to forego it. My mode of life is very simple, and I am quite contented with the honours Her Majesty has sanctioned to me as an artist, and beyond all with the permission still to serve her. Will you favour me by placing in a more suitable manner than I can do, my heartfelt thanks and acknowledgments before her?

P.S.—I am here for a day or two for health's sake, which has delayed my answer.

April 21st.—I returned to London and found that a letter from Mr. Gladstone, directed to G. R. Redgrave, had been sent to Glasgow, after my son Gilbert. He returned to London on the 24th, and had not received the letter, so we telegraphed to the Postmaster to send it back to us. It arrived on Monday, the 26th, and was as follows:—

11, *Carlton House Terrace, April 16th,* 1869.

Dear Mr. Redgrave,—Her Majesty is graciously disposed to mark her sense of your services to her, as well as your position

in your profession, and your claims as a public officer, by conferring on you the honour of Knighthood. I have very readily undertaken to convey to you this intimation, and I trust you will allow me to report your acceptance of Her Majesty's favour.

Believe me, yours very faithfully,

(Signed) W. E. GLADSTONE.

The following was my answer :—

Kensington, April 26th.

DEAR MR. GLADSTONE,—Your letter of the 18th being addressed "G. R. Redgrave," was unfortunately sent after my son, who has been journeying about Scotland on business, and having missed him was returned to me from Glasgow this morning. This will account for my apparent negligence in not earlier replying to it. I am deeply sensible of Her Majesty's condescension in this gracious offer to me of the honour of knighthood, but I venture to request, through you, her permission to forego it. I trust you will convey to Her Majesty and will yourself be assured of the sincere gratification this approval of my services has given me, and my deep sense of the honour intended for me, but, as inconsistent with my mode of life, I would humbly ask the Queen's gracious permission to decline it.

Blundering letters ! both mine. Some of my family regret my decision, but I am much happier as I am, than I could be as "Sir Richard."

November 27th.—The King of the Belgians visited South Kensington Museum, and was shown round by Mr. W. E. Forster, our Vice-President, Cole, myself, and Owen. He afterwards proceeded to the Horticultural Gardens, the Royal Albert Hall, and the Memorial. The king took great interest in the museum, and was very gracious and conversational. Cole introduced me with

his old remark (it always annoys me greatly) that I was the Pope of South Kensington, and, he considered, infallible in all matters of art; to which I could only reply that I was, like other popes, quite overruled by my cardinals, at which the king laughed. He invited our vice-president and four of us to lunch with him at his hotel, and gave us a princely repast. After lunch he went to visit the new rooms at the Royal Academy (I had sent off a messenger to Grant to come to receive him, which he did in company with Smirke, our architect). I kept in the background, but the king called me up to talk about Ingres' works. I told him I knew many of the best works of Ingres, that painter having collected them into a separate room in the Great Exhibition of Paris in 1855.

December 30th.—On this day Cope, Leighton, and I finished hanging the first exhibition of the works of the Old Masters, held in the rooms of the Royal Academy.

January 3rd, 1870.—Attended poor Creswick's funeral. In the evening, we had a meeting of the Royal Academy with reference to the schools. Cope and I walked home together, and he told me he had been visiting a friend in Palace Gardens who said that he knew John Phillip's work well, when he (Phillip) was a boy. His father, seeing how clever Phillip was, had invited him to stay at his house in Scotland, and that he and his brother and young Phillip all shared one room, and had famous bolster fights in the mornings. He said Phillip painted numbers of portraits in his early life, the price being seven shillings each, the sitter finding canvas and materials; and that later he got on so well that he

had many to do at as high a price as five guineas, but then Phillip found the canvas, etc. Where are these portraits now, I wonder?

April 25th.—One of the varnishing days, but to me how different from the old varnishing days when first I was an Associate! Then I was somewhat of a youngster, and my companions were the old fogeys, linking me with a bygone century by their anecdotes and reminiscences, which extended back even to the time of Reynolds. Then Turner, Howard, and Hilton were amongst the exhibitors from whom I gathered counsel; now I am an old fogey, one of the oldest, indeed, who come to touch on their pictures. As I was leaving this afternoon a rumour arose that dear old Maclise had just died. Can it be true? Another link is broken, if it is so. To-morrow I shall hear more.

Lee was there; by the way, he is older than I am in years, and older much as an Academy member. He is one, however, who until the last ten years has gone by the name of "Young Lee" owing to his fresh, youthful look. He was reminding me of the bright times when old Wells of Redleaf gathered the painters round him.

He said Wells used to bully him sadly about his art, but he would allow no one else to bully him. Taking Rogers, the poet, up to one of Lee's pictures at the British Institution, Wells pointed it out as a clever work by a young landscape painter. "Yes! yes!" said Rogers, "I dare say, but dull prose, dull prose." To which Wells immediately replied, "Dull prose is it? Dull

prose is a great deal better than unintelligible poetry," thus upholding his friend and at the same time administering a back-handed hit at his detractor.

April 30th.—Poor Maclise indeed died on the 25th, and on the 30th I, with many brother members, attended his funeral uninvited. I had even much difficulty in finding out where it would take place, and my messenger said when he called, he saw some of poor Maclise's relatives, who seemed to have been having something of the nature of an Irish wake. Appearances at the grave were in favour of this idea, and they made me feel that he must have had a skeleton in his house for some time.

At the Royal Academy dinner the same evening, I sat next to his old friend Charles Dickens, and listened with delight to his beautifully delivered speech on the occasion, in which he spoke so warmly and truly of poor Maclise.

Dickens told me that he was one of a party, consisting of Maclise, Forster, and Stanfield, who started off without knowing whither, and, unencumbered by luggage, made a pleasant trip, arriving at last at Land's End, and being away about ten days.

The chorus of praise of the man and of his works, with which the small critics of the daily press greet the great painter who has passed away, would be amusing were it not too sad. While he lived and worked among us, they were not so complimentary—nay, his friends well know that, perhaps owing to over-sensitiveness, he abstained for some time from exhibiting; he was stung by their little, mean criticisms on his art; criticisms

overlooking what was really great in his works, to fasten a sneer upon that which was not part of his works, nor connected with the gifts committed to him.

Some time ago I was asked to induce Maclise to undertake the whole or a portion of the outlines for the mosaic frieze of the Albert Hall. I saw him on the subject, but he would not hear of any more public work. He said that he had laboured most earnestly at the two frescoes, "Wellington at Waterloo," and "Nelson at Trafalgar," which were *part* of his commission for the Houses of Parliament. He had laboured, not grudgingly, though the prices for such works were known to be strikingly inadequate; but, these ended, he had hoped to have revelled a little in the other more *poetical* works, but here he had been disappointed. This had, it seems, completely soured him for Government work, and, unfortunately, he looked on the commission for the Albert Hall outlines as being of a like nature.

Some years since, Maclise went down to pay a visit to his friend Evans, of Eton, and he and the drawing master, though Evans was truly more than a drawing master, rambling out into the fields together, directed their walk to the boys' bathing place, where the youngsters, full of fun and frolic, were up to all sorts of antics in the silver Thames, and the two painters stopped to enjoy the sport.

Maclise, no doubt, with his artist's eye, was filling his memory with natural and unrestrained actions, with the lovely tones of flesh seen in water and in daylight, and with many other details which work in the studio

does not yield to the painter. The day was hot, the water tempting. "I used to be a good swimmer in my youth," thought Maclise to himself, "and could do more than these boys can; but it is many years since I tried." He hesitated a minute or two, and then said to Evans, "By Jove, I must get a dip." He stripped quickly, and as quickly splashed headlong into the group of youths. Headlong, and taking a deep dive, Maclise was no sooner in than he was lost to sight. The boys, astonished at his arrival among them, looked for his re-appearance on the surface. "I looked, too," said Evans, "and soon both I and they thought our friend was really gone, for not a trace or a ripple appeared on the surface, and we all held our breaths, and looked out anxiously. At length, after what seemed minutes, though, of course, it was not, Maclise's black head was seen to emerge above the water far down the stream; to emerge, not as a swimmer would, but rather as a waif, drifting and powerless. A moment it was seen just above the surface of the water, and loud were the shouts and exclamations of the boys; again it was lost to sight, the sky was once more mirrored in the stream without a ripple, the water seemed to have closed over the bather for ever. Long they waited, long, far longer than before. All eyes were directed down the stream, and, as they drew deep breaths in their anxiety, up came the black head of dear old Mac. quite in the midst of them. Then, when he had had time to breathe himself, loud were the acclamations and huzzas of the Etonians, and on the spot they made the painter an honorary

member of their bathing club. "How did you manage to get back into the middle of them?" asked Evans. "Was it not rather a dangerous trial of your strength?" "By George, it was!" said Maclise; "but at such a time one does not calculate, but rises to the occasion. I had hard work to get back among them without coming to the top. Sometimes I was on the bottom, sometimes hanging on to a willow-root for a moment; but the thing had to be done, as I had gone in for it."

Was it not this indomitable perseverance that carried him through those wonderful cartoons of Waterloo and Trafalgar, and which enabled him, with his own hand, not only wholly to complete the elaborate cartoons, but also the waterglass pictures themselves? It is an anecdote which illustrates both the enthusiasm and the fun of his character at the same time.

Maclise, who was a master of form, and had an intense memory for it, had little sense of colour. He studied the old masters, but he could get very little from them. Nevertheless, he venerated them, and admired their works.

Cope told me that when he was at Padua he found Giotto's frescoes, as all early Italian frescoes are, peeling off, and that many scales had fallen behind the panelling beneath them. As the place was being repaired, Cope had an opportunity of bringing away some of these pieces, and it afforded a means of examining the ground and the colours used. I think he told me that he found one of the old brushes behind the panel, which the painter had perhaps once used. However, on one

of his visits to Maclise, he had some small fragments of the intonaco in his waistcoat pocket, and he pulled out a piece to show Maclise, who looked at it with childlike veneration; talking of "those grand old fellows," and finally asking Cope for a fragment, which he proposed to set in a ring, as one would do a precious stone, or a sacred relic.

[A part of a letter, written in 1842, is here inserted, as it contains a charming anecdote of Maclise and Dickens.]

I heard the other day a most amusing story of Maclise. He painted in 1842 a subject for which he wanted a lady as model; he asked Miss Hogarth, Dickens's sister-in-law, to sit, and when the work was finished the figure was thought very beautiful, and very like his model. A few days afterwards a gentleman called on Maclise and said that an old gentleman in the country wished much to possess one of the painter's pictures, of which he was a great admirer, and had deputed him to see what he had on the easel. The visitor seemed very much struck with the one for which Miss Hogarth had sat, and he said he was sure it would please his friend, to whom he would write and describe it. In a few days a letter came, written in a feeble old hand, in a most delightfully garrulous strain, speaking in raptures of Maclise's former pictures which the writer had seen, and saying that he was sure, from his friend's description, the picture written about would be just to his taste, and asking the price. Maclise was delighted with the letter,

which he thought so extremely characteristic that he hurried off to Dickens to show it to him, saying that the letter was almost worth the picture, and that it had pleased him so much that he should name a low price. "Oh, no, by no means," said Dickens, "you would be very wrong; it is evidently from some rich old enthusiast who can afford to pay well." Maclise argued the point, talked of putting a handsome frame to the picture without charge, etc., but was finally persuaded by Dickens to name his best price for the work.

In a day or two, the gentleman who had been the first agent called again, said how pleased his friend was with his success, he brought Maclise the money, and asked to have the picture packed, and said a porter would call for it—all of which was done.

A week or two after, at Christmas, Dickens invited a large party, Maclise amongst the rest; but alas! alas! for the *dénouement;* just as they were sitting down to dinner a note came from the painter pleading illness as an excuse; and Dickens—for it was he who had written the letter from the garrulous old gentleman and had bought the picture—had to unveil it to the admiring eyes of his friends without the accompaniment of wondering astonishment which he had expected from Maclise. The thing, however, was most delicately managed, was it not? Fancy Dickens persuading Maclise to charge him a high price for the picture! The picture in question is now in the South Kensington Museum. It forms one of the Forster collection.

April 3rd, 1871.—I am again on the Academy Council this year, and to-morrow I shall have to be one of the committee to hang the pictures. The Hanging Committee now consists of five members instead of three. I hardly think this is a change for the better, but I shall be more able to judge at the end of our labours. Poole and I are the old members, Sant, Ansdell, and Wells the new ones.

Landseer, who seems, so far as the outer world knows, to have been in a state almost bordering on insanity, one day well and the next day in a state of intense nervous irritation, has sent no picture this year. Yet only a few days ago George Leslie told us that he had spent some hours with him, and that Sir Edwin, a day or two before, having seen a lamb which he kept as a model lying down beside a large cast of a lion in his garden, had been struck with it as an illustration of the millennium as described in Isaiah. He had had a canvas of a large size placed on his easel, and in two days he painted what Leslie called a wonderful picture; so complete that if he would let it alone it would rank with his best works. "But," said Leslie, "I know how it will be. If he paints on it again he will muddle it, and re-paint it and spoil it." "In fact," said Leslie, "this is how he now spoils half his pictures."

The end of the "Lion and the Lamb" this year was, that when the pictures at the Academy were all but hung, Landseer, who had had a more lucid interval, desired that the picture, against all rule, should be sent for exhibition, and, if I remember aright, he asked the

Queen if the rules might be broken in order that it might be admitted. Her answer was a most proper one, that if the Academicians wished to exhibit it, she would sanction the laws being broken. But the Academy did not wish it: the picture was unfinished, it would have done Landseer no honour, and it could only have been placed in a very inferior position. Sir F. Grant gravely suggested a space, yet unoccupied, above the architectural drawings. Fancy Landseer coming and finding it there! So it was not sent for, and Sir Edwin, having left the arrangements to his brother Charles, went with a friend into the country, where he was to spend some time in seclusion. A few days after the opening, when the rooms were very hot and crowded, he suddenly appeared quite unexpectedly, and went up into the exhibition rooms. Luckily, Mr. Eyre (our registrar) heard of his arrival, and followed him, and in the second room he managed to induce him to leave, so that he went home before he realised that the picture was not hung; and Charles Landseer, who was advised to follow him and explain, remained till the first burst of his wrath should have passed away. I believe that it is the continual giving way to him that helps to ruin his health, and I am glad we withstood this infraction of the rules.

May 12th.—Lane gave me to-day an unpublished letter of his relative, Thos. Gainsborough, R.A. It was written on December 12th, 1776. It is to his sister Mrs. Gibbon, at Bath, and it is written in a clear, graceful hand:—

Dear Sister,—I received yours, and am glad your Houses and everything go on so much to your satisfaction. I have always wish'd you happy, though sometimes we have differ'd a little in our opinions. I did all in my power to comfort poor Humphrey [his brother], and should have been glad of his company a little longer, had not his business called him hence. What will become of me time must show; I can only say that my present situation with regard to encouragement is all that heart can wish, but as all worldly success is precarious, I don't build happiness, or the expectation of it, upon present appearances. I have built upon sandy foundations all my life long. All I know is that I live at a full thousand pounds a year expense, and will work hard, and do my best to go through withal; and if that will not do, let those take their lot of blame and sufferings that fall short of their duty, both towards me and themselves. Had I been blessed with your penetration and blind eye towards fools' pleasures, I had steer'd my course better, but we are born with different Passions and gifts, and I have only to hope that the great Giver of All will make better allowance for us than we can make for one another. I could now enter into particulars as my heart finds itself affected, but what would it all signify if I tell you my wife is weak but good, and never much form'd to humour my Happiness, what can you do to alter her? If I complain that Peggy [his elder daughter] is a sensible good Girl, but Insolent and proud in her behaviour to me at times, can you make your arm long enough to box her Ears for me whilst you live at Bath? And (what most has hurt me of late) were I to unfold a secret, and tell you that I have detected a sly trick in Molly [his younger daughter] by a sight I got of one of her Letters, forsooth, to Mr. Fischer, what could all your cleverness do for me there? and yet I wish for your Head-piece to catch a little more of the secret, for I don't choose to be flung [away?] under the pretence of Friendship. I have never suffer'd that worthy Gentleman ever to be in their Company since I came to London; and behold whilst I had my Eye upon Peggy, the other Slyboots, I suppose, has all along been the Object. Oh, d—n

him, he must take care how he trips me off the foot of all happiness.

I desire, my Dear Sister, you will not impart a syllable of what you have here, and believe me ever yours most affectionately, THOS. GAINSBOROUGH.

Dec. 26th, 1776.

Compts. of this happy season to you, and love to Sally.

P.S.—She *does* not suspect I saw the letter.

Molly Gainsborough married Mr. Fischer, this letter notwithstanding.

This autumn I was again placed on the Committee of arrangement, and named as one of the "hangers" at the Old Masters exhibition, Millais, who was also named, having withdrawn. Richmond took his place and we got through our work pretty amicably. He told me a good story of Linnell at luncheon once. Linnell's son John asked his father to give him some of his painting-tools, of which the old man had an abundant supply. "Nay! nay!" said the painter; "recollect, my boy, your mother's first words to you, 'Bye-bye—bye-bye—buy, buy'"—which words Richmond chanted out in his musical and pleasant voice; while we heartily enjoyed the story, which showed truly Linnell's habit of making the most out of everything and everybody.

Linnell loves to have his fling at the Royal Academy. When I went to see him once at Redstone, he met me at the door with the remark, "Wonders will never cease, I have had *two* Academicians call upon me in one day! Mr. Cooke was here this morning, and now you have come. I once had a visit from Mr. Cope, but he never came beyond the threshold, and could not be induced to

come in." It is needless to say I did not stay at the threshold, and was most hospitably received, and my enjoyment of his pictures and sketches was truly great. When he heard of Richmond's election, he said, "Humph! then I have seen the last of friend Richmond."

My daughter once asked Mr. Linnell what vehicle he painted with. "That," said he, "I never tell."

When Linnell married his first wife he took her to Gretna Green; not that it was a runaway match, but that he held religious scruples about being married in a church. On the occasion of his second marriage, the Reigate registry office was put in requisition. The wedding took place not from the lady's own home, but from Redstone, where she had arrived about a week before. When some one objected to the old painter that this was contrary to received custom, he said, "There is full authority for it. Rebecca came to Isaac," he said, "why should not Mary Anne B—— come to John Linnell? The only difference I see is that Rebecca brought all her worldly goods on a camel, whereas my bride's belongings came by Pickford's van."

May.—Sir W. Boxall having pleaded his age and his legs as an excuse, I was again named on the hanging committee of the Royal Academy, and had a long and anxious labour.

I heard an amusing story about Mr. L—— the other day. When the King of the Belgians was over here in May, he mixed a good deal in society, and being at a party where L—— was, and meeting him, he said, "How do

you do, Mr. L——?" He answered in the gruffest manner (turning away), "I've not been ill." The king looked surprised, but meeting him again in another part of the rooms, he said, in a pleasant voice, "Mr. L—— I do not think you know me," when the latter, turning to his interlocutor, replied in the most sarcastic voice, "Yes, I do; you're Mr. M——, the member for ——" (whom, as interested in the working classes, he greatly dislikes). As he was again, in old parlance, "rumping" the king, His Majesty said, "No, not Mr. M——, the King of the Belgians." I was left to imagine the rest.

CHAPTER XIII.

1873—1876.

Anecdote of Donovan the Phrenologist and Sir J. E. Millais, R.A.—Value of a Turner—Dinner with W. C. T. Dobson, R.A.—Letters from Samuel Palmer—Funeral of Sir E. Landseer, R.A.—First Dinner of the Royal Academy in their New Rooms—The Landseer Exhibition—Retires from his Duties at South Kensington Museum—Gives Away the Prizes and Medals—Death of his Brother—Goes to Walmer.

January 24th, 1873.—We had a little dinner-party last night. Holman Hunt, the Archers, Walter Bacon, Louisa Barwell, Cole, and Mrs. Cole. In the evening, we were talking about phrenology, and Hunt told us the following story as having happened to Millais. He said—"Perhaps you remember Donovan," which we most of us did, as a very pretentious professional operator in phrenology. "Well," said Hunt, "Tennyson went to his shop and asked to have his head examined, and when Donovan had gone through his manipulations, he said, 'Sir, you ought to be one of the first, if not the first, poet of the age.' This was told to Ruskin, who said that no doubt Donovan had been made aware of the identity of his visitor, and had not made so clever a hit at random.

"Millais was then a very young man, and on very friendly and intimate terms with Ruskin, and Ruskin said, 'Now, Millais, he is not likely to know you or to have seen your portraits; go there, and give him a sitting.' Millais, who dressed, as a young man, rather

dandily, and had, through some change in the fashion, had his long hair cropped close, got himself up in rather clerkly fashion, and called on the doctor, for so he dubbed himself. The phrenologist met him in the outer shop and began to inquire his wishes. Millais told him that he wished to have his bumps examined, and the doctor immediately began to spell out what he could. 'I presume there is some pursuit you wish to engage in—recreative, eh? and—er—desire, I suppose, to know what qualifications you possess?' 'No,' replied Millais, in a dry, matter-of-fact tone. 'Nothing of that sort. I hear some of my friends have had their heads gone over, and I thought I would too.' So, seeing that he did not open out, he was asked into the back room.

"After a little manipulation, carried on in silence, with the exception of a few monosyllables, Donovan said, 'Well, sir, there is one thing quite clear from my examination—that is, that you are wholly devoid of any qualifications for pursuits requiring imagination;' then a little after, 'devoid of any feeling for colour.' 'Indeed,' said Millais. 'Yes, sir; I dare say you have heard of persons who are colour-blind?' 'Well,' said our friend, 'I have never noticed it in myself.' 'Not,' continued the manipulator, 'that I mean to say that you are colour-blind; but your sense of colour is very imperfect. City business, sir—active city business for you; go in for being a merchant, sir, or for banking; but for anything requiring the imagination—for poetry or for literature—you're quite unsuited—quite unsuited.'

"Millais, rising from his chair, quietly said, 'Thank you. Would you kindly let me have it in writing. It may be of use to me.' 'Certainly,' replied Donovan; 'but, as I wish to do it carefully, you cannot have it to-day; but if you will give me your address, I will send the paper to you.' 'Oh, no,' said Millais; 'I pass to-morrow, and I will call for it.' On the morrow Millais called and received a sealed letter, prefaced, however, as follows:—"I wish, sir, you would not look at it at present. When we put our examinations in writing, we are obliged to be more exact and precise than we should be in verbal communications; and my view of your deficiencies may be rather more harshly expressed than might be pleasant at first sight; but think them over, sir, and you will be convinced that the straightforward truth is the best.' 'Very well,' said Millais; 'as you wish, so it shall be.' 'And now, sir,' added the phrenologist, 'will you kindly write your name in my book, as is usual with those who consult me?' 'By all means,' said J. E. Millais, as he signed his name. 'Millais! Millais!' exclaimed Donovan. 'I have heard of a painter, who has made some noise in the world, of that name; any relation of yours?'—uneasily—'your father, perhaps, sir?' 'No, not my father; a relation of my father.' 'Strange,' said Donovan, 'that even as a relation you should have so very unimaginative a head!—are you a near relation, sir?' 'Well, I am Millais, the painter, himself!' said he, pocketing the letter as he said it."

I heard lately a good story about picture-dealing.

C—— told us of a lady who had a fine Turner, and, hearing that his works realized large sums, she thought that, not being rich, she ought to part with it. She was referred to G——, as a person likely to purchase, and, on application, he promised to come and inspect it. He looked it carefully over, and said, "Have you had this picture long?" "Yes; very long." "Ah! it is not worth much, then. It *is* a Turner; but it is not of much value. Where did you get it?" "Oh! we had it from Turner himself." "Ah, too long ago—too long ago!" "Well," said the lady, "but is the picture so much the worse for being old? I rather thought that was not the case." "Yes, it is," said the dealer; "it has not been in the market; it is not known, and it would have to pass through Christie's five or six times to raise it in the market. I could not afford much for it." Thus it is—one dealer raises a picture £100; at the next sale it passes into another hand, at an advance of £250—then £500; and at last some client is induced to take it at more than treble the value at which it was first launched into the world.

March 31st.—Went to an At Home at Lady Derby's—the first visit I have paid her under her new title. I found her pleasant and charming as of old.

May 28th.—Dined with Dobson (W. C. T. Dobson, R.A.), and met Grant and other Academicians. Grant related to us all about the painting of the portrait of Sir Walter Scott. He was introduced to Sir Walter, and took his first sitting, but found Scott very restless as a

sitter, and the work was hardly satisfactory. This led Grant to say that he could, and indeed would like to take his next sitting in Sir Walter's study, and, if Scott pleased, he would do so while he was dictating to his amanuensis.

Sir Walter agreed to this with great pleasure, and everything was arranged accordingly. When Grant arrived at the appointed time, and had settled his easel, etc., Scott introduced Willie Laidlaw, much to Grant's surprise, as he was in a coarse grey farmer's coat, a plaid, a Scotch Lowland bonnet, knee breeches, blue woollen stockings, and high-low shoes. The easel was so placed that Willie, by turning a little, could see the work. When Sir Walter began (I think Grant said it was "Count Robert of Paris," but certainly his last work), he went on most fluently, never hesitating or changing, Willie giving him the last word as his cue to proceed. Unfortunately, once or twice Willie forgot himself, through looking at Grant's work, and caused Scott to lose the thread, on which occasions, and on those only, Scott said, "Oh, Willie—Willie, mon, you must read back the last page or two."

Grant got on well with his work, and afterwards walked out with Sir Walter, when he said, referring to the dictation, that he was obliged to say that he did not recollect one word of the story Scott had been dictating. "Faith, mon!" said Sir Walter, "I don't doubt it; for I was wholly unaware, during the whole time, that you were there painting." This shows how deeply absorbed they both were in their proper work.

July 27th, 1873.—In March I received the following letter from Palmer—(Samuel Palmer, the water-colour painter):—

My dear Redgrave,

. . . I have neglected to acknowledge a very kind message you sent me by Herbert concerning an etching, for which I expressed unguardedly a longing, when looking over several of yours with my fair preceptress (one of Redgrave's daughters). Perhaps I spoke of it as a "shove do over" of sylvan intricacy, and my shocking French pronunciation fixed the matter in her memory; but unless you have several proofs, pray think no more of it. In case you abound in them, it is the "Summer Woods." Having it already in the Etching Club work, it seems greedy to wish for another; but I have a portfolio, of such etchings as comfort me, always at hand, kept, as greedy Peter in Mrs. Barbauld's story kept his cake, for my own private eating, or to be enjoyed now and then with a select few. I thought the Royal Academy advertised the taking-in days, and am surprised to find no advertisement of them in the *Athenæum*. There was a statement, however, in the text, naming the last day of this month and the first of the next as the days, which doubtless is right. If I am wrong, perhaps my dear "French governess" will just send me the date on the back of a post-card, for I dread making you put pen to paper at this busy time, remembering but too well the time you have sometimes given me in that way. Some say Walpole was the best letter-writer, some say Cowper; but these two admit of no best, only of better, and that I think was Cowper—the superlative is he who writes letters which require no answer. Aiming at this transcendency, if I cause you to write one syllable, I shall know that I am a superlative donkey. If you think such knowledge would be good for me, pray defer the donation to a moment of leisure, and meanwhile believe me, Most truly yours,

S. Palmer.

P.S.—If it were not meddling with matters too high for

me, I should say how pleased I am that your new housemaid turns out so nicely. What a hideous vortex is all this domestic perturbation! We must have an importation of China maids, and real early risers, who will roast our pet spaniels for their breakfast. Orpheus looked back on purpose: he dreaded a second bout of housekeeping.

As I had not been well lately, and Palmer had heard of it, he sent me the following most amusing letter:—

My dear Redgrave,

Hearing with sorrow that you have been poorly and unable, from defect of appetite or digestion, to take sufficient nourishment, and having suffered in like manner myself, I venture to quote, not poetry, but a poet who was experimentally acquainted with the subject. It shall be in the postscript, if you have patience to read so far. Meanwhile, lest this document should be adduced in proof of my being "a busybody in other men's matters,"

I will subscribe myself,

Yours anonymously,

* * *

P.S.—A friend of mine met Samuel Rogers in the street, and mentioned that he was suffering from indigestion. "Come and dine with me to-day," said the bard, "and you will find out what you ought to eat." The meal consisted of most genial and nutritive meats, with no harsh fibre left, but, as the host remarked, half-digested in the cooking.

There are times when the stomach revolts not only against lumps and "gobbets" (Spenser), whether "raw" or "cooked," but when the best ordinary nourishment, "a slice from the joint," is too much for it. Then come the softer shades and mystic poesy of the stew-pan. Very little or no water (perhaps a glass of sherry), a hint of the treasures of the spice-box, just lurking, like the onion in Sydney Smith's salad-bowl, over everything stewing in its own gravy like Hibernian statesmanship.

But one moment's boiling is fatal. I think (my doctor tells *me* so) you should take meat twice a day, of this addulced and persuasive texture—the stew of this day's lunch having simmered through five or six hours of *yesterday*. The great difficulty is to find a cook who has a horror of boiling and "wabbling."

Then I would eat at present no salads or lettuces, nor any *uncooked* vegetables—not even fruit, however ripe. *If* you long for fruit, repair to the jam cupboard—I mean, just at present; for if you adopt the stew system, making Beef your sheet-anchor, ere long you will be able to tackle the mighty nutriments—rump-steak pudding (boiled six hours, with a crust, apparently thick, but as light as Ariel), noble sirloins, and all the strenuous diet which prepared the yeomen for Crecy.

Beware of invariable mutton, still more of lamb and veal, especially if rather underdone. (We can digest a fat fowl, thoroughly roasted, its juices rescued from the dripping-pan, by cramming it with turkey stuffing, which is of equal advantage to pheasants.)

Then, for the present, I must put an interdict to your walking. When you have taken your five-hours-yesterday's-stewed luncheon, and waited half an hour, take a nice long ride in your chaise; and if you do not drive yourself, read Sydney Smith's letters on the deans and chapters as you go, which will add to the movement of your carriage a perpetual visible tremor, highly beneficial just now, till you are able to revert to Sirloins and Plato.

You will return to your second meal with somewhat more of appetite than you felt yesterday, and *after dinner the brain must have perfect rest*. I fear it is wicked to read or talk nonsense, except for the one hour after dinner; and if you think it wrong even then, imitate Henry VIII., who "was wont to solace his sweet soul with the celestial sounds of music."

I will add one word as to the manner of eating—our modern diners out are so fond of chattering that they have no time for chewing. It will be otherwise at home. The aforesaid Rogers attributed his long life to slow eating. Pray do not understand

me to recommend epicurism or luxury. What I have said, I have said medically.

October 9th.—Went up from Abinger to attend poor Landseer's funeral in St. Paul's Cathedral. I was a pall-bearer, being one of the six Senior Academicians. A large concourse of people attended. It is a sad duty to pay the last honours to such a painter.

December 31st.—I finished the old year at the Royal Academy, dining with the old and the incoming Council, as our usual practice is. This dinner, however, was so far unusual in that we this day took living possession of Burlington House, and dined in one of the suites of rooms in which the Royal Society gave their *soirées*, and where, before them, the noble proprietor and architect used to hold his pomp and state. It is hard to tell how the rest of the household lived, especially where the servants "pigged in," unless it was under the table of the servants' hall, or the pantry.

After dinner, the President's (Sir F. Grant's) health was proposed, and in replying he told us a curious fact. "In this very room," said he, "forty-two years ago, I commenced my professional practice as a London portrait painter. The old Lady Burlington desired me to paint her grand-daughter (or niece), Lady Elizabeth Cavendish, and while my easel was placed in yonder window, she sat, as nearly as possible, where I now sit as your chairman. I had painted one portrait before in Edinburgh, but this was my first in London. It was less than life, head and bust, and I had thirty-five guineas for the work. Little chance seemed there then

that I should take my place as your President at the first dinner of the Academy Council in this same chamber!"

This night I finish my third year on Council, as I was elected for an extra year to fill Boxall's place, when he resigned. It has been three years of battle; for while changes were rife in Art, the Academy hung to the old constitution and officers. I was the first to draw up a scheme of change, which, brought forward by Cope, and well supported by Wells and others, has led to the retirement of Knight from the secretaryship, and the appointment of a lay secretary.

Charles Landseer has also resigned the keepership, and F. W. Pickersgill has been elected in his place.

January 3rd, 1874.—To-day was the private view of the works of Sir Edwin Landseer, and, with some blots, it is a wonderful gathering of one man's labours. It is not exhaustive, since none of the pictures belonging to the nation, nor two of the finest, belonging to Her Majesty, "The Drive," and "Windsor in 1862," were there. The Duke of Bedford's Landseers were also absent. Still, it is a fine monument of steady work, and exhibits his great powers, and his unrivalled skill in the drawing, and in the expression of animals, for he fails almost entirely to give expression to his "humans."

October 14th.—Our dear son was married to-day, and we all went up from Abinger to be present at the wedding.

March 19th, 1875.—Received the thanks of the Trustees of Sir John Soane's Museum for inspecting

their collection of pictures, and giving advice on their reparation.

September 5th.—Returned from a pleasant stay of three days with Lord Bradford at Weston Park, Shifnal.

Christmas Day.—There is much I might have written this year, but I have quite neglected my diary.

On the 22nd of August I was allowed, after desiring for several years to do so, to retire from my duties at South Kensington.

Many difficulties were placed in the way of a due recognition of my claims for superannuation, under the plea that as I did not give, or rather was not engaged to give, constant attendance, I was not entitled to a superannuation allowance. I proved the fallacy of this argument from Treasury minutes, but Treasury obstinacy and red tape long continued to bar my claims, though I showed that while engaged to give half time, and paid accordingly, I had for some years given constant attendance. At last, however, my claims have been recognised, and the following Treasury minute, which I call very handsome and satisfactory, has been sent to me, and has been published in the *Gazette* :—

[Copy of Treasury Minute, dated August 10th, 1875.]

My Lords have before them a letter from the Education Department, dated the 29th ultimo, recommending the grant of a special superannuation allowance to Mr. Richard Redgrave, R.A., Director of the Art Division of the Education Department. Mr. Redgrave was appointed on the 2nd of December, 1847, to be master of the School of Design, and has since held successively the following appointments :—1848, Head Master and Manager attending the Board; 1852, Art Superintendent

of the Department of Art; 1854, Commissioner for the Fine Arts, Paris International Exhibition; February, 1857, Inspector General for Art; January, 1874, Director of the Art Division.

The Lords of the Committee of Council on Education inform the Board that they transmit Mr. Redgrave's application for a pension with very great regret, but having already once induced him to postpone his retirement, they feel that at his advanced age (71) they cannot properly urge him again to postpone his application for relief from the heavy labours which he has for many years discharged with so much credit to himself, and with such signal advantage to the State. They further inform the Board that to recount the services which Mr. Redgrave has rendered in the various offices which he has held would be to write the history of the Art Department, under the various names it has borne from the date of its first establishment. They state that the present flourishing condition of the Art Division, and the position which it holds, not only in this country, but in the public opinion of the Continent, are the best testimony which can be given to the value of Mr. Redgrave's labours in founding and directing the existing system of art instruction throughout the United Kingdom, and in establishing and developing the art branches of the South Kensington Museum.

They recall the fact that in carrying out these important public duties so efficiently, Mr. Redgrave has been virtually obliged to abandon the exercise of a lucrative profession, in which he held a distinguished place.

They state that they have reason to know that their predecessors in office always entertained the same opinion that they themselves do of Mr. Redgrave's high qualifications as an artist, as an instructor, and as an administrator; and they think that his case is one which can only properly be dealt with under the 9th section of the Superannuation Act, 1859, as that of a person who has rendered special services requiring special reward.

Mr. Redgrave's total service amounts to twenty-seven years nine months, but the portion of it anterior to his appointment as

Inspector-General for Art in February, 1857, is not of a kind which gives a legal claim to superannuation. On the other hand, the office of Inspector-General for Art is one which entitles the holder to an addition of ten years to his actual period of service, on account of its professional character.

My Lords are very sensible of the great value of the services which Mr. Redgrave has rendered, and to which the Education Department have so forcibly drawn their attention, and in virtue of the powers conferred on them by the 9th section of the Superannuation Act, 1859, they are pleased to award to Mr. Redgrave a special retired allowance of £750 a year.

Thus is accomplished, alas, very late in life! my release from the larger part of my public duties. Since 1867 I have many times asked to be allowed to retire, but I have from time to time been prevented. Now, however, the Treasury have acknowledged, what my chiefs in the department have long ago done, the peculiar services I have rendered since 1847, when I first stirred in the then disorganised and ill-regulated affairs of the School of Design.

I have no wish to disparage the work of my colleague, Sir Henry Cole, but this I do say, that all that which relates to the building up of the system and the course of the Art instruction in our 130 schools and 500 night classes, and the system of teaching and examining both in these and in the public elementary schools of this country, the examination and method of certificating masters, etc., is of my framing. Besides which I have had to be responsible, up to this time, for all the purchases in our rapidly-formed and rich museum.

[Mr. Redgrave received many kind letters on his

retirement from office, and many of the officials sincerely regretted his departure from South Kensington. Indeed, his brother officers express generally to him the conviction that they shall feel his loss grievously. One says "You have been such a kind and judicious and, I must add, such a dear friend to me for so many years, that I shall miss your presence and your advice dreadfully." Another, "I cannot pretend to thank you sufficiently for your constant kindness; such obligations are a debt which cannot be repaid." A third writes, "You have combined with your official work that real charity and indulgence which are shown in every look of yours and in the smallest action. If there has been a kind thing to be done, an officer to be defended when not present, we all have known that you were fighting manfully the cause of the absent one. You cannot remember the many, many instances in the course of a long career in which you have acted as the kind friend," etc.

The Vice-President (Lord Sandon), the Secretary (Sir F. Sandford), and Sir Henry Cole, who had retired from the office a year before, also, among many others, sent him their congratulations.]

The Duke of Richmond (Lord President) and Lord Sandon desired me to give away the last year's prizes obtained by the students in the Central School. This, I believe, was also in accordance with the wishes of my successor, Mr. Poynter, R.A., who unites with the directorship for Art the office of Principal of the Central School. As Poynter had expressed an opinion in some degree

disparaging to the work, it was an agreeable surprise to me and wholly unexpected, that when I requested him as chairman to address the meeting, in speaking of my retirement he remarked that "Mr. Redgrave was the author of the most perfect system of national art instruction ever devised—a system which was unique in Europe, and the value of which had been recognised in many countries."

"The Central School was," he went on to say, "like a keyboard on which the director had played, and by means of which he had harmonised the work of instruction in the schools throughout the country." I have no doubt that as the new director began to look into the duties he had undertaken, he saw the extent and unity of the system upon possession of which he had entered.

Thus, at nearly seventy-two years of age, I am released from constant anxiety, but with failing health and vigour. I can make but little use of my increased leisure. Indeed, at present I find it to be rather decreased leisure, as for the last two or three months I have been working almost incessantly at the catalogue of Her Majesty's pictures, trying to verify from old documents and old catalogues all the pictures belonging to the Crown.

March 23rd.—Ah me! sad indeed is this my next entry. Dear, dear brother Samuel (S. Redgrave, born 1802, died 1876). I have lost you for ever in this life. On Sunday evening last, March 19th, I kissed him and bade him good-night, and at four o'clock in the morning

he passed away in his sleep, and I lost the truest, dearest brother ever man had. Seventy years have we lived together, or as near neighbours, loving and consoling one another in all trials and difficulties. Yesterday I kissed his calm face in his coffin and followed him to the grave. His place leaves a void which will never be filled to me.

May 12*th*.—We went to Walmer, to give my sisters a change after their long watching and trouble. We lodged nearly opposite the life-boat house, on the beach. It was a very cold season, with the wind constantly blowing from the north-east, and sketching was almost impossible. During our short stay we had the grand sight of the putting forth of the life-boat. The wind was blowing strongly on shore, and the tide was nearly full when the alarm bell rang, and being so near at hand we were speedily on the beach. It was surprising to see how volunteers rushed in, each one immediately equipping himself in storm uniform. Although it was past ten o'clock at night, the crew was completed in as many minutes, and jumping into the boat they launched her into the waves, and she was soon swallowed up in the gloom of the dark storm.

April 29*th*.—Dined at the Royal Academy banquet. I was placed between Mr. Goschen and Mr. Lowe, the latter often very amusing. He was speaking of combats with wild beasts, and said man easily overcomes such, but he himself is powerless with the insect tribe; he is entirely at their mercy, they prey upon him as they will; and then turning to a subject which we had been discussing,

he added, "So it is with vestries. What can you do with those creeping things? You cannot annihilate them; you cannot convince them by reason or by facts. If you knock over a grocer, up jumps a butcher, and if he is put down by any good chance a shoemaker takes up the cry, so that you retreat hopelessly beaten." Mr. Disraeli, as usual, made a telling speech, and all said that it was a very agreeable evening.

December 31*st*.—The year which has just passed away has been a sad year of trial and trouble. I never for an hour forget my dear brother. I feel the loss of him more and more, and there is a blank in my life which neither the tenderest of wives nor the most loving children can quite fill up

CHAPTER XIV.

1877—1888.

Sentence of Blindness—Dinner at Mr. Pender's—Anecdote of Turner—Death of Sir F. Grant, P.R.A.—Luncheon at Dulwich—Finishes the Catalogue of the Queen's Pictures—Retires from the Office of Surveyor of Crown Pictures—Made a C.B.—Becomes an Honorary Retired Academician—Sir W. Bowman Operates on his Left Eye—Death of Sir H. Cole, K.C.B.—Increasing Loss of Sight—Long Illness and Death.

January 28th, 1877.—Yesterday I went with my wife to the oculist, Mr. Soelberg Walls, to see, as I imagined, whether he could fit me with other spectacles, by which I might again see to read and paint comfortably. I had been with him about a month previously, and thought of nothing worse. I had suffered for some time from the tears flowing over the eyelids. He passed a light as on former occasions into my eyes, and when I asked him about the glasses, he kindly took my hand and said, I should see again perfectly by-and-by, but that I must be worse before I could be better, in fact, that I had cataract in both eyes. What a sentence for one whose greatest and almost only pleasure has been to see and to do! Already I am almost unable to read, already the landscape begins to be misty, and it must go on to darkness—to darkness perhaps without relief by surgery, though the oculist is very hopeful in words; but if there is to be relief, summer is coming, and there will be no sunshine for me! Flowers and weeds will be

indistinguishable. God of His goodness give me patience and cheerfulness; for He, indeed, has spared me many, very many evils that might have accompanied it—poverty, loneliness, disease; whereas I have abundant means, loving ones, friends, and tolerable health.

February 9th.—Yesterday I completed with some difficulty two oil pictures for the coming Exhibition. Shall I ever paint again?.

April 30th.—This day I enter upon my seventy-fourth year, with blessings and thanks to God for very many mercies.

June 20th.—Finished a little memoir of my dear brother, intended to be affixed to any future edition of his "Dictionary of Artists."

December 31st.—The year has all but passed away, but as the day is bright I can still make an entry in my diary. How I write as I do, I hardly know, as a large magnifier scarcely permits me to see what I have written. Thank God for all His mercies to me and to mine, and for the hope that I may again see. I thought on my first going to Abinger that I could not paint at all. I tried oil colours, but it was utterly hopeless; then I tried a water-colour of the front of our cottage, looking towards the gate, and having partially succeeded, I painted, in the course of the four months, five other sketches—a real pleasure to me!

On our return, I resumed the Catalogue of the Queen's Pictures, and with the able assistance of Mr. Doyne Bell, I succeeded in completing the Buckingham Palace catalogue, and hunted out the pictures through

the back catalogues. We are now at work on Windsor. I should like, before I get blind, to complete this work, which has now been in hand for the last twenty years, and which I hope will prove that I have not eaten the bread of the sinecurist; but it is now hard work.

I had not intended again to accept office on the Academy Council, but my time has come round, and as there are many difficult points to settle in which I can be helpful, I am going once more to act. We dine together as usual to-night.

April 30th, 1878.—Thank God Who has carried me through another year. Not so blind but that I am able to record it.

I dined last night at Mr. Pender's. Goodall sat next to me and told me a story to the credit of Turner. Goodall said his father had told him that he had unwittingly signed an agreement, in that careless manner too common with artists, to engrave a series of book illustrations from designs by Turner, and that when he came to study this agreement he found it contained clauses which laid upon him very serious terms, such in fact as he had never contemplated. He became much alarmed, and on seeing Turner he told him of his fears, and said, "You alone can help me out of my difficulties." "How is that?" said Turner. "Why," answered Goodall, "by refusing to complete or to make the illustrations I have engaged to engrave." Turner said, "That is a bad alternative, it would cost me £500 worth of work." "True," said Goodall, "but I have been engraving your works for the last twenty-five

years with increasing pleasure, and would you bind me to work on these to my great loss, and in misery as I work? You will fill up your time in an equally profitable manner, and you will relieve me from engagements which, on signing the agreement with the publisher, I certainly never understood." Turner acceded to his request, but he said, "I have done that which I never did before, and would not do for another."

October 12*th*.—Attended dear old Grant's funeral at Melton Mowbray, with other members of the Royal Academy Council. Street, Wells, and I, got back to Dorking at ten o'clock, and took a fly up to my cottage at Abinger, from whence they walked on through the copse to Holmbury.

April 8*th*, 1879.—To-day we finished our labours on the Committee of Selection at the Royal Academy. I went through it, as usual, with much sickness of heart. I must say that in all the committees on which I have served, the greatest effort has been made to be just, and to be merciful in justice. Yet it is a duty one performs sadly, knowing how much suffering is, and must be, the result of our decision. We finished about three o'clock, and we had to re-assemble to dine together at seven, and to hold a Council afterwards. Our new President (Sir F. Leighton) certainly does his work wonderfully well, and he is an excellent chairman, keeping us up to our duty. At the dinner Charles Landseer sat next to me. He is very deaf, and kept stuffing me with riddles and jokes; while I was desirous of listening to the more general conversation.

April 15*th*.—Dined again with the Council, convened to determine which pictures should be bought with the Chantrey Fund. Charles Landseer told a story illustrating Turner's carelessness about vehicles and colours. It came out *à propos* of the instructions just issued by the Academy, requesting each member to fill up papers giving the conduct of the pictures sent this year to the Exhibition. Landseer said, all who were present on the old varnishing days, would recollect the old man-of-war's man who waited on Stanfield, to clean his palette and brushes, and who each morning was ready with a palette, most scrupulously set, to hand to the painter. He was just about to give it into Stanfield's hand on this particular varnishing day, when "Stanny" saw Turner, palette-knife in hand, about to make a swoop upon a tempting lump of ultramarine. Just as the old painter was advancing his hand, Stanfield called out *French*, and Turner at once gave up his intention.

April 19*th*.—The girls and Jasper Redgrave acted a farce at a little afternoon party we gave. How hours have changed since my boyhood! I used, in the nursery, to hear shrieks of laughter coming through the floor. They proceeded from my parents and their friends, engaged below in playing "blind man's buff," "hunt the slipper," etc., to eke out the time for supper.

Monday, May 5*th*.—Last Thursday, I completed my seventy-fifth year, and have many blessings to thank God for. Saturday was our Annual Dinner and the installation of our President as Chairman for the first time.

There was a very full assemblage, and Leighton went through his duties to the general satisfaction of the guests and of his brother members. I did not stay late, and left before the glees began. One or two painful incidents occurred connected with my blindness, and it is evident that I behave very badly sometimes. Lord Beaconsfield made a long speech in favour of art; and as we were disappointed of Bret Harte, who was to have replied for literature, but who was absent, Mr. Froude gave us a long harangue on the subject of International Copyright.

June 26th.—The Council of the Royal Academy went yesterday to Dulwich to inspect the pictures, and to choose a work for the students to copy in the School of Painting. A whole length of Veronese was chosen, with two figures, although some demur arose respecting the amount of work it would involve. Choosing this picture reminded me that in my student days, the work set was much heavier than has lately been the custom, yet it was not carried out, I think, less successfully. I also remember that on some of us it entailed much sacrifice. At one competition we had the "Sampson and Delilah," from this gallery; at another a picture of three or four figures the size of life, from the Grosvenor collection. On that occasion, I was still living with my father, and as I had no money to purchase a canvas of the large size required, I obtained his leave to make, in his workshop, the stretcher required with my own hands, thus saving myself about half the outlay. Smith, who also copied the picture, and who did not abound in means,

not only made the stretcher for his copy, but, buying raw canvas, he also primed it himself.

June 16th.—On Friday last, I was at Windsor, and to my great joy, I completed the descriptive sheets of that catalogue which so far completes the record of the whole of the Crown pictures, as well as of all the private pictures, except those at Osborne, which last palace Mr. Doyne Bell has done. To-day, I went through the numbers, above 1,900, prior to the duplicate copies being made. Thank God, that I have been allowed so far to finish a work which has occupied so many hours and years of my life. I have, notwithstanding my infirmity, worked very hard lately, and I have been able so far to complete the work. I think the whole Hampton Court, Buckingham Palace, St. James', and Windsor collections, will bind up into about 34 folio volumes.

November 1st.—The summer is over, if summer it can be called. On October 22nd, we returned to town. This year, during our four months' stay, I never saw a single wasp, and only one humming bee. There was nothing for them to feed upon. Our plums dropped tasteless and unripened from the trees; usually, they are devoured by wasps before we can gather them. All the cold and mist and gloom has been immeasurably increased to me by my increasing blindness. This year I have not touched a brush. Long and weary were the days in this respect, but how ameliorated to me by my three dear ones, who read so unceasingly to me to lighten the load of weary life. There are some amusing incidents, though, even in getting blind. I was walking along

the road in front of my cottage this summer, when some one passed me on horseback and greeted me. Disgusted at not being able to see who it was, and meeting the next minute our worthy village clerk, I thought perhaps he could enlighten me. I said, "M——, who was that gentleman who rode by me just now?" He, too, did not know; but he applied this consolation, "Now, don't you wex yourself, sir, *he* warn't of much account, he didn't know *me*."

To-day, it has been bright and clear, and as I took my Sunday morning's walk (without our poor little dog "Joe," the habit remaining without the cause), the flower walk (Kensington Gardens) was beautiful even to my dull eyes. Indeed, I cannot but feel there are great compensating advantages granted to us; one is the gradual way in which our troubles come upon us. How dreadful to become suddenly blind, but I pass through a continual succession of changes. To-day, the colours of Autumn were most beautiful, but how different does the landscape now appear to me! It seems like Turner's later art. Was he troubled with incipient cataract? The large masses of woodland in the gardens told simply as warm and cold colour, as light and dark, yet the sharp north wind gave a flickering shimmer to the foliage, adding beautiful textures to the masses, while the whole seemed to me subdued into a mystery quite unearthly. Figures move in the landscape, sometimes fully revealed by a passing sun-ray, and then again, becoming dream-like and visionary. The whole was a dream, leaving the mind to mould the scene into poetry, and to people

it with dryads or angels, as the mood changed. In the same way I seem to feel more of beauty than I ever did. What I see best is motion. Every face has its commonness suppressed and leaves the mind free to its imaginings. Sweet voices, the laughter of children, the flow of line in form and garment, tell upon me more strongly than ever before. Thank God there is love in all His chastisements!

January 1*st*, 1880.—I am spared to see the first day of a new year, and to write a word or two in my note book. Last night I attended the closing dinner of my two years' service on Council, whereon I shall serve no more, as I am only awaiting the settlement of the question as to the admission of ladies as members, to retire altogether.

Leighton gave the old toast of "Honour and Glory to the next Exhibition," adding that in giving the customary toast he did not know whether it referred to the Exhibition which is to open next Monday (Old Masters), or to the Spring Exhibition. The Council are all so young, that they did not know the origin or the appropriateness of the toast, which arose in the following way.

Some years ago, before we had an Old Masters' Exhibition, the members of the Academy dined together, in the gallery, and on that occasion each member was entitled to bring with him any *one* exhibitor, for whom he was charged a guinea. He was supposed to select a painter who was presumed to be rising into fame. After dinner the above very appropriate toast

was given, next to that of Her Majesty. The dinner subsequently was done away with, and the soirée was substituted for it.

March 30th.—This day four years ago I lost my dear brother, and have never ceased to regret him, and to learn how insufficiently I estimated him during a long life of brotherhood.

May 30th.—Met Barlow (T. O. Barlow, R.A.) in Kensington Gardens this morning, and sat on a bench in the flower walk with him. We talked about pictures. He told me that a little picture by Phillip (J. Phillip, R.A.), which he was the medium of purchasing from Phillip for a friend for £200, afterwards passed into a dealer's hand, and was re-bought by the same gentleman, its original owner, for £2,000!

December.—Last month I saw Mr. Bowman (Sir W. Bowman, Bart.), and hoped that he would find my right eye, which is much the darkest, in a fit state to operate upon. He told me that the nerve of that eye was weak, and he decided to wait for the left eye. He also said that when operated on, though I should see much better, I could not expect, at my age, a very great improvement of vision. This determined me to retire from my duties as Surveyor of Crown Pictures, an office in the work connected with which I have taken great delight. I saw Mr. Fane (Hon. Sir S. Ponsonby Fane) on the subject, who assented to my writing to the Lord Chamberlain for permission to retire. This I did on the 27th of November, saying that "I should not have sought to retire from duties, which have been to me a labour of

love, had not cataract, which is now slowly ending in blindness, prevented my proper fulfilment of them." I continued—"Should an operation even restore me to sight, I cannot at my age expect that my services would be of the same value as when Her Majesty first honoured me with the appointment, and in these circumstances I place my retirement in your Lordship's hands." I received a reply in most gracious words, saying that Her Majesty had decided that my retirement should be accepted, and expressing her satisfaction with the way in which I had performed my duties. The Queen also was good enough to confer a pension on me. So here is another of my labours ended.

December 15*th*.—I was surprised and much gratified to-day to receive the following letter from the Lord Chamberlain:—

8, *Belgrave Square.*

Dear Mr. Redgrave,—It gives me great pleasure to be permitted to inform you that it is the Queen's pleasure, should it be agreeable to you, to confer a C.B. upon you, in recognition of your long and faithful services to Her Majesty.

I remain, sincerely yours,
Kenmare.

[On *January* 4*th*, 1881, my father received the following letter:—]

Osborne, January 4*th*, 1881.

Dear Sir,—I have given your letter to the Queen. Her Majesty deeply regretted your retirement from her service, where you have so faithfully attended to all her wishes. The Queen was glad to confer the C.B. upon you, as a mark of her

appreciation of the manner in which you have performed your duties.

Yours faithfully,
HENRY J. PONSONBY.

[On *March 24th*, 1881, my father, feeling that he should not be in a condition to paint again, and that he was keeping some more able painter out of Academy honours, sent in a request to be placed on the retired list of the Royal Academy; and, on April 14th, he received a letter from the secretary saying, that "While complying with this request, the President and Council are very sorry indeed to hear of the causes which have induced you to make it, and they desire me to express to you their most sincere sympathy, and their hope that renewed health and improved sight may yet enable you to lend your valuable aid in the deliberations of the Royal Academy."

To the Exhibition of the same year he sent one little water-colour drawing—his last exhibited work—after having been represented on the Academy walls for fifty-two years consecutively.

Writing to a friend on June 1st of this year he says, "Sissy and I went down to our dear friend Samuel Palmer's funeral. It was a nice spring day. He is laid to rest in the pretty churchyard at Reigate. We met Richmond and his son at Charing Cross, and they travelled with us. Palmer was a great master of light and shade, as well as a fine colourist. We always keep his letters, they are so characteristic of the man, and so witty and delightful. He and his wife have been kind friends to my girls."

At the end of 1881, my father's friend Sir W. Bowman performed an operation on his left eye, which enabled him, during several months, to see more clearly. Sir William watched over his recovery with the greatest kindness, coming himself for several days to see how the eye was progressing. In the latter years of his life, however, my father became more and more blind, and at the last was almost entirely sightless, though he could distinguish the figures of his family, when they came against the light, so as to know one from the other, till within a year of his death. After the operation, he rejoiced in his liberty, and was able to get about again, and his friends were always most kind in coming to see him.

In 1882 he sent in his resignation as a member of the Etching Club; but this the Club refused to accept, and for some time he continued to attend their cheerful evening meetings. The last time he was present, the club met at Holman Hunt's, who was at that time living in Warwick Gardens. After the meeting, Millais and Barlow kindly volunteered to see him home, but he fared somewhat uncomfortably between the very tall man and the very short one, and hardly knew how to manage his steps. Millais was at that time using a Zulu assegai for a walking-stick, and the ring it made in coming against the pavement puzzled him exceedingly, till the owner explained it was a present brought him by his son-in-law from the African war.]

April 18th, 1882.—Cole died suddenly to-day, late

in the afternoon. My colleague has gone before me, though he was four years my junior.

April 22nd.—My wife and I went off to Cole's funeral at nine in the morning. A dreadfully wet day; felt very gloomy.

[The years that followed were years of increasing feebleness and weariness, but my father bore them with unfailing cheerfulness and gentleness, and he was most carefully watched over by his wife. Each recurring summer he went to his cottage at Abinger, and enjoyed the air and the sunshine, and, above all, being able to find his way about the house and garden unassisted.

He had, as he says, kind friends who cheered his solitary hours, and who always, while he was able to see them, gave him accounts, which interested him, of the world he had left. Perhaps what most deeply interested him was the news the painters told him of their work, and of the details of Academy business. Another friend would often come and tell him something about his beloved pictures in the royal palaces. For years he occupied his mornings with hearing the *Times* read aloud to him, while in the evening he enjoyed listening to a novel or a story as much as any younger man. He began the day with what he called "the best of all books," and he knew the Church Service and many hymns so well by heart, that he was always able to enjoy going to church. For the last eighteen months of his life, even this exertion was too much for him, but almost to the very end

he would listen, and seem to be interested when read to. He died after a few hours' illness on Friday, December 14th, 1888, at one o'clock in the day, and was buried on December 18th in Brompton Cemetery, the first part of the service being said in St. Mary Abbot's, Kensington, his parish church. Notwithstanding the dense fog, several of his brother painters, and nearly all the officials at South Kensington, came to pay their last token of respect to his memory.

He was a man who had few enemies, though he had often been placed in positions in which it was very difficult to avoid giving offence. In the many letters of sympathy received by his family after his death, all the writers speak of his unvarying kindness, and of his "long, valued, and steadfast friendship"—a friendship in some cases extending over sixty years. Many of the letters record his qualities as a peacemaker; many his unfailing helpfulness; many his affectionate sympathy and good example. He had borne the burden and heat of the day; he had worked diligently while he was able, despite bodily weakness and indifferent health; he had been a most loving husband, a tender father, and a true friend. God had given him, ever in this life, amid many trials, many and great blessings, as he always thankfully acknowledged; may He, in a better world, grant him "fulness of joy for evermore!"]

FINIS.

APPENDIX.

LIST OF MR. REDGRAVE'S PICTURES.

A CATALOGUE of the works of Richard Redgrave, as exhibited at the Royal Academy, British Institution, and other London exhibitions:—

1825. River Brent, near Hanwell.
1831. Massacre of the Innocents.
1833. The Banishment of Posthumus. Cottager, Vale of Neath. Alt Gwynant, North Wales.
1834. The Pass of Llanberis. The Disenchantment of the Lady in Comus.
1835. Two Scenes from Pilgrim's Progress. Aylesford on the Medway.
1836. The Witch's Son bringing Presents to Florimel (*Faery Queene*).
1837. The Patience of Griselda.
1838. Ellen Orford. Gulliver on the Farmer's Table.
1839. Olivia's Return to her Parents. Quentin Matsys.
1840. The Reduced Gentleman's Daughter. The Wonderful Cure by Paracelsus.
1841. Olivia found by her Father at the Inn. Sir Roger de Coverley's Courtship. The Castle Builder.
1842. Cinderella. Ophelia weaving the Garlands. Landscape. Bad News from the Sea.
1843. The Fortune Hunter. Going to Service. The Poor Teacher. Griselda parting with her Son. The Stile.
1844. The Sempstress. The Wedding Morning. The Poor Teacher (repeated). Catherine Douglas (fresco).
1845. Cartoon of Judge Gascoigne and Prince Henry. The Governess. Miranda. Cottages at Temple.
1846. The Suppliant. The Brook. Preparing to throw off her

Weeds. Sunday Morning, coming from Church. The Noon-tide Meal. Cottages at Moulsford. The Moorhen's Haunt. A place where the Jack lie.

1847. Fashion's Slaves. The Guardian Angel. The Ferry. Happy Sheep. The Deserter's Home. Wharfdale. Bolton Abbey. The Yew Trees.

1848. Country Cousins. Autumn Morning. The Trout's Dark Haunt. The Skirts of a Wood. A Lane Scene. The Village Green.

1849. The Awakened Conscience. Sun and Shadow. The Stream at Rest. The Solitary Pool. The Warren Gate. The old Sand Road.

1850. Griselda dressed for the Wedding. The Child's Prayer. The Evelyn Woods. A Devon Cottage.

1851. The Flight into Egypt. The Poet's Study. The Ruined Hermitage. The Outcast.

1852. Love and Labour. The Woodland Mirror. The Loitering Messenger.

1853. The Forest Portal. An Hour with the Poets. Head of Ophelia. The Lost Path.

1854. The Midwood Shade. An old English Homestead. Foreshadows of the Future.

1855. The Source of the Stream. The Bird Keeper. The Sylvan Spring.

1856. Prudence, Piety, and Charity (Pilgrim's Progress). Little Red Riding Hood. Handy Janie.

1857. The Cradle of the River. The Harvest Field. The Moorland Child. The Well-known Footstep.

1858. The Growth of Love.

1859. The Emigrant's Last Look at Home. A First Lesson on Infant Treatment.

1860. Seeking the Bridle-road. The Children in the Wood, morning. The Children in the Wood, evening. The Strayed Flock.

1861. Young Lady Bountiful. Genoveva. A Surrey Combe. The Golden Harvest.

1862. The Way through the Woods.
1863. Strayed Lambs. Sunshine.
1864. Jane Shore doing Penance. Make up your Mind! A Home in the Woods.
1865. The Valleys also stand thick with Corn. Starting for the Christening. Rush Gathering. Autumn's Golden Leaf.
1866. The Doomed Tree. The Woodman's Dinner. Downhill.
1867. A Treasury of Waters. "Thine Ears shall hear a Voice behind Thee." "Under the Opening Eyelids of the Morn."
1868. Eugene Aram. Ancestral Woods. Over the Moorland. Avenue, Wotton Church.
1869. From Autumn to Winter. The Alarm of Invasion. The Tillingbourne Valley. Lonesome Valley.
1870. Highland Park, Leatherhead. The Last Glade of the Forest. Jack o'Lanthorn.
1871. The Avenue at Denbies. The Charcoal Burners. Homeward.
1872. Expectation. Returning to the Hall. Florizel and Perdita. Rest and Reflection. The Road round the Common.
1873. The Lady of the Manor. The Fading Year. The Lonely Well-head. Sunday Morning.
1874. Sermons in Stones. Startled Foresters. Tranquil Waters. A Solitude.
1875. Wreck of the Forest. Starting for a Holiday. The Mill Pool. The Vale of Mickleham.
1876. Calling the Sheep to Fold. To Market below the Hill. The Oak of the Mill-head.
1877. Deserted. Help at Hand. A Well-spring in the Forest. Last Autumn's Fall.
1878. The Heir come of Age. Friday Street, Wotton.
1879. Ruins. A Leafy Cavern.
1880. Wandered Away.
1881. Hidden among the Hills.
1883. A Glade where the Pixies hide.

MR. REDGRAVE'S LETTER TO LORD JOHN RUSSELL ON THE TEACHING OF DESIGN.

September, 1846.

My Lord,—As your Lordship's attention will be engaged during the recess, on those great educational measures which your Administration has led the country to expect, you will, I hope, pardon me for laying before you some observations which are, I hope, calculated to improve the efficiency of the Schools founded for the Improvement of Design as applied to Manufactures. It may reasonably be expected that the removal of commercial restrictions must be met by great exertions on the part of the manufacturers—and it is in the application of *design* that manufacturing industry is most deficient, as compared with the advance in other directions. There is reason to fear that the endeavours of Her Majesty's Government to assist in supplying that deficiency are *not* the most effectual that might be made, even at the existing scale of expense.

There are three stages of instruction in design:—

The first.—The acquisition of *technical* skill, consisting of the power of *imitating* the form and colour of objects, acquired by carefully copying the fine examples of former times, and the works of Nature.

The second.—The inculcation of a pure taste in design, together *with the exposition of the principles* upon which those fine examples have been composed, and their adaptation to the end for which they were composed, and including, therefore, the knowledge required to form *original* combinations *from Nature*, and to apply them to the new purposes required.

The third.—The knowledge of manufacturing processes, with which the masters should be conversant, that they may be able to direct design into the proper channels, and to teach the students to unite beauty and fitness with practicability.

Of these three divisions of education in design, in the Schools now open at Somerset House, the first division alone is in any

degree effectually taught; the second very imperfectly; while the third is not at all attended to, and yet the masters selected are men well adapted, by their acquirements and talent, to give effectual instruction to the pupils. It is true they are too few for the requirements of such an educational establishment; but, what is worse, they are cramped by the present constitution of the School, which prevents them from making their talents effectual for the benefit of the pupils, so that the School seems liable to merge into a mere Government Drawing School, from which *creative design* will soon be wholly expelled.

Art has grown up in this country individually, each man actuated by his own spirit, and independently following his own path; and this, opposed as it is to the Continental growth of art, in schools adopting the opinions of one master—by some considered its weakness—may, on the contrary, be viewed as its strength, by the originality of aim which it induces. From this cause, our artists have an independent self-reliance, which, whilst it gives them great energy in the pursuits they undertake, unfits them for working in subordinate relations, even if it were requisite that they should do so, under one of great eminence in their own pursuits. The organisation of the School of Design is, however, such, that men selected for their talents and acquirements are controlled in the use of them by a *Director*, who, however generally competent, must be far less acquainted than they are with that peculiar knowledge which they are required to impart, and whose object it must be, by occasional interference, to assert his own primary authority, to which they are bound to submit. This causes the masters either gradually to remit their exertions, *which, even if successful, redound to the credit of the Director*, and to content themselves with merely routine instruction, or leads to dissensions which alike impair the efficiency of the School. Permit me here to assure you, my lord, that in these or any other objections I may bring forward, I am most anxious to be considered as making no personal reference to the present Director, but only to the office, which I think a useless one, and one that might well devolve on the Secretary, or at least be confined to

the *business*, apart from the *teaching* in the Schools. From this clashing of the offices of Director and Masters, men of the *highest talent* have already been lost to the Schools, and it will, I am convinced, from personal knowledge of the working, again produce, if continued, the same result, or that other evil which I have pointed out above.

This arrangement of the relative offices of Director and Master, whereby the latter is subordinated to the former, is of itself a great hindrance to the progress of the Schools; but Government further retards the energies, and, indeed, the means of usefulness of the masters, by the inadequacy of their salaries. I speak principally, at present, of the Evening School, which is the most important as regards amount of attendance, and as meeting the wants of that large class whose daily engagements prevent them from studying at other hours. To this School, the Government has appointed gentlemen of much ability in their several departments of art, and it seems to have supposed that as but an *apparently* small portion of their time is required, a small payment may suffice for their remuneration—forgetting the inroad made into that quiet which their professional pursuits require, and the lost *energy* which the wearying and constantly recurring duties of teaching, as *at present* demanded of them, entails; forgetting also that the talent required, that these Schools may be raised to the greatest amount of efficiency, cannot, under present arrangements, be at all repaid by that public estimation of their labours which all men prize, and which ought, at least, to obtain the appreciation of the Government which employs it, and such pecuniary payment as would induce men to devote heart and energy to bring the Schools to the greatest degree of usefulness, instead of being obliged to consider them a *secondary* object.

I trust, my lord, that you will feel with me, that the intention of these Schools is not to educate artists in the usual acceptation of the word, but ornamental designers; and to do this, the appreciation of talent in design should be high, and the office of Professors in these Schools should be so upheld that

they should take a scarcely inferior rank to the Professors of the higher schools of the Royal Academy, and then there would be less inducement for students in design to turn from a diligent pursuit of industrial art under them, to burthen the higher walks with indifferent artists; but how can this be the case, when those artists who are appointed to the office are placed in a situation little, if any, better than mere drawing masters who teach the common routine of imitation?

This leads me to remark on the inefficiency of the system as regards the inculcation of *principles* in design—the second division of my classification. This must at present be done individually to each student in the course of his drawing lesson. How much better and easier both for master and student might this be done by occasional *lectures*, pointing out to all—

The principles of beauty in composition.

Of preference in the choice of forms.

Of opposition, contrast, and arrangement of colour.

The governing principles of the various styles.

The mode of imitating nature, and of applying imitation to the various wants of art—in stone, metal, wood, the various textile and fictile fabrics, etc.

The principle of *fitness* in the application of ornament, which is, and has been, almost wholly overlooked.

The ancients deeply studied fitness in all their works, but their designs are applied by the moderns without any regard to that fitness; hence mural crowns and wreaths of victory decorate the front of a spirit shop; and in the interior of a church (as at Dorney, in Berkshire), we find lictors' rods coupled with the thyrsus of Bacchus in a Christian temple. These faults are more apparent in architecture, since that art has become almost wholly one of imitation and precedent, but the incongruities are equally great in many other applications of design. This alone is an argument against the long-continued reference to, and study of, the antique, which from its very beauty becomes an object of idolatry, from the worship of which it is hard to escape. Surely, if the Greeks avowed that nature, as in the honeysuckle and

ammonite, was their model, we may well return to such a source; if Sir Christopher Wren studied the structure of a shell, to found on it a new construction for a spire, and Smeaton, from the growth of an oak, gathered the best form for his enduring lighthouse—Nature, teeming with the beautiful, may at least be thought a fit source whence we should derive our ornament, after the principles have been studied, by which Nature is submitted to art in the models of the great artists who have gone before us.

Lectures on those and other subjects should form an important part of the duties of the Professors, while the junior masters, themselves preparing for higher office in the provincial schools, may fitly take the burden of elementary instruction.

Again, the remuneration for the labours of those whom I would fain look upon as professors, rather than mere teachers, precludes their attention to the third division of my arrangement entirely—that is to say, the knowledge of manufacturing processes; to fit them for this, they should be enabled and required to pay occasional, yet repeated, visits (perhaps during the recesses) to the great seats of manufactures, both here and abroad, in order to appreciate their wants in design, and the amount of art which has been, and may be, applied to the improvement of their various manufactures. This I regard as a very important part of the knowledge required of a Professor in the School of Design, as being greatly suggestive, and also as enabling him to direct successfully the attention of the students to, and to advise them in the best application of their talent.

Thus, with alterations in the position, and perhaps in the number of the masters, and under the new mode of instruction suggested, we might hope that the trammels of mere imitation would be broken, that *Nature*, as the true source of ornamental design, would be more fully insisted upon; and then the students, called on to adopt ornamental design to purposes and fabrics with which the Greeks and Romans were totally unacquainted, would learn that the *principles of taste only* are to be sought in the antique application of art to the wants of the age, and that

while we are content to seek the principles, we are not to be fettered by the mere imitation of their application. We might then hope that the Schools, taking their true position, would produce artists capable of original inventions, and would soon supply the wants of manufacturers with a race of designers able to rival, nay, surpass, the tasteful exertions of the foreigner; thus fulfilling the hopes of the country, and the intentions of Her Majesty's Government.

Having thus urged upon your Lordship's attention regulations as to the masters, I would, in the second place, advocate an addition to the School, which I trust would be found of eminent advantage—the establishment of a biennial exhibition of works of design, open to the public, and to contributions from others as well as from students. To this might be added a few prizes for careful and elaborate drawings from Nature, of uncultivated plants, and their *display* as *ornament*, and for the best application of ornamental design to useful purposes. I am aware that the Society of Arts are desirous to offer their prizes largely through such an exhibition. There is no doubt also that it would interest the public, and improve its taste; that it would be contributed to by artists of eminence, who only occasionally make ornamental art their study; and that it would be resorted to by our manufacturers as purchasers of models and designs; thus it would be an immense stimulus to emulation and exertion, and help to prevent in the students of the School that craving to come before the public as exhibitors of works of art in other exhibitions, which draws many aside from the true purpose of their education.

Allow me to recapitulate to your Lordship the objects which I have urged on your attention in this letter.

Firstly. The independence of masters as to their views of the *instruction* to be given in the Schools, which implies the uselessness of much of the present duty of the Director.

Secondly. The establishment of lectures by the masters, treating fully of the *principles* of design, &c. &c.

Thirdly. The better remuneration of the masters with a view to increased efficiency, and to their being enabled to visit the

manufacturing districts at home and abroad to study their wants in ornamental art. And

Fourthly. The establishment of an open biennial exhibition, with prizes for original designs, &c.

My chief apology for this intrusion on your Lordship must be, that I feel strongly impressed that the present arrangement of the Schools of Design is defective and injudicious, and that prompt measures should be taken to improve their condition.

I have, &c.,

RICHARD REDGRAVE.

The Right Hon. the Lord John Russell, &c., &c., &c.

LECTURES AND ADDRESSES ON ART SUBJECTS.

[As a consequence of his reports on exhibitions, and his connection with South Kensington Museum, my father was often asked to lecture on various art subjects. He gave an address on the Sheepshanks collection at the Museum in 1857, and he often spoke, without having any written data, on art topics. The Secretary of the Royal Institution, Dr. Bence Jones, asked him, about the year 1867, to give three lectures in Albemarle Street on the "Art of the Last Century," and Professor Tyndall wrote to him at the same time warmly pressing him to accede to this request He was, however, at that date, so exceedingly busy, that he was obliged to decline what would have otherwise been to him a pleasant task. On the 12th of December, 1868, he read a paper at the Associated Arts' Institute on "The Treatment of Subject in Painting." It is a rather characteristic lecture on a topic about which he had thought much, and as it has only been read by a very limited circle, it is here given at length.]

THE TREATMENT OF SUBJECT IN PAINTING.

I PROPOSED to say a few words on this occasion on "The Treatment of Subject in Painting," but a slight examination has convinced me that the theme is so extensive, and branches out in so many directions, that my paper must of necessity be little more than a sketch—a few hints to stimulate thought or to provoke discussion : an outline which others may hereafter fill up.

It will readily be allowed that the choice of a suitable subject is one of the signs of a vocation for art, while the treatment of that subject when chosen indubitably marks the measure of a man's genius, and enables us to decide whether or not he is a true painter.

I do not, however, intend in this paper to refer to the merit, in this respect, of individual artists, but rather to the limits which the art imposes, and the liberty which it allows in such treatments.

A cursory consideration of the question would perhaps induce us to say that any incident chosen by the painter for treatment by his art—whether from the life around him, or from contemporary history—would be best depicted as the incident or action really occurred. That the individuals present, the local scenery, the time and circumstances of the action, the costume—should be literally and faithfully reproduced. In fact, that could the action itself, with all its attendant circumstances, have been fixed, as in a camera, together with the individuality and nationality of the actors, the local colour, keeping—and above all, the expression called up, both on the actors of the living drama, and the surrounding spectators ; such would be the best and fullest representation possible—the truest *treatment* of the subject by the artist.

I preface my remarks by thus defining an extremely literal rendering of the subject : whether, when the principle is even more freely and liberally translated, such is the noblest view of art treatment, and whether it is conformable to the practice of the great painters of all ages, you will be able to judge when I have brought before you a few examples from their works.

It must be recollected by all who would accept the above

proposition (I will not say literally but freely rendered), that all incidents occurring in real life are *successive* in their action, while the painter, by the nature of his art, is confined to a momentary representation of the incident chosen. In the succession of events tending up to the moment when we have conceived the action to be fixed in the reflective glass, some points before, some after the culminating act, have, no doubt, tended to heighten the pathos, and to increase the interest. Are such to be overlooked, or *may* the painter be allowed to gather them in, from their succession in the course of time, to the definite moment he is about to represent for us?

The painter's art, also, of necessity implies a spectator, and requires such a disposal of the details of the action to be represented as will best bring the various points before the eye of such spectator; and, while naturalness and individuality should not be overlooked—may such an arrangement as best tends to bring out *all* the details be permitted to the painter? The painter can only speak to the eye, and must in a great degree render the qualities of the mind by nobleness of aspect or dignity of action. St. Paul said his personal appearance was mean. Is the painter of any incident in the life of the Apostle to the Gentiles so to represent him—to be strictly faithful to this description? Is it desirable to picture virtue, modesty, or truth by loveliness of exterior, or should we be equally interested in these virtues if their possessor is shown to us as ugly or ill-formed? Professor Green, in his Academy lectures, used to take very high ground on this point, and to say that the painter or the sculptor might, by their art, give us a much truer impersonation of Socrates than if we verily saw the great heathen philosopher; and Socrates himself seems to bear indirect testimony to this truth, in his reply to one who expressed disappointment at his personal exterior.

Again, everything in a picture should be in harmony with the event described. Yet it is hardly to be expected that Nature will sympathise with every event. Terrible deeds happen when the sun is shining and Nature is arrayed in smiles; in such a case it would seem that the painter's art was best exhibited in enhancing

the terrors of the scene, by showing the elements in greater harmony with the event. These remarks refer to scenes in real life or in contemporary history, to which I limited my observations in the first instance. What will be the course when the event chosen is from poetry, or fiction, or, when drawn from remote antiquity, it has to be realised on canvas to a race of a wholly different civilisation, feelings, institutions, or manners?

There may, as we have seen, be reasons for a departure from the literal representation of an action which took place even before the painter's eyes, or was known to his immediate contemporaries—and even in these instances the literal reflection of the scene already alluded to might not be the truest, as it would hardly be the most artistic. But in treating the great events of past ages, much more the relations of poetry or fiction, great latitude taken by the painter may be used so as to bring home to us the truths of history, or the inventions of poetry, far better than a more literal rendering.

Froude in his "Science of History" says, "the poet is not bound, when it is inconvenient, to what may be called *the accident of facts*. It was enough for Shakespeare to know that Prince Hal in his youth had lived among loose companions, and the taverns of Eastcheap come in to fill out this picture. Although Mrs. Quickly and Falstaff, Poins and Bardolph, were more likely to be fallen in with by Shakespeare himself at the Mermaid, than to have been the comrades of Prince Henry, it was enough to Shakespeare to draw real men, and the situation, whatever it might be, would sit easily upon them. In this sense only is poetry *truer* than history—that it can make a picture more complete. It may take liberties with time and space, and may give the action distinctness by showing it in a more reasonable compass."

Now I think few will dispute that this greater truth claimed for the poet applies equally to the painter, who, if allowed an equal control over the "accident of facts," will so dispose them as to present this greater truth on his canvas.

I will now proceed to show how, in several directions, painters of different periods have dealt with the "accidents of the facts"

they have chosen to represent. And first as to the spectator. I have already said that the painter's art appeals to a spectator, and the treatment of the subject in relation to the spectator, both in and forming part of the picture, or as merely viewing it, would in itself form materials for a lecture. Let us glance at it, for it is full of suggestions for us.

I am neither able nor inclined to enter much into the manner in which the painters of antiquity treated their art in relation to the spectator. The descriptions of their works handed down to us by classic writers supply few details on which to form a judgment, and the pictures themselves have perished. Still, from some fragments remaining to us, we may see that these artists *composed* their works on much the same principles as the artists of the present day—and evidently so disposed the "accidental facts" of the subject they were treating, as to conduce to the best presentation of it on their canvas.

Among the mosaics found in Pompeii is the fragment of one representing a battle between the Greeks and Persians—most probably the "Battle of Arbela." I am able to place a coloured print before you to illustrate my remarks. This mosaic, from its high character as a work of art, is generally considered to be a reproduction — some celebrated painting rendered by the mosaicist : the original probably a work of high reputation, and of a date much anterior to the mosaic. There is nothing so much requiring treatment by the painter as the representation of a battle. Those who have taken part in one, whether as mere soldiers, or as officers of high or low rank, tell us how unconscious they were of the battle itself. The individual incidents of heroism or terror—the storm of war around them—they were aware of—what comrades conquered, or what comrades fell; but the General commanding only—and he but imperfectly—could survey the field, and out of the hurry of the *mêlée*—the tramping of horses —the mingling of troop with troop—the dust and the thundering —could discern—and even he could but dimly discern, the whole.

This, however, will not suffice for the painter. He must bring order out of confusion; he must gather the battle into a moment

of time, and must make the *spectator* see at once the exultation of the victors, and the dejection of the vanquished, circumscribing the events of hours, and the actions of thousands, within the small area of his canvas.

Now let us see how the artist has treated his subject to this end; how he has disposed the facts to accomplish it. There are no *spectators* within the picture, all are too eagerly intent on fight or flight; no visible relations between the figures in the picture and the spectator without; but a little examination will make it evident that the whole composition has been carefully arranged to display the action to the beholder. The river flows between the battle in progress, and those who are supposed to view the scene, giving them a clear sight of the *mêlée*. The space beyond is crowded with figures, but there is no confusion. We see the Greek victor charging at the head of his phalanx, and piercing the barbarian general with his spear, in the very centre of the composition. On the opposite side, the Persian king, in his chariot, is struck with horror at the fall of his general. The charioteer lashes his horses into furious speed, to hurry the king from the field; and the dark mass of Persian horsemen, joining in the flight, are so disposed as to support and enhance the principal groups. I might dwell on the individuality of character which so strongly distinguishes the Greeks from the Persians, or the natural actions and expressions introduced into the picture, and even on the clever fore-shortenings. But as my object is only to show that the whole has been studied with a view to placing the action most clearly before the spectator, I will pass on to other modes of relation between the spectator and the incident depicted. I may, however, beg you to remark how much more clearly the story is told, and the events of a great battle shown in this early work, than in a picture of the same character by the greatest master of more modern time, Raphael,—whose "Battle of Constantine" I have hung beside that of Arbela by way of contrast.

In the work I have just adverted to there are, as I have said, no figures of mere spectators within the canvas, and no

ostensible relation with the spectator looking at the picture. As we approach the best period of the art of those *we* call the "Old Masters," although they are but moderns in relation to the artist from whom the above mosaic was derived, we find compositions filling the canvas or covering the wall with mere spectators of the incident going on, themselves little mixed up with the story. Or again, the composition is crowded with a host of individuals of the painter's own time, spectators of an incident, it may be, of long past ages. Such is the building of the "Tower of Babel," by Benozzo Gozzoli, on the walls of the Campo Santo, at Pisa.

Another treatment adopted by the painter to connect the spectator with the subject of the picture is, by making him, as it were, a part of the composition: of this there are many different examples, but my meaning will be sufficiently understood if I refer you to the modes of rendering "The Last Supper," where all the Apostles are usually placed on one side of the table, the other being unoccupied by guests. Such compositions are said to have been originally placed in the refectories of monasteries, so to make our Lord's table, as it were, the dais table, at which sat the nobler guests; the others being occupied by the monks themselves. It will be seen how wholly this treatment differs from an actual or literal rendering of the Last Supper. The mode of reclining on couches round the table, the ancient practice at meals, concerning which we find many notices in the Gospels, would give a wholly different composition. This one-sided arrangement of the guests is wholly at variance with the literal truth; yet, in the hands of Leonardo, how noble is this treatment! Could a truthful one be more impressive?

A relation between the figures in the picture and the spectator, much less marked than the above, is obtained in some works by a figure or figures within the picture looking out to the spectator, or pointing to the action going on, and appealing by look or gesture to those without. This mode of treatment will be understood by such works as the "Madonna di Foligno,"

where, on one side, St. Francis looks at the Virgin and points out of the picture, as if imploring her regard for the people; while, on the other, St. John Baptist looks at the spectator and points to the Madonna, as if calling on them to pay their adoration there.

Sometimes the principal figure is made to look out of the picture pointedly at the spectator, much to the astonishment of the ignorant, who wonder at the earnest look which seems to follow them whenever they change their place. This, though as you know it simply results from the model or sitter being required to look at the painter during his work, has been made to appeal strongly to untutored worshippers in an ignorant age, who thought the angry or appealing look of Saint or Saviour little less than miraculous.

I have now to refer briefly to another class of pictorial treatments—the succession of facts. It would appear almost to be an axiom that the painter differs from the poet or the writer in having to select for illustration a single moment of time in the action of his story when it culminates in interest and effectiveness. Yet even this rule has been set aside, and in some few cases with great success, proving that laws and rules are like crutches, of use to the feeble, but worthless and only encumbrances to the strong.

I have already alluded to the endeavour of the painter to collate, as it were, the incidents of the subject he is treating, incidents in themselves successive, but which he seeks to bring together appropriately on his canvas, as if they were occurring at the same instant. This is a liberty which the greatest of painters have thought not only justifiable, but really desirable.

Some painters have, however, taken much greater liberties, and have grouped together into one composition, incidents completely remote in time and place; almost, in fact, telling, the tale of a life on a single canvas.

Thus in the Pinakothek, at Munich, there is a picture by Memling, of "The Seven Sorrows of the Blessed Virgin," depicting seven of the scenes in the life of our Lord, which pierced

with woe the heart of his mother Mary. In many of the frescoes of the fifteenth century this treatment, somewhat modified, is adopted; such as in the "Life of Abraham," and in the "History of Job," by Gozzoli, in the Campo Santo. Or as in many of the frescoes in the Sistine Chapel, and notably in the "Calling of Moses," by Sandro Botticelli, which is one of the series. There we see, in the foreground, Moses watering the flocks of Jethro; more to the left, slaying the Egyptian; flying from the taunts of his brethren, whom he wished to set at one; taking off his shoes at the injunction of the Almighty; kneeling at the burning bush; and, finally, leading his brethren out of Egypt.

Now though, strange to say, the incongruity of such treatments strikes us far less when we see them than it does when we hear them described, they can hardly be justified. Yet how happily has Raphael, who always avails himself well of any licence of art, how happily has he availed himself of this succession of incidents in his noble cartoon of "Ananias and Sapphira." You will recollect that the sin of lying to the Holy Ghost was punished by the instant death of Ananias upon the denunciation of the Apostle. Here, according to the rigid law of art, the action should end; but we find the two young men coming forward with the winding sheet to carry him forth to his burial; and yet further into the picture, his guilty companion, Sapphira, counting in her hands the sum she shall give into the general treasury; ready to abet her husband's lie, and to share in his punishment. Who shall say that an adherence to rule would have resulted in a composition equally grand and noble as that achieved by its infraction?

In the painter's treatment of his subject he has to consider the local scenery of the action, the costume, and the national character of the actors; and to determine, not merely what these were, but how best he may make them tell on the feelings of his spectators. This would appear very easy of solution, but it is not really so. I have already shown you, from the mosaic of the battle of Arbela, that local scenery was at least considered; and that the costume and individual characteristics both of Greeks

and Persians were carefully attended to in that work; and our off-hand decision would be that in all cases these should be strictly adhered to. It must, however, be recollected that the original, from which this work was taken, was most probably executed at or near the time of the occurrence, or at least while the peoples and nationalities represented were in actual existence, and when it would have been perhaps as great an outrage on the common sense of the spectator to do otherwise than to treat them literally, as it would be for an artist of our own day to paint the taking of Magdala, and to represent the English general and his forces either naked or in a classic costume. Yet even this Classic treatment, which you now feel would be an absurdity, when set aside by Benjamin West, in his picture of the "Death of Wolfe," in favour of a more literal one, was considered a great error in judgment on his part; an error which only his success justified.

Then the question is widely different when the incident or action took place in times long past, and when the ideas of the general public, to whom the painter has to appeal, are either quite unsettled, or, it may be, wholly at variance with the literal truth. Thus, when art revived in Italy in the middle ages, and was patronised by the Church in the interests of religion, the knowledge of the East and of its people was very limited, and the painters treated Scripture subjects with the costume and accessories of their own time. This is seen on the fresco in the Campo Santo of "The History of Joseph"; it is not the sandy plains of the delta of the Nile, nor the massive palaces of Egypt that compose the background, but the lighter architecture and the hilly scenery by which the painter was surrounded; while the tabard coats, the tight hose, and the quaint caps of the fifteenth century, form the costume of the children of Jacob. The same, with slight variations, are to be seen in the "Life of Moses" and the "Passage of the Red Sea." Even where, in these compositions, the dresses are not literal, they certainly have no relation to historical fact.

This may have had the effect of bringing such subjects more vividly home to the feelings of the ignorant: there was no attempt

to carry them back to a remote age, with which they were unfamiliar; they saw, as it were, their own people, the great men of their own time (for many of the spectators are no doubt portraits) forming a part of the history, and as witnesses of its truth. This tendency to depict the facts of Scripture as of the time in which men live, is in accordance with the teaching of Scripture, which ever impresses upon us that the acts and Passion of our Lord are applicable to each individual in all ages, and must be felt and applied by each sinner for himself. Whether or not this feeling was really aroused, it is difficult to say, but certainly the mediæval artists most frequently treated the facts of Scripture history quite differently from the manner in which they must have occurred, and in accordance with the habits of their own age and time.

The journey of the Wise Men from the East to the birth-place of our Saviour is ever looked upon as a pilgrimage, and the traditions of the Church had gradually changed the character of these star-led sages, bringing their simple offerings of balms and spices to the new-found Saviour, by investing them with kingly attributes and sending them forth royally attended. Our insight into the habits of that age, and the progress of these mediæval pilgrims, will be best obtained by comparing a description of one by a poet of the same period, and the painter's rendering of the journey of the three kings to the manger-cradle of our Lord.

Now what the character of these journeys was in mediæval times is described in the pilgrimage to Canterbury of our great poet Chaucer. He tells us how, the night before, he lay at the Tabard :—

> "Redy to wenden on his Pilgrimage
> To Canterbury, with devoute Courage."

He found

> "In that Hostelrie
> Wel nine and twenty in a Compagnie
> Of sondrie folk, by Aventure y falle
> In felawship, and pilgrimes were they alle
> That toward Canterbury wolden ride."

and the next morning we find this motley group of knight and squire, of merchant and miller, of prioress and nun, with many others, a goodly and a jolly company, going forth—not on foot in gown of serge and with pilgrim's staff, but riding on horses, some richly caparisoned, with gay housings, arms, and hunting gear. No hymns and psalms are sung, but jest and song and merry tales beguile the journey, good cheer awaiting them at every stage. If we turn from this to the painter's treatment of the pilgrimage of the Magi to our Lord's birthplace, we shall find our comparison. I would refer you to the Frescoes in the Riccardi palace at Florence, where the walls are covered with the above subject. I regret that I have not a print to exhibit to you of this work, but there is a fine copy, full size, of one portion of it, in the Museum at South Kensington. An engraving of a picture of the same subject by the same painter will also illustrate what I have to say, though the composition as a whole is very different.

And here I may pause to remark on the lavish use of our art in the fifteenth century. This Palace, formerly belonging to the Medici family, has a small chapel, not so large altogether as many a tradesman's parlour in England, and so dark that the copy at Kensington had to be made by artificial light; yet the walls are covered with beautiful paintings of a highly-decorative character. The copy I have alluded to, which is of the same size as the original, is the setting forth of the kings from the East, to pay homage to the greater King,

> ——"like whom to mortal eyes
> None e'er hath risen and none e'er shall rise."

Forth from the portals of a castellated fortress, partly hidden among tall cypresses and grey olives, and perched on the summit of a rocky hill, issues a long procession; troops of knights and esquires, lordlings and courtiers, pages and servitors; the *cortége* which is to accompany the Magi on their star-led journey. They are mostly mounted on richly-caparisoned horses, whose housings are of velvet with broidery of gold and precious stones.

They are not armed, except for the sports of the field,—for which end march with them huntsmen with their hounds, bowmen, and falconers. Wending down the rocky defiles, as the long procession nears the front, we find the party consists of men of varied ages, their faces bearing the stamp of individuality; no doubt they are portraits of the townsmen and companions of the painter, of the nobles and dignitaries of fair Florence. Their garments, too, are of the exact fashion of the time, the fur-trimmed vest, tight at the waist and pleated over the hips, the hose, one leg red the other white, speak of the fashion of the period. In front of this compartment of the work, riding on a richly-harnessed horse, is one of the Magian kings. His pages and esquires walk bare-headed by his side, and on the flanks of the hill, down which the procession winds, the huntsmen, with their dogs, chase the deer, the falconer casts his hawk at quail and pigeon, and the way-sides are fringed with the flowering pomegranate. Here is no attempt at a literal treatment, or at a treatment consonant with the Bible History; but it is a jubilant procession, such as in that age rode forth to many a martyr's shrine, and, except that we see no women in the train, and that its character is more grave and dignified, as became a kingly progress, it is much such a procession as Master Chaucer describes, and as Stothard painted, riding forth from the old hostel at Southwark on merry pilgrimage to the shrine of Thomas à Becket, in the goodly cathedral of Canterbury. No doubt such a representation spoke more to the minds of the worshippers of the painter's time than the most literal and truthful treatment could have done.

Wilkie, in the midst of his art career, started for the East to study the present population of Judæa and the Holy Land (the country of our Lord's life), being convinced, as he tells us, that painters who in the future should attempt subjects from the Scriptures, must study for them in Judæa itself; that the unchangeableness of Eastern habits and costume would, in the Arabs and Syrians of the present day, reveal to us the customs, the daily life, costume, and characteristics of the

population among whom the acts of the Gospel narrative took place.

I venture to doubt this, for it must be remembered that Syria and Judæa, in our Lord's time, were under the sway of Rome; that Herod founded cities and built palaces in the Roman style of architecture, and that he and his court followed the fashions—as far, at least, as their religion would allow, and, indeed, further—of the dominant Roman: even in the rocky defiles of Arabia Petra, the remains of dwellings and temples are all Roman. Moreover, even as to the features of the country;—Judæa was then fertile, a land of oil, olives, and of honey, a land of the vine and the fig; the oaks of Bashan flourished, and the cedar was not found only in Lebanon; the land was the glory of all lands. Over this fertile country the Saracen outbreak of the seventh century poured its devastating flood; the land, as the Scriptures describe an earlier invasion, was as the Garden of Eden before them, behind them it was a desolate wilderness; and a desolate wilderness it has remained until our own day. Agriculture and settled cultivation were neglected by the nomadic conquerors; habits, costume, individual and national character, all were changed. What the Saracens spared, the more barbarous Turks, at a later age, ruthlessly destroyed, and the people as well as the features of the country were entirely altered.

But what I particularly have in view, at this stage of my argument, is the impression that the adoption of Eastern costumes, &c., in representations, by the mediæval painters, of subjects from the Christian scriptures, would have made on the minds of the people of their own age. The time had hardly passed away when the crusades had hurled upon the East the flower of European chivalry, engaged in a struggle to the death with those very people, their deadly enemies, as possessors of the Holy Sepulchre, and the infidel defilers of this city of salvation; the cursed Mahomet and his still more cursed followers, as they were wont to term them. What would the Christian worshippers of that day have said, upon seeing our Lord and His followers arrayed in the habits of this hateful race; a people

whom they had been taught to abominate even as the Father of Evil himself, and whom they would see, in the pictures of a still earlier age, depicted as the torturers and cruel murderers of saints and martyrs.*

The costume adopted by the painters in the West had been derived from the remains of Christian art in the catacombs. The figures of these memorials are mostly in the Roman costume of the second and third century, and this costume, modified by the skill of the painter to suit his art, became, both in east and west, the acknowledged costume of the Gospel narrative. Imagine, then, what would have been the effect if any artist, either from his antiquarian researches or travelled experience, had, in that day, suddenly begun to paint the actors in the Gospel story, in the turban and bournous of the Infidel, or the wide trousers of the Turk. Mind, I am not arguing against a proper study of this question, and, if necessary, a total change in the manner of treating subjects of Christian or historic art, now that extended travel, and the diffusion—even among the lowest class—of more exact knowledge in such matters, and the general cultivation of the public, have prepared the way for it; but I am only giving some reasons why the painters of mediæval times were not so wrong as we might, at first sight, esteem them to be, in taking a very different view.

The Romanesque costume accommodated the requirements of art by giving fulness for folds, flow of line by length, and suitable colour, together, at times, with certain emblems—as the keys to St. Peter, the chalice and serpent to St. John, etc.—and had become so completely identified with particular apostles, saints, and martyrs, that any departure from such appropriation was regarded as a departure from truth. These served, in religious pictures, to identify to the multitude these holy

* There is an apt illustration of this feeling in a fifteenth century German work, representing the martyrdom of the eleven thousand virgins, whose bones they show you at Cologne. The picture is on the south-east staircase, at South Kensington Museum, and in it the Chief, promoting the massacre, and his cruel agents, are all distinctively marked by the turban.

personages, more completely than even an older mode of using written labels proceeding from their mouths; such attributions were, and even now are, perfect traditions not lightly to be disturbed. They have their advantages as well as their evils; among the latter, one is that they become such stereotyped conventions as to induce a search after greater realism. This Wilkie sought to initiate by his voyage to the East, and though we may doubt of the means, we are convinced that the inquiry entered upon will ultimately benefit true art.

There is another practice of the painters of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; but, though it is full of suggestions, I can merely allude to it. Partly, perhaps, from the reverence paid to works of established reputation, but more, I think, from the desire to carry on the art by adopting any excellence already achieved, they made no scruple of using the compositions of their predecessors, or in taking groups or single figures almost literally into their own.

I have already alluded to this in the adoption of compositions, such as that of the "Lord's Supper," culminating in the noble work of Leónardo, and you will not fail to recollect how Raphael adapted complete figures from the works of his master Perugino, as in the beautiful picture of the "Marriage of the Virgin," at Milan; and both Raphael and Michael Angelo adapt subjects from the works of Luca Signorelli and Masaccio.

This seems conformable to the practice of the Greeks, who, in the best times, sought for perfection rather than originality, desiring to improve on the works of their predecessors, rather than to invent themselves. Thus, in architecture the simple and severe Doric Order was from age to age refined by them in proportion, yet not altered in its details; and the ornaments they used on their utensils were few, but of continually purified proportion, flow of line, and curvature.

The same feeling was, as I have shown, prevalent in the art of the sixteenth century, though in a far less degree, and also in its poetry. Many of the plays of Shakespeare were not original inventions, but are highly improved versions of those of early poets

and dramatists; just as Dryden's "Palamon and Arcite," and other tales are, we can hardly say improved, versions of Chaucer's poems. In our day we should term this robbery plagiarism, and other hard names; yet with them there was no attempt at concealment, but quite the contrary; and critics did not then blame the practice as showing a want of originality.

I have already almost exhausted the time allotted to me, and I fear your patience also. But, as I told you, the subject is a large one, and I will merely allude to another class of treatments which, judiciously used, are very impressive. I refer to those wherein a main incident of the story is rather suggested than displayed. I might illustrate this from works of the old masters; I prefer two modern instances:—the one, the well-known work of Paul Delaroche, "The Two Children of Edward IV. in the Tower." The two brothers are seated on their prison bed; sad and sorrowing, they are reading prayers from their Missal, as they crouch together in community of suffering. Farther than that they are captives in that dreary prison, they are unconscious of their fate. The spectator, however, is made aware of the terrible crime that is at hand, by the restlessness of their little dog, who hears the stealthy footsteps of the approaching murderers, and by the streak of light beneath the door from the torches they carry with them. The other picture is one at Kensington, by Sir E. Landseer, called "Suspense," in which the torn locks of hair, and the gouts of blood upon the floor, make us sure that the murderer is within the door, and that the waiting bloodhound has tracked the villain and his victim to the hiding place.

When I began to collect materials for this short discourse, I at first proposed to myself to consider the subject historically, that is to say, to take some known event, such as "The Birth of our Lord," "The Adoration of the Magi," "The Last Supper," or "The Crucifixion," and to follow out the changes it had undergone in its various representations, from the earliest known period, down to the works of our own time: to consider the modifications of character, costume, composition, etc., adopted by

the artists; their consent with the Scripture account of the event, and the probable reason for any deviation, as either induced by authoritative interpretation or by local causes. This, however, led me quite out of my depth.

It also branched out into most interesting considerations of the modifications produced by national character. The urbane dignity of the Florentine and Roman treatments; the decorative and gorgeous rendering of the Venetians; the fierce, cruel gloom of the Spaniards; the coarseness and literal humanity of the art of the Fleming; and the common vulgarity of Dutch treatments. If I had been entering, with time and leisure, upon a *course* of lectures, instead of a short paper to occupy you this evening, here was an ample field; but I must leave this, in the hope that some of your own members may take it up, and can only ask you to bear with me a few minutes longer, so that before concluding I may be allowed to say a few words on the landscape painter's treatment of his subject.

The literal treatment of landscape has been much and eloquently urged of late years,—that is to say, the direct imitation of Nature by the artist, without selection of form, or omission of details, the latter perhaps in themselves inelegant; and many works of undoubted merit have been produced on this principle. Yet I cannot but think that even these works have been painted rather in apparent conformity with the *theory* than in real accordance with it, by which I mean that the peculiarities of the artist's mind had, perhaps unconsciously, so dominated the work as to give a *general*, rather than a mere individual treatment of its details.

In the first choice of a subject there is some cause that induces our selection of it. Either we see the scene under some peculiar effect of sunshine or of gloom, of mist, of sunset, or of twilight, which makes it strike us with a sense of its beauty, or of its fitness for the painter's art. It may even be some mere accident, seen once and no more; a stream of sunshine, peculiar to some few flitting moments of time,—a group of accessory figures,—some mere incident of season or of industry; it may

be but a volume of smoke from burning weeds, or the column rising from some cottage chimney, when the housewife lights her fire, to greet her husband on his return from labour; or higher still, some association that strikes a chord of feeling in the artist's mind.

Now the painter must treasure up the incident or the feeling that awoke this sense of pleasure in the scene—and must reproduce it on his canvas—an act of memory—or he will find that even to himself, much more to the public, his work will be tame and spiritless—thus, then, mere imitation is precluded in practice and must be assisted by memory.

How often do we find that on returning to a scene that had struck us as replete with loveliness, the sense of its beauty is gone; the whole appears dull and commonplace—and why? The sunshine or shadow, the accident that gave it sentiment, that added life or poetry to the prose, is gone; and the result is lifeless insipidity.

Again, the art of the painter may consist either in fixing such fleeting accidents as above alluded to, on his memory, to reproduce them in the progress of his work, or, in imagining like incidents, to relieve the insipidity of the subject of his choice—the latter showing the higher gift.

All the incidents and accidents we have glanced at as adding interest, sentiment, or beauty to scenery, are more or less evanescent and fleeting. The ray of sunlight which gave point and glory, light and shade, to an otherwise prosaic landscape, passes away ere the painter has fixed his easel or spread his palette; the very sun, in running his daily course, momently changes the scene before him; the cloud passes away and is gone; the figures journey onwards: and he who relies on painting a detailed imitation of what he sees, has to paint commonplace, or to bear in memory, during his sitting, a state of the scene that has passed ere he begins his work, and which is constantly at variance with that on which his eye rests. Nay, the most poetical phases of landscape are of all the most fleeting. What, for instance, is so beautiful as sun-setting? What so

worthy of the landscape painter's skill? But the sun pillows himself in his cloudy couch of crimson and gold, and draws around him the dim curtain of night, while we are too transfixed with the purple and the molten gold to do more than gaze and wonder. The cloud shadow hurries over long sweeps of country as a race-horse speeds over his course, here bringing out hanging groves, or hilly ranges—and there changing as it goes the surface of the land. The storm wraps the mountain in gloom, now hiding, now revealing peak and summit—will such stay at our bidding to be painted? Only the imagination can keep pace with these varied changes. Yet these are the province of the true painter; in these are the elements of glory and beauty which he must treasure up, to enable him to touch the hearts of men, and to elevate *their* thoughts, who by Nature perceive only the commonplace aspect of things. To them *imitation*, the lowest kind of art, naturally appeals—it can achieve the commonplace with which their life is conversant; but it is the office of the imaginative painter to lift men out of this prosaic world, to open their eyes to the poetry that surrounds them, that through his art they may view—

> "The jocund morn
> Stand tip-toe on the misty mountain top,"

Before the sun with—

> "Heavenly harnessed team,
> Begins his golden progress in the East."

Morning and mid-day—and, as the sun moves onward on his journey, the lengthening shadows of the afternoon—must give warmth and colour to his canvas. He must treat the scenery in tender green of early spring—show up the summer in its strength, when—

> "The glorious sun
> Stays in its course and plays the alchemist,
> Turning, with splendour of his precious eye,
> The meagre, cloddy earth to glittering gold,"

or paint the jewellery of autumn, the ruddy apple and the purple plum, among the yellow leaves, fading and falling with every

breath of wind—the crimson foliage of the wild cherry, the full orange of the chestnut boughs, when—

> "Earth seems to squander her treasures in the sheaf,
> Her gold in every leaf."

To catch these fleeting glories is worthy of the painter's art, far more than to count leaves, and to reproduce the blades of grass by number.

In the treatment of any subject, either as to its general effect, or in its accessories and details, it has been held that the painter is not to be confined within the limits of the probable, but is to be enlarged to the freedom of the possible. He may combine objects not usually in relation to one another. The figures of his landscape, if judiciously introduced, may be of a present or past age. Thus, in his "Liber Studiorum," we find Turner placing—and without any apparent inconsistency—the sad story of Cephalus and Procris under a growth of rugged trees, such as fringe many an English country lane; or, among the broken trunks borne down by some mountain torrent, and lying in its stony bed (some study, perchance, of Devon or wild Wales), Jason climbs over the gnarled stems to fight the scaly dragon.

Again, seasons and times may be interchanged, if it adds poetry or sentiment to the scene. Thus, harvest-time in this country mostly takes place when the summer is yet in its fulness; long ere the trees have changed from green to brown, and the leaves are thinned upon the boughs, has the husbandman reaped the corn, and the farmer has stored it in his barns. Rarely, very rarely, the harvest lingers in the fields, with the skeleton forms of the woods, and the scant foliage, golden and orange, as accompaniments of the landscape. Yet one of our best living landscape painters always so combines the seasons, painting the labours of the husbandman and the tints of autumn in juxtaposition, and, I think, with a truth that appeals to the mind and feelings far more than the more prosaic rendering of the literalist. For the sentiment of autumn

is that of a season of fruitage and ingathering, of the fading year, and the storing ere the winter, which is at hand, shall come; and this is far more fully expressed by uniting the various phases of the period, than it could be by the more literal truth of their separation.

Turner, also, who usually seizes beauties unperceived by others, has finely aided his treatment of moonlight in the picture of South Shields, by combining it with the last of the lingering daylight; thereby avoiding the almost total absence of colour usual in moonlight pictures, or, what is worse, that extremely meretricious manner which inferior painters have adopted to light up the scene under the imperfect moonlight. Turner, no doubt, has chosen the harvest moon at the full, which rises almost at the same time as the summer sun sets; he has thus obtained sufficient light, resulting from the after-glow, to illuminate his subject and to enrich it by partial contrast with the more silvery moon-rays. Another picture of his dwells in my memory, though I cannot name it. It is some English town, where the sun is breaking forth just as a heavy shower is passing off, the last large drops still falling; the stone houses are brilliantly lighted up against the grey gloom behind them, while the streaming pavement, like a lake or river, reflects them in its glassy surface. Here we see the true artist treating the possible; seizing an effect which, as the closing cloud blotted out the sudden sun ray, must have passed away almost as soon as seen; and where mere imitation would have been hopeless. The grand, general impression left on his mind he was able to fix on his canvas for ever.

I would say in conclusion, that I have wished in these few remarks, rather to place before you some of the varied treatments adopted by artists, than to advance opinions of my own. You will however have gathered, from what I have said about landscape painting, that I do not favour the realistic style lately so prevalent. Each manner has its merits; the imitative, as a mode of study, to lead up to that more general treatment which seizes the spirit of the whole, instead of forming it in an

agglomeration of details. Landscape, I venture to think, should be studied as Gainsborough, Wilson, and Turner studied it—by sketches and drawings of details, and close observation of effects of time and season, rather than by painting on the canvas from Nature. I know the danger of this mode of study. I know the tendency it has in the hands of second-rate men, by repeated use of the same studies, to decline into mere mannerism, and to lead to repetition, such as we find in the works of Zuccarelli—extremely clever, no doubt, but wherein we often trace the same groups of rocks, or trees, merely changed in relation to other parts of a picture. But this is the case only with second-rate men, and I would counsel all who are beginning art earnestly to study Nature, not only in its general aspect, but also closely in its minute details, by the separate and careful imitation of parts; these latter, as the hand gets practice, and as the mind acquires vigour, should be rendered wholly subservient to that general treatment, which results from the union of the poet's mind with the painter's hand.

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